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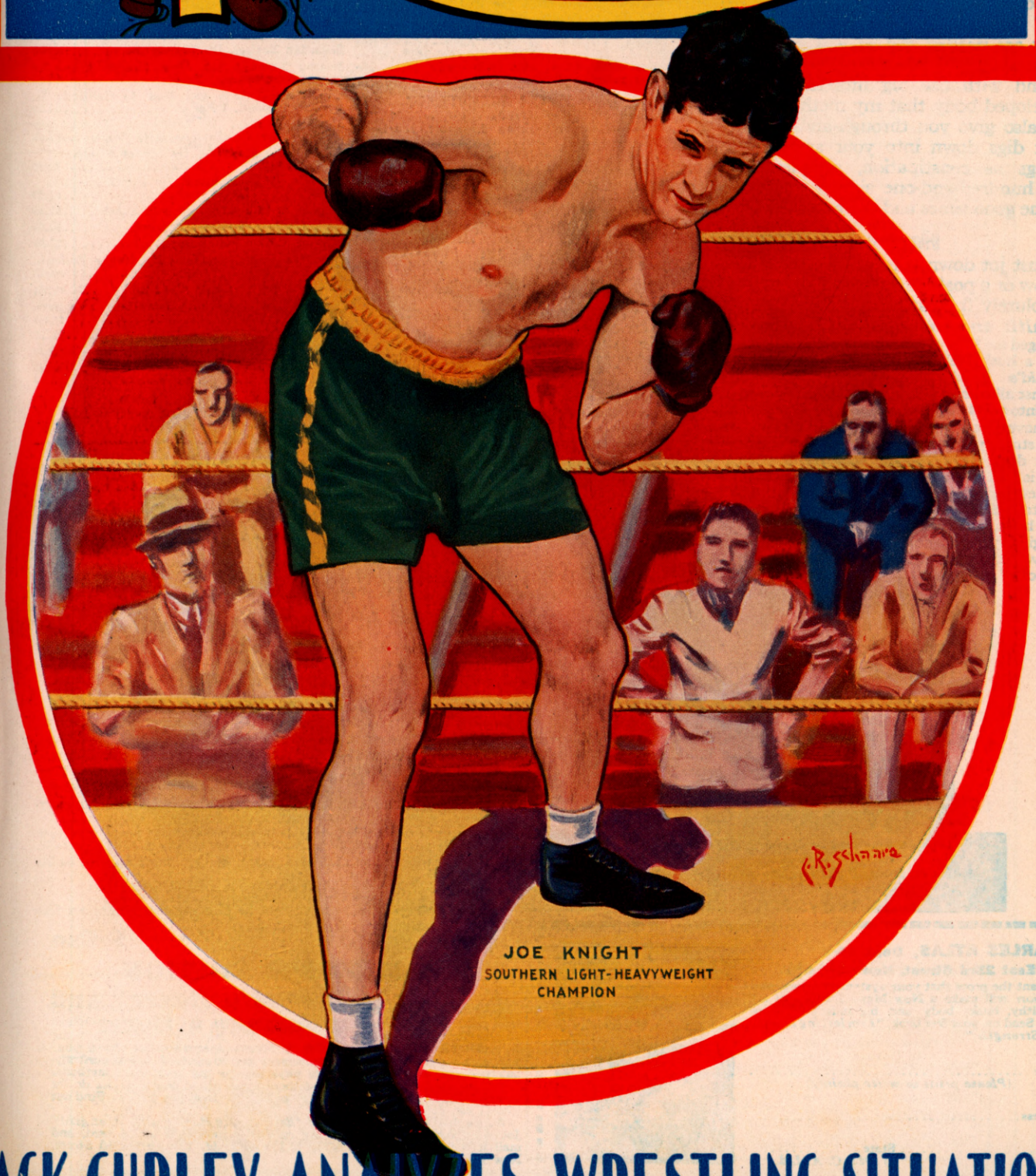

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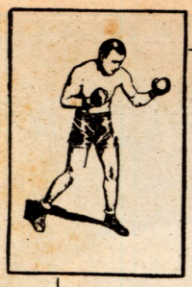

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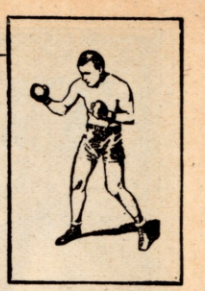

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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Vol. XIII **SEPTEMBER, 1934** **No. 8**

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In Our Next Issue

The indoor season will get into full swing in a few weeks. New fistic talent has been unearthed in many parts of this country and abroad. The coming indoor session promises to be one of the best, from a point of view of competition and new faces, since Kid Depression landed his mauley between the eyes of Pugilism.

Wilbur Wood, Sports Editor of the New York Sun, who is a close student of boxing, will tell you who these boys are, what they have accomplished, how far they are likely to go and what bouts loom up as the leaders.

"I'll be a fighting champion if I win the title." Ever hear those words before? The lure of gold is too great to shun in this modern era of commercialized fisticuffs. George T. Pardy will furnish some interesting comment on "Unfulfilled Promises."

If you are interested in wrestling, you'll enjoy Louise Haynes Lewis' fiction, "The Memory of a Kiss" and Austin R. Gramlich's new feature, "Getting Acquainted," also William H. Vreeland's story on Farmer Burns, "The Developer of Mat Stars."

Those, in addition to special stories by Daniel M. Daniel, Nat Fleischer, Arthur T. Lumley, Ed. W. Smith and T. W. McNeil.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of The Ring guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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Regular contributors—Frank Graham, Wilbur Wood, John L. (Ike) Dorgan, Jack Curley, "Tex" Austin, R. Gramlich, Bill Miller, A. D. Phillips, Joe Humphreys and Eddie Borden.

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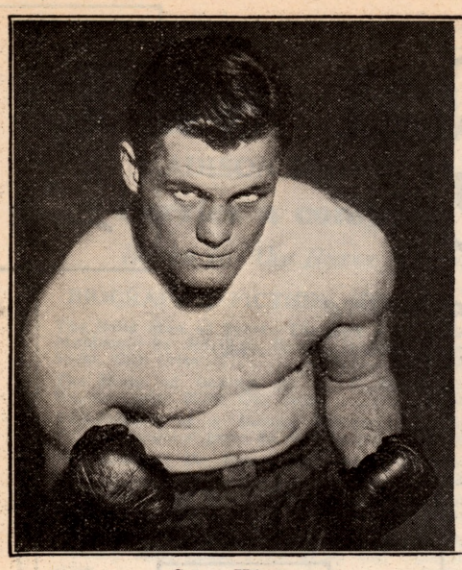
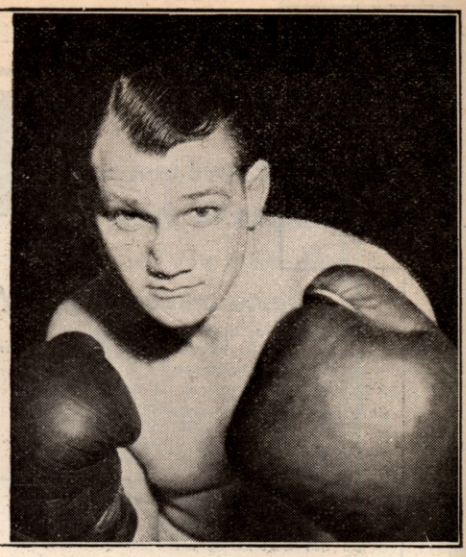


Steve Hamas

Champion Max Baer



King Levinsky

No Baer Fight This Year—and 'Tis Well!

IT has been announced that Max Baer, the Livermore Larruper and heavyweight champion of the world in the ring, in the movies and the Don Juan class, will not defend the title this year.

This is not exactly what you would call news, because when Max Baer, the Livermore Larruper, knocked Primo Carnera, the Venetian Blind, for a row of broken ankles, it was pretty generally known that Baer would not take the trouble to do any more fighting until 1935.

This department believes that, for once, a Baer decision calling for inaction is justified. There is only one danger. Max may find inaction, in so far as the ring is concerned, so alluring that he may ignore the ringing of the alarm clock next June, and keep cashing in as best he can on the title without doing any fighting.

However, Max has basked in the warm glow of adulation, brought on by a ring success, and he may be lured into seeking a brand new load of that pleasant commodity, which comes only with bringing home the bacon on a silver platter.

It is well that Baer does not fight again this year. And we will attempt to discuss the reasons for this logic.

In the first place, the game still is being buoyed up, and still is getting the pleasant impetus that started with the Baer victory over Carnera. A fight with any of the so-called contenders at this time would be in the nature of an anti-climax.

* * *

AND then there is the fact that it is hard to pick a man to fight Baer.

The stage now is set for the elimination tournament which the writer suggested in THE RING last month. Carnera wants another chance. Steve Hamas thinks he can beat Baer. Art Lasky says he can do it. Tommy Loughran keeps yelling for a chance. The situation is all mixed up.

Of course, the managers of these fighters may gum up the works by preferring to ignore an elimination and taking their chances on a match with Max. The handlers of Hamas, Lasky, *et al.*, may throw a monkey wrench into the elimination machinery with fantastic demands.

But, as the situation shapes up, it affords a great opportunity to stage a great elimination carnival from coast to coast.

Let Carnera fight Lasky in New York. Let Hamas fight Loughran in Chicago. Then switch the winners around so that the Coast gets into the picture, too.

Here is a chance for the promoters to show what they can do, and for the men in the game to take advantage of the grand impetus which boxing received the night Baer stopped Carnera. The makings lie before them. Will the promoters fail again? Will the managers once more kill the goose that lays the golden eggs?

That poor goose's dad and granddad both were murdered by rapacious fight men. Let the new goose live awhile, gentlemen.

* * *

IN the past, ring practice gave the beaten champion the moral advantage for the next match. Jack Dempsey kicked that ancient custom in the face after the Jess Willard fight in Toledo, and a new code seems to have been developed in the heavyweight division.

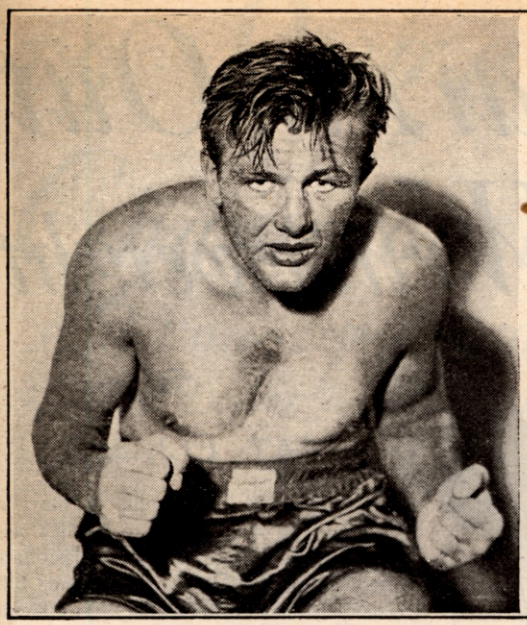
Dempsey, with or without plaster of Paris bandages, gave Willard so terrific a beating that there was no real call for a return fight. Jack Kearns realized that and the idea was allowed to die a natural death.

At the close of the third round in that sun-baked ring by the shores of Muddy Maumee Bay, Willard sat in his corner, fully conscious, able to go on. In fact, an uppercut which Jess had delivered in the third was one of the best punches of the fight.

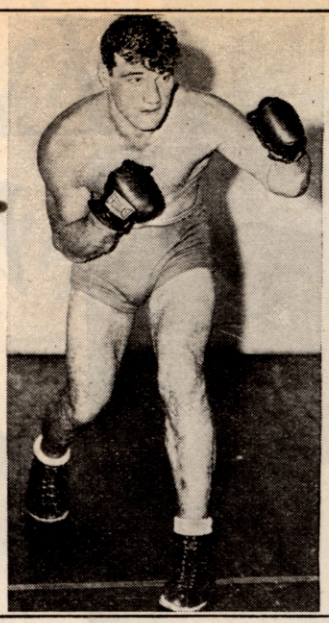
But no doubt Willard was more severely hurt than any of the ringsiders knew. He himself threw in the towel. He did not even accord that small privilege to Walter Monahan, who had the thankless job of being in the stubborn, self-opinionated Willard's corner.

In the Baer-Carnera fight, Primo asked that the uneven contest be stopped. Primo denies this. But I was at the ringside and saw and heard, and the movies uphold this certainty. Not that I blame Primo for asking that the trouncing be ended as he, too, was even more severely beaten than we at the ringside knew.

Therefore, there is no real call at this time for a return match between Baer and Carnera. Developments of the next six months may dictate another meeting, but right now we have the makings of a brand new high-class interest in boxing through comers like



Walter Neusel



Primo Carnera

Art Lasky

Elimination Tournament Among Contenders Suggested, From Coast to Coast—Leading Challengers in Their Order Are: Carnera, Hamas, Lasky, Neusel, Loughran, and Levinsky

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

Hamas and Lasky, and the game would be a traitor to its own best interests if it did not foster the young idea, and encourage young men of the Hamas and Lasky stamp. Carnera has had more than his chance.

Now let us see what the other contenders can do—first against each other, and then with the best against Baer. Throw Carnera into that tournament, and if he really belongs in a second fight with Max, Primo no doubt will prove it.

* * *

I WAS very much interested in Jack Dempsey's widely printed statement that Baer was the hardest hitter he yet had seen—that Max was a harder hitter than Jack himself. This coincides with the estimate of Baer's wallop printed in THE RING under the signature of Nat Fleischer.

When the Editor of this magazine gave Baer that high rating as a dynamite dispenser, many of the experts around the country disputed it. Of course, we have seen more adroit boxers than Baer. He is not what you would call a master in forcing an opening, and he is not the specialist in the feint and riposte.

But once Mr. Baer lands, the object of his action is likely to feel it about as badly as any other object of a heavyweight's efforts in the history of that division.

Baer has considerable to learn about the manner of hitting. But once he hits, the other bird stays hit, and may find the effects lingering through round after round—as did Signor Carnera.

It would be well if Baer applied himself to his craft and kept learning. A fast boxer, working with the grand material at his command, would make a great champion out of Baer. Just now Max is a hitting champion. He could be developed into a boxing champion, as well.

It would be extremely interesting if Tommy Loughran were to take Baer in hand for six months. But Thomas still has his hat in the ring himself, so that idea is altogether chimerical.

The veteran Tommy Loughran, still to be considered.

* * *

I IMAGINE that Jack Dempsey, who was a far greater boxer than folks generally believed, could teach Max a few things in the art of hit and get away. But I fear that Baer is not the type of genius that will admit shortcomings, and give the time to their correction. You see, Max has no time.

The young champion's daily schedule is so utterly filled with the social amenities which are, let us say, forced on a title holder. He must be measured for new clothes. He must pose for the movietone. He must be on parade here and on view there. This sort of regimen is bad for the man who should be up and around, boxing, at ten in the morning.

However, Baer is that particular type of champion, and it is a case of taking him as he is—and being thankful that he won, and lifted the game out of the doldrums.

As for Carnera, I wish he would stop yammering about his ankle. I am very sympathetic toward people with injured ankles, and the more Primo and Louis Soresi keep talking about Primo's gigantic ankle and how it hurt him in the Baer fight, the more do I bog down under the mental anguish which I develop.

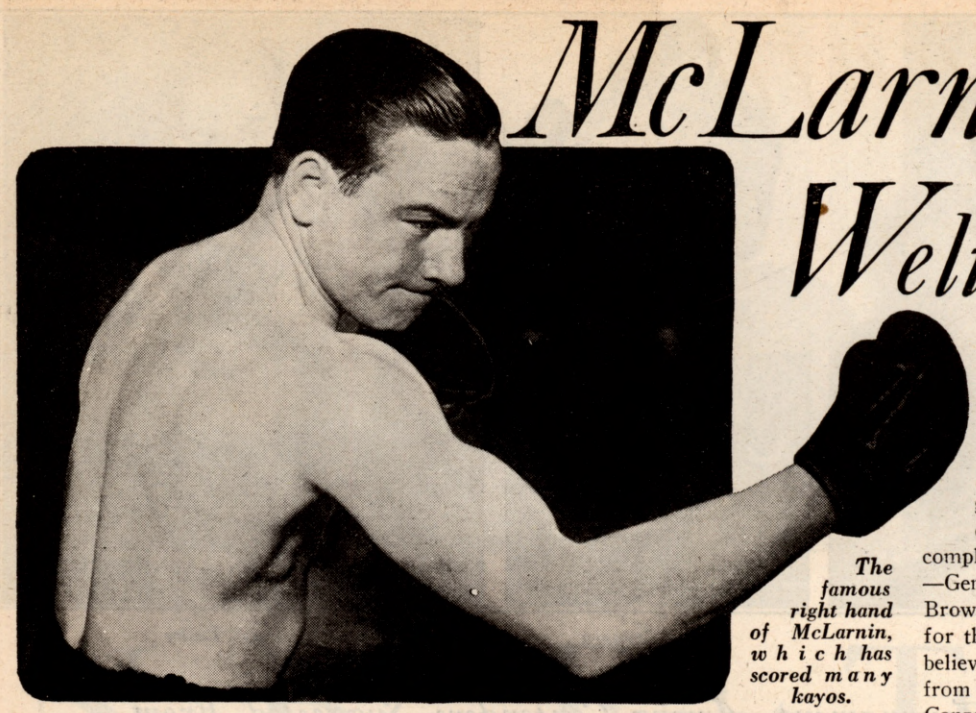
Just imagine a Carnera ankle broken! Why, it's like the main support of the Empire State Building cracking under the strain. A Carnera ankle busted must carry a load of pain unmatched since Samson slew the Philistines with the jawbone of an ass.

The pictures of the fight persist in showing a spry Carnera. If he fought on with a busted ankle, he was a very game guy and deserves a lot of credit—if only he and his handlers will stop reminding us about it.

Wasn't it Bill Brennan who fought Jack Dempsey in New York, and got a fractured ankle through a *(Continued on page* 48)

McLarnin Out Welterweight

By NAT FLEISCHER



The famous right hand of McLarnin, which has scored many kayos.

BARNEY ROSS and Jimmy McLarnin are keeping the fistic pot at high temperature through their return engagement, a welterweight championship match clinched by Mrs. William Randolph Hearst's Christmas Fund representatives for September 6. Regardless of the merits of the controversy between Tony Canzoneri's manager, Sammy Goldman, and the Boxing Commission, because Canzoneri was shelved in favor of McLarnin, the fact remains that the McLarnin-Ross affair, like their first bout, is a "natural" and will draw as big a throng, if not bigger, than their first mill in which the Irishman was shorn of his crown. It undoubtedly will draw far more than a Canzoneri-Ross mill.

But I sympathize fully with Canzoneri, who, according to the rules of the New York State Commission, should have received first call on Ross.

I am not opposed to a McLarnin-Ross tilt. On the contrary, I am for it wholeheartedly. I think it is a big boom for boxing to have that "natural" listed for the outdoor season, but there was no reason why the boxing solons could not have used the judgment their high position would indicate they should possess, by sanctioning a lightweight championship mill for August and a welterweight titular contest to follow the next month, or during the World Series. Then neither bout would have interfered with the other and both would have registered in the big money class.

For some unknown reason, one of the greatest fighters of recent years is being kicked around by the fistic fathers in the very state in which this lad made his mark. Canzoneri's bouts in New York have brought thousands of dollars into the state treasury. His performances have all been aboveboard. Hence why this gross discrimination? He was promised a return engagement by the fistic fathers. Hence why should he have been deprived of the outdoor shot which he merited by his performance against Klick?

It certainly seems unfair to deal so harshly with a good sport, a splendid fighter, a credit to boxing, after he has accomplished everything the Commissioners —General Phelan, Col. Wear and Bill Brown—had asked him to do. It is difficult for the commissioners to make the public believe that politics has been eliminated from the board, when the case of Tony Canzoneri is taken under consideration. Of course, the members felt duty-bound to help Mrs. Hearst's famed and well-deserved Christmas Fund cause, but I think the Fund would have gained far more than it will, had Ross fought Canzoneri first and Jimmy late in September or early in October.

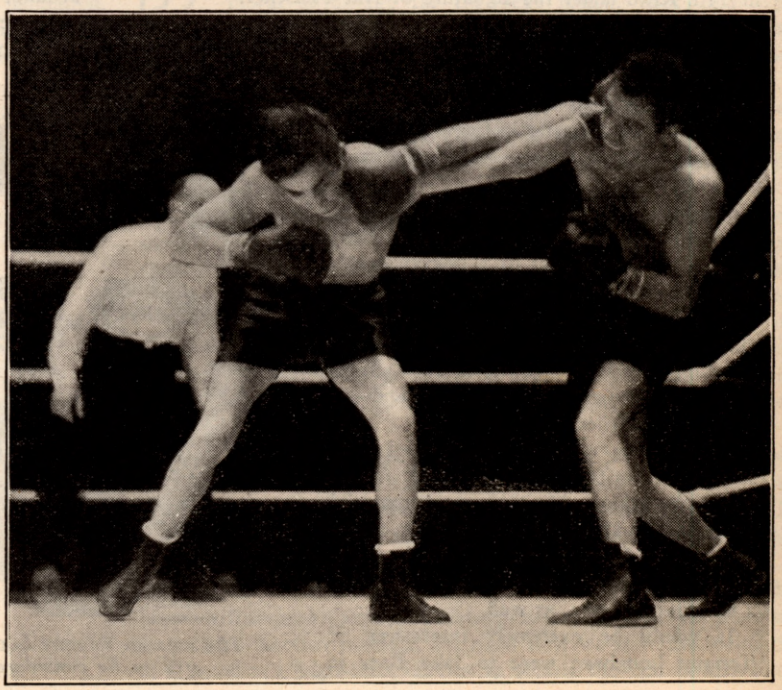
Boxing rules are made to be obeyed, not only by those who participate in the sport as principals, but by the members of the commission as well. The board should not wink their eyes at one set of boxers and enforce their rules on others.

* * *

SO much for backing up Canzoneri in his just complaint; and now for the Christmas Fund "natural."

The fight is for a worthy charity and should be supported just as keenly by

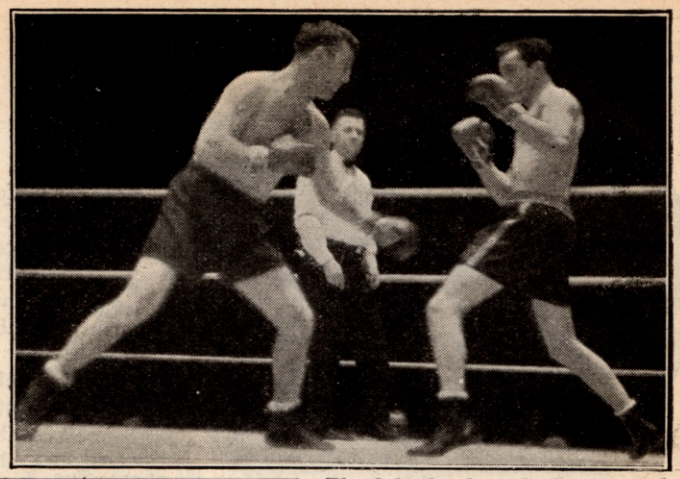
Left—McLarnin and his mentor, Pop Foster, when Jimmy was a bantam sensation on the Coast.



The fight that brought the lightweight title to Ross. Barney missed a left and received a right cross from Canzoneri in return.

to Regain Championship

RING EDITOR Predicts Jimmy Will Defeat Ross for Title



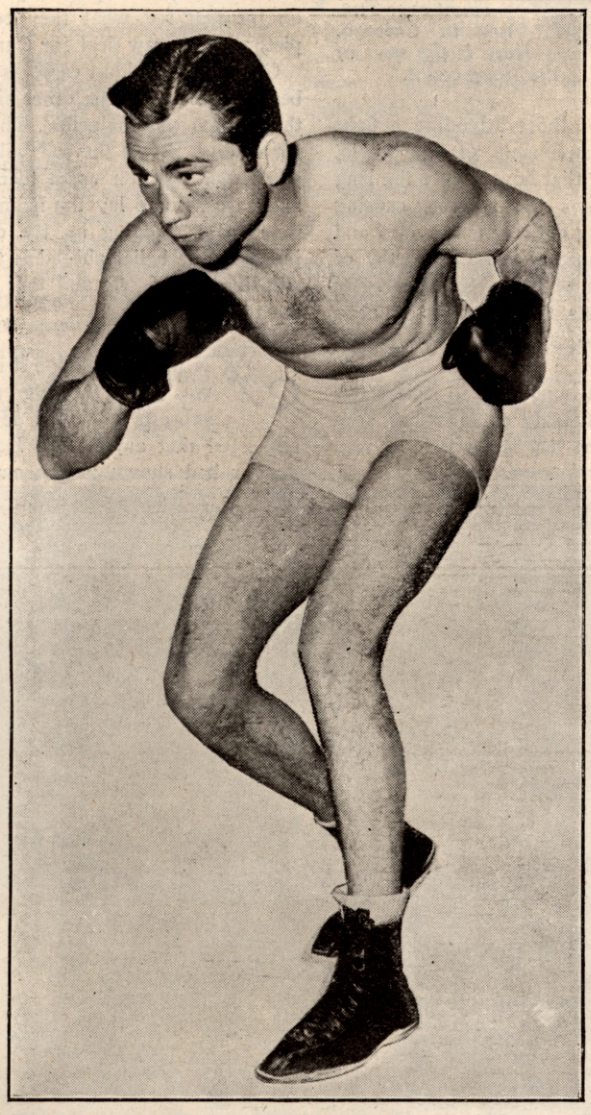
The fight that brought Ross a crack at Canzoneri's crown. Here we see Barney (right) outboxing Billy Petrolle to establish himself as leading contender.

Canzoneri's supporters as by the general public. Unlike the previous contest in which the sock of McLarnin seemed to be missing, I predict there will be plenty of hard milling in the return bout. There were just as many persons at the first shindig who thought McLarnin had won that engagement, as there were Ross fans who thought he had breezed in. I thought Ross had won by a slim margin and I predict that the second bout will be far more interesting, with more severe fighting, than the previous one.

Even though Jimmy will carry a number of advantages in the September bout, especially about six pounds of weight, he'll find in Ross an opponent whose confidence in his ability to repeat will go a long way towards settling the tiff. McLarnin needed that last fight to get himself into proper condition, and as he invariably has proved a Tartar in every return bout he has fought, his followers are wagering on him to regain the welterweight title by the knock-out route.

There is no doubt that the fans, even those who think Ross should first have given Canzoneri his chance at the lightweight crown, want to see Barney and Jimmy do it all over again. The interest since the signing of the contracts, has been at high pitch. The talk of the fistic world seems to be centered on the fight. Max Baer, who held the public eye for five weeks after he beat Carnera to win the heavyweight diadem, has been forgotten in the scuffle, and all one hears these days is the return bout between the Hebrew and the Irishman.

That in itself, is a fine sign for boxing. It should show the upward trend of the sport so far as revived interest is concerned, and even though one feels as I do, that we could have had both a Ross-Canzoneri bout late in August and a Ross-McLarnin fight at the time of the world's series, the fistic followers owe a vote of thanks to Messrs. Eddie Frayne and Bill Farnsworth, sports editors of the *New York American* and *New York Evening Journal*, for keeping the interest alive this summer by bringing together Ross and McLarnin on two occasions. They have accomplished what America's leading promoters were unable to do.



The Barney Ross of today. The double champion has filled out and is more formidable than ever.

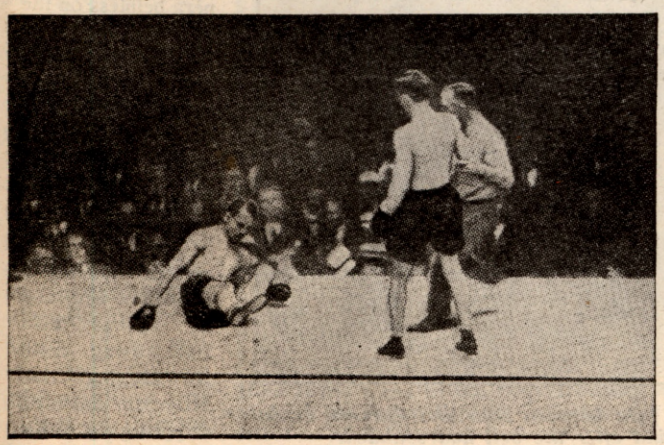
* * *

AS I remarked, McLarnin's followers are quite confident Jimmy will flatten Barney, and Ross's adherents are equally confident that the Chicago Hebrew will repeat and possibly by a technical knockout. Both Barney and Jimmy are keen for the skirmish. They realize that there aren't many big bouts on the horizon and that each will profit handsomely regardless of the outcome. Between them, they will split 65 per cent of the net receipts on the basis of 40 for Ross and 25 for McLarnin, in addition to which, before the bout could be arranged, an agreement was reached that Ross's mentors have a share in the promotion of the bout.

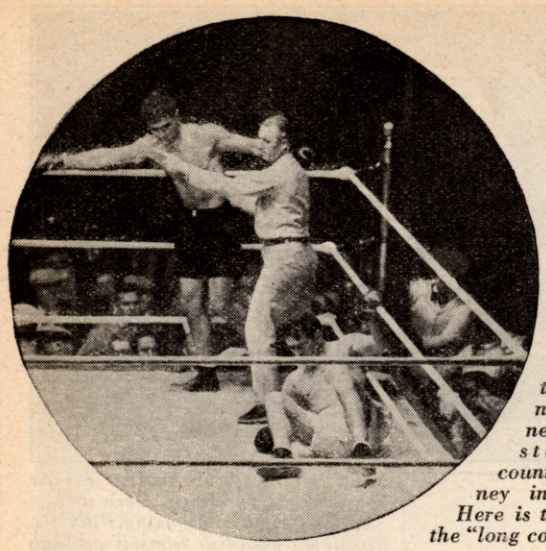
Quite soft for a champion and his managers, these days!

McLarnin's punch is the only thing that can whip Ross. In ring equipment, Barney has a commanding lead over Jimmy now that he has gained a double title and it will take far more than ordinary fighting, such as McLarnin showed in their first clash, to whip Ross. The general opinion that the Vancouver Celt could drop any man he hit with a short *(Continued on page 44)*

Below—The knock-out of Phil McGraw by McLarnin when the Belting Celt was at the height of his kayo streak.



The Bug



When Dave Barry started a world-wide discussion by forcing Dempsey to go to a neutral corner before he started to count over Tunney in Chicago. Here is the start of the "long count."

NOT the least important of those attending a fight for the heavyweight championship of the world, is the small but potent bug that hovers over the ring and almost invariably bites the referee, causing that official to do something entirely unexpected and uncalled-for. This bug, or insect or whatever it is, is worthy of study by those who go in for that sort of thing, for apparently its bite causes the referee to do things that even he is at a loss to explain later, when the effect of the mysterious poison has abated.

The trouble is that so far it has been impossible to isolate one of these mysterious insects. In fact, nobody actually has seen one, so it must be taken for granted the bug is invisible as well as invidious.

The Boxing Commission, which has had to deal with insects of all sorts, poisonous and otherwise, since the Walker Law gave the fistic fathers the conduct of the sock market in New York, has done everything in its power to checkmate the bug that bites referees. But so far the fistic overlords have been baffled, the baleful bug always managing to bite the referee before the fight is finished.

* * *

THE latest case of the kind was that of Arthur Donovan, third man in the ring the night Max Baer lifted the heavyweight crown from the huge dome of Primo Carnera. The bug on duty on that occasion was even more active than usual. It not only bit Donovan, but apparently worked overtime and also stung both Baer and Carnera, for certain it is that all three of them did some very queer things.

Or maybe, entering into the spirit of the times, the power that controls the activities of the insect world co-operated with General Hugh Johnson by assigning two or three bugs to the job ordinarily handled by one. A sort of five-day week for bugs, if you get the idea.

Anyway, Donovan's actions, particularly in the tenth and eleventh or final frame, have the fight fans of the entire world still engaged in argument, though the bout is now two months in the past. Between revolutions and riots on the other side of the Atlantic, European fight fans gather and put Donovan on the pan for what they consider, after peering at the fight pictures, as a raw deal for Carnera.

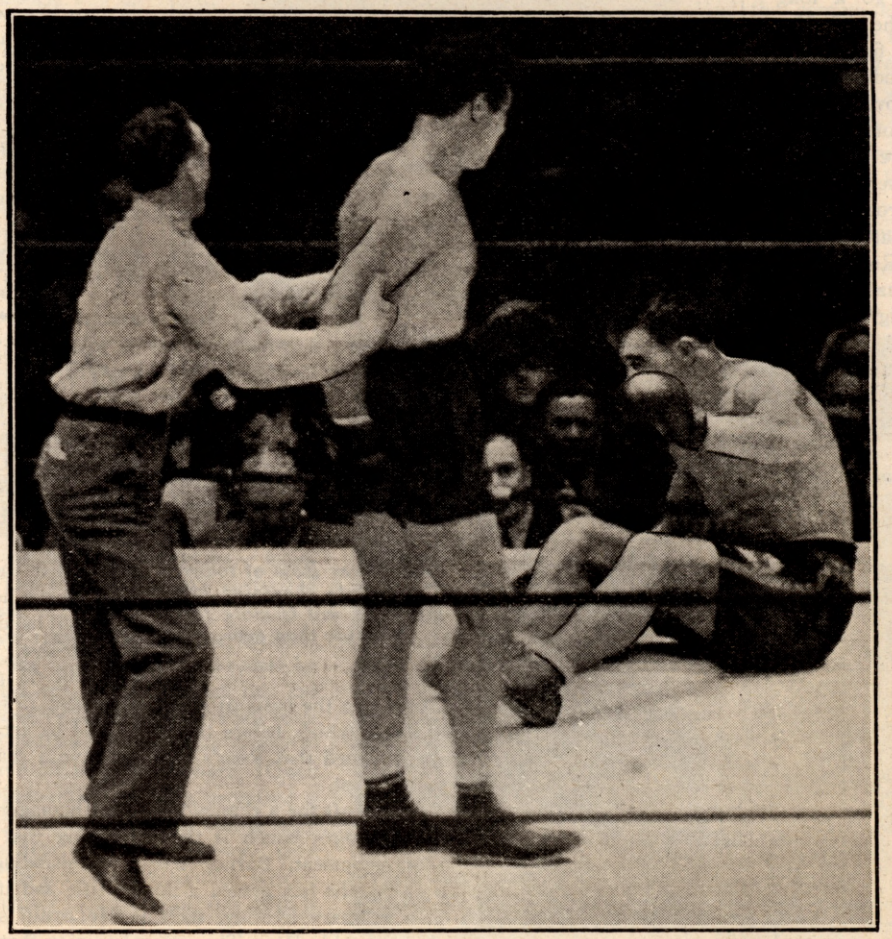
Carnera's knockout came as a shocking surprise to the Queensberry brethren on the other side, as they had been led to believe that Primo was invincible. They seem to have mistaken quantity for quality. So, as the sad failure of the giant to maintain a perpendicular position upset their preconceived notions, they naturally are avid to lay the blame for his defeat on someone other than Baer. Judging by the caustic comment in the European journals, the belief abroad is that Primo was forced to fight two men instead of one and that Donovan was the more deadly of the two.

* * *

IN that connection it is interesting to recall that Donovan was given the refereeing assignment over the vehement protests of Ancil Hoffman, Baer's manager. Hoffman requested that anyone but Donovan be appointed, claiming that Arthur had shown in the course of the Baer-Schmeling brawl of the previous summer that he had an aversion for the Livermore Lothario. So there was consternation in Baer's corner when Donovan climbed into the ring.

It must be admitted that it was a more difficult assignment than usual, as Carnera practically started on the floor and the action was so weird at times that Donovan may have thought he was refereeing a wrestling match instead of a fight.

Late in the tenth round, with Carnera helpless on the ropes as the result of one of Baer's sporadic outbursts of slugging, Donovan stepped between the gladiators and made all the gestures usually indicative of a referee stopping a fight. The bell rang as Arthur held Baer away from the sagging Man Mountain and Max skipped gaily to his



Here is where Referee Donovan stopped the fight between Baer and Carnera in the tenth round and then changed his mind after the bell had sounded.

that Bites REFEREES

By WILBUR WOOD

(Sports Editor of *The New York Sun*)

corner under the impression that the fight had been stopped, with the victory going to him on a technical knockout.

This likewise was the general assumption among the newspaper men at the ringside and several of them sent a flash over the telegraphic wires to that effect. However, after much rushing back and forth by Baer's handlers, it was discovered that Donovan had not stopped the fight but merely had inquired of Carnera how he felt.

* * *

SO Carnera was pushed out for the eleventh round. After Primo had taken another pasting Donovan again stepped between them and this time he made it clear that the fight was over. The only dissenting vote was cast by Carnera, who made motions indicating that he was very much put out by the referee's action and that he wished to continue.

"He asked me to stop it," said Donovan to newspaper men.

"What did he say?" the scribes wanted to know.

"Well," the referee finally admitted, "he didn't exactly ask me to stop it, but he showed me by his gestures that he wanted me to."

Carnera subsequently denied that he either asked that it be stopped or meant to convey any such meaning by his gestures. Primo said he sought to call the referee's attention to alleged use of the thumb by Baer and that he used the Italian word "finga," which Donovan might have mistaken for "finish."

Donovan made one ludicrous error in the excitement between the tenth and eleventh rounds that did not come to light until the voting slips of the officials were examined at the offices of the commission. On his scorecard he marked down Carnera as the winner of the tenth round, a session in which the Italian took a terrific beating in the last sixty seconds. Arthur explained that this was just a slip. It was an excusable one, at that. Donovan certainly did not consider that Carnera had won that round.

One of Donovan's moves to which the European fans took violent exception when they watched the pictures, accordto Jeff Dickson, who recently paid a visit to this country, was the way Arthur apparently patted Baer on the head in sending him to his corner when the fight was halted. This was construed on the other side as an open gesture of approval for Baer's work. Donovan certainly did not mean it that way. As far as this writer could judge from a working press seat, Donovan gave each man a square break. Baer boxed much more cleanly than usual, having been told before they went into action that he would be severely penalized if he did any heeling, butting, thumbing or elbowing.

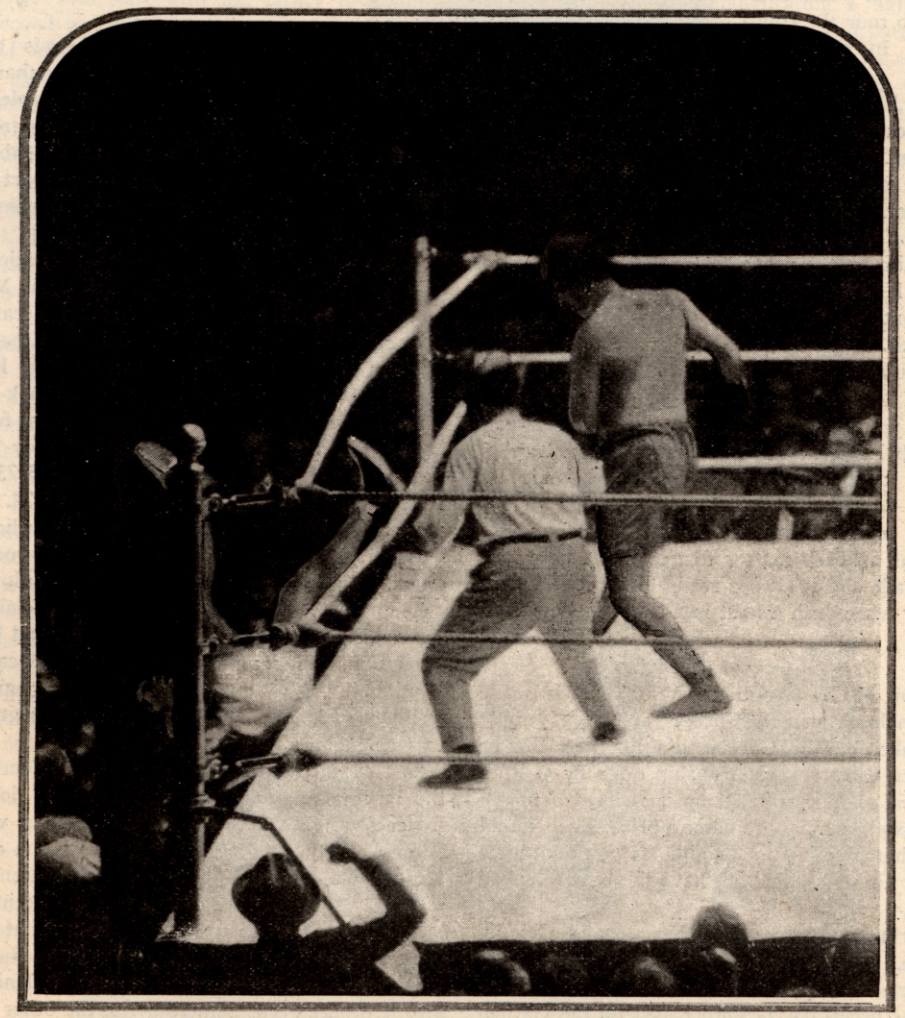
* * *

THE most violent argument in boxing history—one that is still going on though neither boxer involved in it is active any longer—had to do with the famous "long count" which Referee Dave Barry gave Gene Tunney in the seventh round of the second Tunney-Dempsey fight, at Soldier Field in Chicago on September 23, 1927.

That knockdown of the champion by Dempsey probably has aroused more discussion than any other. It was a highly dramatic incident, coming at a moment when it seemed Dempsey, the popular favorite, was hopelessly beaten.

Barry did not start his own count on the fallen champion until the timekeeper had reached four or five. Thus Tunney had fourteen or fifteen seconds in which to recover.

The first four or five seconds while Tunney was on the floor were used up in an argument between Barry and Dempsey. That was the first Chicago fight in which the rule requiring a man scoring a knockdown to go to a neutral corner was in effect. It was made a rule by the Illinois Commission as a result of Dempsey's habit of standing close to a fallen foeman and hitting him the instant he got to his feet. As a result of Dempsey's action in his brawl with Firpo, the rule was put on the books in New York and Illinois eventually also adopted it.



Here is the scene in the Firpo-Dempsey mill in which the Manassa Mauler is going through the ropes. Referee Gallagher was severely criticized for permitting the spectators to push Dempsey back into the ring. Gallagher was also censured for allowing Jack to stand over Firpo every time Dempsey scored a knock-down.

Though Dempsey had been instructed before the bout to go to a neutral corner in case he scored a knockdown he evidently forgot about it in the excitement.

"Go to a neutral corner," said Barry to Dempsey when Tunney went down.

"I'll stay right here," replied Dempsey.

Thus Jack was to blame in a measure, but the rules provide that no fallen fighter shall have more than ten seconds in which to arise. Where Barry made his blunder was in starting his own count at one when Dempsey finally moved away, instead

(*Cont. on page* 47)

"The Uncrowned Champion"

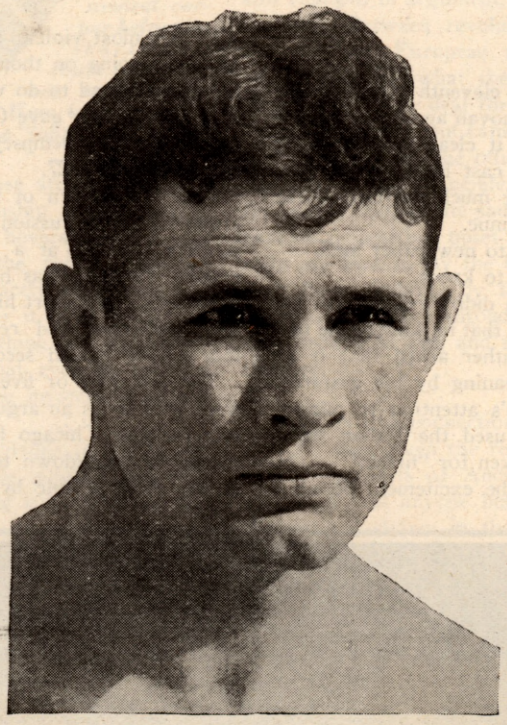
Joe Knight Takes the Place of Young Stribling in the Hearts of the Southern Fans

By DINTY D. DENNIS

DOWN in Georgia, where they take their fights and fighters seriously, as Mike McTigue, one time light-heavyweight king, can testify, they are singing the praises of Joe Knight. Below the Mason and Dixon line, Joe is quite a figure in fisticuffs, for he holds the Southern light-heavyweight championship and is the successor to the late Young Stribling in popularity and in ability. They call this gentleman from Geor-ja, the "Uncrowned light-heavyweight titleholder," and it will take considerable argument to prove to these Southerners that Knight is not entitled to that honor.

This young warrior from Cairo, Ga., is ever willing to prove to the skeptical that he is the king of the division, but the one big obstacle is Maxie Rosenbloom, who after testing the skill of the young Georgian, has decided that it is best for him not to accept Joe's challenge, and to continue to tour the country and ply his trade in overweight matches.

The "Cairo Calamity," as Knight is called along the Dixie cauliflower row, twice fought Rosenbloom. The first encounter was one of those over-the-weight contests at Daytona Beach, and in that Joe attracted attention by flooring Slapsie Maxie and having him on the verge of a knock-out in the last round. The champion was holding onto the ropes to save himself in the major portion of the last session. Yes, they gave Knight the decision, but the contest being a nontitular mill, Rosenbloom just smiled and trekked along.



A closeup of Joe Knight. The new "Pride of the South" is a handsome fellow, as was his predecessor, Young Stribling.

It took considerable trouble for the promoters to get Maxie into the ring again with Knight. When Madison Square Garden officials decided to put on more than one bout at Miami last winter, they decided to feature Knight, the most popular of the Southern scrappers but to find a suitable opponent for him was the difficult task. It was an easy matter to get Joe, because he considers fighting his trade and is always ready to accept a match when offered, especially when such a bout is a championship mill.

* * *

JOE and his mentor, E. H. Griffith of Miami Beach, made overtures to Rosenbloom without success and then Jimmy Johnston, matchmaker of the Garden, did likewise, but he met with a rebuff. Then came a sportsmanship offer by Griffith on behalf of his boy, an offer that could not possibly be tossed aside. Griffith asked Maxie's manager to name a price which would insure a bout for the championship to Knight. "If you guarantee Rosenbloom $15,000 for his share, you can have the bout," replied Bachman, the manager.

There was no bickering on the part of Knight and Griffith. "I know I can lick him," said Joe to his mentor, "and I think it worth the $15,000 to get him into the ring."

That was all that was necessary. Griffith called up the Garden promoter, asked him to draw up a contract and the match was made. The Southern fight fans were elated at the prospect of having one of their favorite sons win a title in the first championship bout since the famous Corbett-Mitchell encounter was staged at Jacksonville.

The $15,000 was posted. The political "okay" was received for the title scrap. The fighters started training and the Garden forces, led by Col. John R. Kilpatrick and Jimmy Johnston, moved to the Land of Palms. Griffith, Knight's manager, asked for nothing but fair play for Knight, confident that Joe could defeat Rosenbloom since he had accomplished the task before, and the Georgian had improved by many leagues since then. The date was set for February 1. As the day of the fight neared, the fistic clan in Miami knew that Rosenbloom and his manager, Frank Bachman, were worried. Then came the parley for a postponement which, with a bit of rainy weather, gave the champion's handlers a "break" and the new date was February 5.

* * *

IT was an interesting fight. More than 20,000 fans crowded the Garden Bowl. They saw the Georgian the aggressor from the start. They saw Rosenbloom find the going tough and resort to his well-known back-hand slapping and open glove slashing.

Since this particular type of fighting is clarified in the Miami boxing rules as foul warfare, Referee Harry Graham became the target of the fight crowd. However, it continued until the eighth when Referee Graham penalized the champion the round. Rosenbloom continued his crouching, covering and spluges of back-handing until the end but no more penalties were inflicted and the fight was called a draw.

This ruling came when one judge, Roy Latham, and Referee Graham voted the 15-round contest on a 75-75 points even basis and the other judge, Sam Roberts, voted 76-74.

As the final bell rang and before the verdict could be announced, Rosenbloom walked over to Knight's corner, congratulated him on winning the title and added, "Wish you lots of luck."

There is the worthy basis for the claim, "the world's uncrowned light-heavyweight champion," and by Rosenbloom's own admission. But, since the writer is now located in the Southland, it might be a bit more conclusive for you readers to note the writings of Damon Runyon, the "world's greatest reporter," who was at the ringside that night:

"I find many supporters of my contention that Joe Knight, the new fistic pride of the Southland, licked Smacksie Maxie Rosenbloom last night, only to wind up with a draw decision. In any event, Knight is now just as much champion as Smacksie Maxie. The Georgia youth has 50 per cent interest in the title under the decision, but Maxie has the voting power.

"You may be interested to learn that Harry Graham, the referee, and Roy Latham, one of the judges who called the draw, gave Rosenbloom three rounds, Knight three, and called all the others even. Sam Roberts, the other judge, who voted for Knight, gave Knight three rounds, Rosenbloom two, and called 10 even.

"I am inclined to think that a battle of 15 rounds in which

neither man had more of an advantage than the scores indicate, is positively unique. My personal and private tally gave Knight a considerable margin in at least seven rounds. But then I was thoughtless enough to include in my calculations in his favor such items as aggressiveness, and effective punching, and I penalized Smacksie for the open-hand slapping and back-handing that usually characterize his contests."

* * *

THE Miami City boxing commission held a session of query and investigation, suspended the referee for 30 days and retired. Thus went the chance of Joe Knight after more than two years of effort to get a crack at Rosenbloom's title and the unsatisfactory judging and draw decision was felt at the turnstiles of the Garden's succeeding show, Carnera vs. Loughran.

It was a hard blow for Knight but he kept his opinions to himself and after a short rest started towards the throne room again.

Born of sturdy people down in Cairo, Ga., Knight has quietly battled his way into the position formerly held by the late W. L. Stribling, Jr.,—"The fistic idol of the South." The Solid South has taken the Cairo Calamity to its heart, and nine out of every ten fight followers you meet are confident Knight will be the champion if the traveling Rosenbloom will halt long enough to give Joe another bout.

The son of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Knight, the Georgian is now nearing his twenty-fourth birthday. One of his strongest backers is his father who takes time off at every occasion from his position on the railroad to watch his clear-eyed, sharp-shooting son in action. Mrs. Knight also believes Cairo Joe will be champion but she does not like to be at the ringside. Joe has five brothers and one sister who join with the father to comprise a cheering section second to none.

Standing 5 foot 11 inches, Knight is a handsome, clean-cut, quiet lad. When he speaks you hear that soft drawl of Dixie, but in the ring his black, piercing eyes flame with conquest. To meet him, your last guess would be that he is a fighter because he is unmarked except for slight scars in the heavy black eyebrows.

His principal offense in the ring is with a straight, hard-hitting left hand, a punch that either shoots straight from the shoulder to his opponent's head or sweeps quickly under his opponent's guard for damaging body blows. During the last year he has developed his right until now the jab of that right is keeping his foes off balance and giving him more openings for that left to score.

It is these punches, grouped with courage, a lifetime of clean living, and five years of experience in boxing, that have carried him through 143 fights without being knocked out, without losing a fight on a foul, being on the floor only three times, winning 87 knockouts and —the leading challenger for a light-heavyweight title bout—a crown which already is 50 per cent Knight property.

Joe Knight and his manager, E. H. Griffith, talking it over while Joe was in training for his Miami bout with Maxie Rosenbloom.

* * *

POSSIBLY the best support of all this is a paragraph from the writings of the late Joe Vila, a column written a few days prior to the Knight-Rosenbloom bout in February:

"Years ago the light-heavyweight class bristled with high-grade fighters. But since the ascendency of Rosenbloom, various challengers have been bowled over with comparative ease until today Knight is the only worth-while contender for the crown.

"Knight's national record starts with Yale Okun whom he stopped in five. Then comes Bob Evans, Bob Godwin, Charley Belanger, George Nichols, Peitro Corri, Willie Oster, Reds Barry, Battling Bozo, Lou Scozza, Cyclone Smith, George Courtney. Russ Rowsey, Eric Lawson, Natie Brown, Don Petrin, Bob Tow, Buck Everett, Eddie McCarthy, Tony Cancela, Carl Knowles, Les Kennedy, Eddie Houghton, Joe Banovic and every man from 170 to 190 pounds offered him by any matchmaker.

There is one fight many fistic fans have asked about, the Joe Knight-Tony Shucco scrap in Boston in May. It is one of those "unexplainable" fights, so no alibis should be offered. Shucco won the decision rightfully. He deserves all credit for the win after narrowly weathering the first two furious rounds when the Georgian was shooting both guns commendably.

Then that "something" happened. Many close to Knight believe it was the climatic condition, moving from Florida to Boston in less than 10 days, moving from outdoor to indoor training and then fighting indoors amid a dense smoke. But whatever the reasons, he lost that one, but his manager has offered to post $500 cash for a return bout "any time and any place."

So the Georgian, inaugurating a fight-every-two-weeks campaign since losing to Shucco, is still battling at the throne room. The type of determination he manifests along with his ability will find him a hard man to deny. At least, with his campaign under way again, it will be interesting to see a Knight-Shucco return match, Knight against Al Gainer, Knight against Clyde Chastain, Knight against Lou Brouillard, etc.

It was hoped that Jimmy Johnston, matchmaker of the New York Garden, would bring Rosenbloom and Knight together for the world title, but Johnston decided in favor of Bob Olin. Those in the South who know the calibre of Olin and Knight, feel confident that, had Johnston first matched Olin with Joe, the Southerner would have remained as the leading challenger. Most of Olin's bouts were mediocre affairs as against the topnotch performances of Knight. The best that Knight can hope for now, is that the winner of the Olin-Rosie bout will give him the chance he deserves. If he gets it, there will be a new world's heavyweight champion.

TRIMMING *Worth Its Weight in Gold*

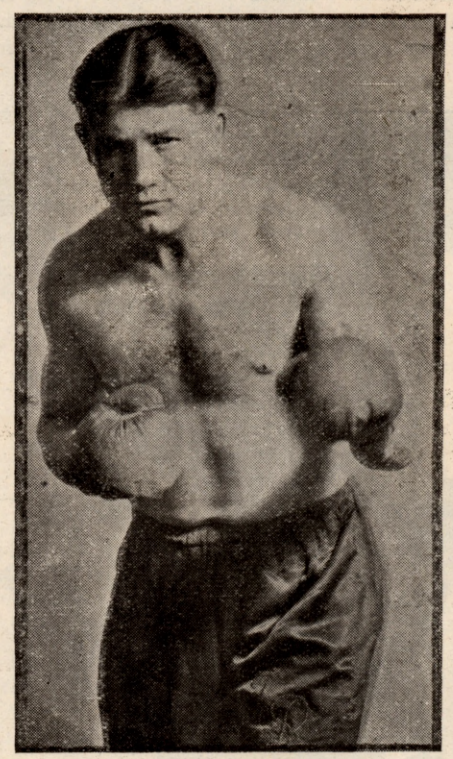
By ED. W. SMITH

Smiling, curly-haired Max Baer (above) who learned an invaluable lesson from a whipping at the hands of Johnny Risko (below).

THIS is going to be a corking good story. It's true and of course that makes it all the better. Truth, you may have heard, is stranger than anything that could be concocted in the most imaginative of minds.

It's about that most exotic of them all, the new champion of the world; how a ripping good licking made him the mightiest man of them all. So far a number of authors have written several historical sketches of this young Max Baer's career. None of them has so far touched on this vital and indeed crucial stage of his ring life.

Back in 1931, Johnny Risko, Cleveland's rubbery bouncer, then as hot as some of the stuff that came out of the bake ovens over which he used to work, gave the California butcher a fine going-over. He trimmed Maxey up in such thorough fashion that the flashy young man gave himself pause. For the first time in his spectacular splurge, he began to think.



It came at the close of a somewhat disastrous Eastern trip, one of those jousts that his expectant managers figured would land him right up under the championship gun. Instead, he dropped miserably in the ratings. In fact, he returned to his adopted California a badly punctured balloon. Many were unkind enough to designate that balloon as a gas bag, pure and simple. Whatever else might be figured, Max was back in the bush leagues, strictly Class DD, a dud and not even in the first division.

While the handsome young scamp was licking his wounds around the Bay District and wondering what might befall him next, he suddenly saw a great light. It came upon his befogged mentality like a great engulfing wave. He was forgetting about expensive auto rigs, ignoring the latest in what the smart club man is wearing this season and tearing up an extensive list of choice telephone numbers.

And the trend of his thoughts ran about this way:

"They're trying to make a boxer out of me. But I'm a fighter and can't be anything else—don't want to be. Now I begin to see why I'm not getting anywhere except into the sewer of this racket!"

* * *

JUST a little later I ran into the big boy out on the Pacific Coast and he was anxious to tell me of the new situation that was just then dawning upon him.

"While Johnny Risko was closing my eyes in a most scientific manner, I was getting them opened up to the real situation and now they're wide open," he told me. Max was a most likable young chap at the time and about as attractive a bit of masculinity as could be found anywhere.

"You see, it's this way. They've hired Bob McAllister, who really is one of the best boxing men in the country, to teach me the fine points of boxing.

"So far so good. Bob taught me how to stick out my left strictly according to the book and while I did that, I was coached to raise my right up in a certain way as a guard. That was the gist of all my lessons with Bob, who undoubtedly knows the science from cover to cover. I got so I could do it fine. I was the prettiest little ol' poser you ever saw, a regular old Roman gladiator act rolled into one—sticking out my left and all that.

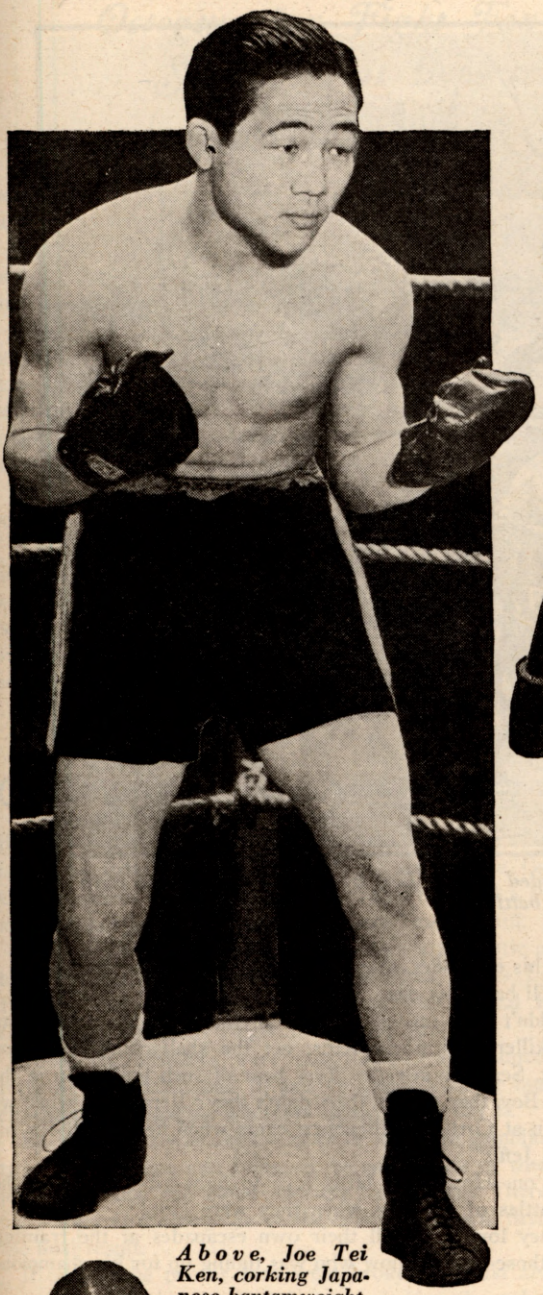
"All right, then, until there came that blamed Risko fight. We started off and I began to stick out my left according to the very best of my instructions and coaching. Wow, that baker boy hit me four times with his left before I could remember the next move that had been taught me.

"Naturally I thought there must be some mistake so I tried it again. *Wow!* he hit me *six* times then and almost knocked me crazy. In fact he pasted me so thoroughly while I was doing all of my fancy boxing stunts that I looked like a double order of hamburger royal when the tenth round was reached.

"That settled it with me for all time. I ceased being a boxer, or trying to be one, right then and there. My mind was made up. If Risko could do that to me, why couldn't I do the same thing to other people? I was bigger, brighter and younger than Risko, so why not?"

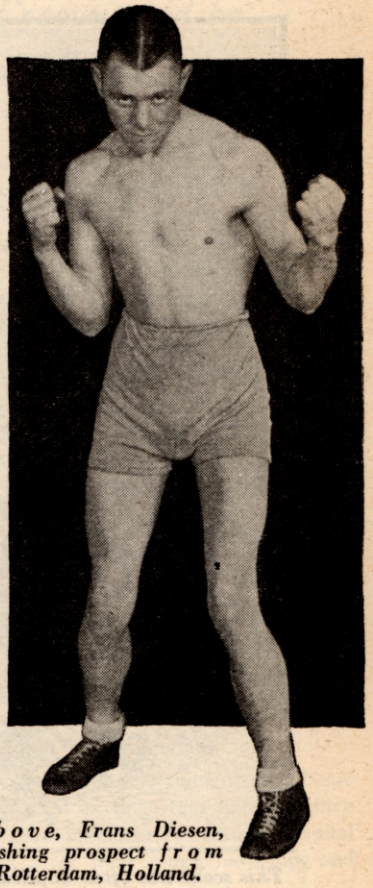
(Continued on page 48)

FOREIGN HEADLINERS

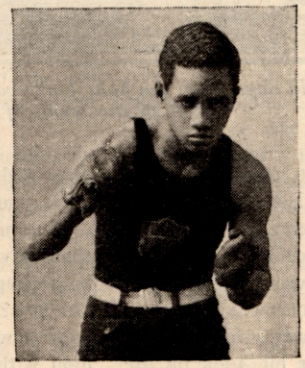


Above, Joe Tei Ken, corking Japanese bantamweight.

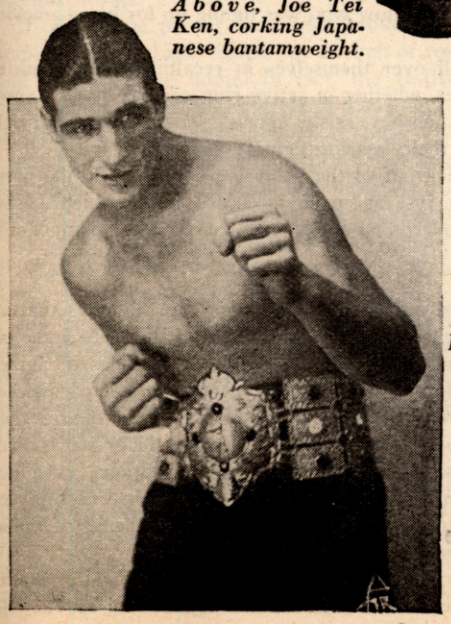
Left, Kid Silver, lightweight and welterweight titleholder of Jamaica, B. W. I.



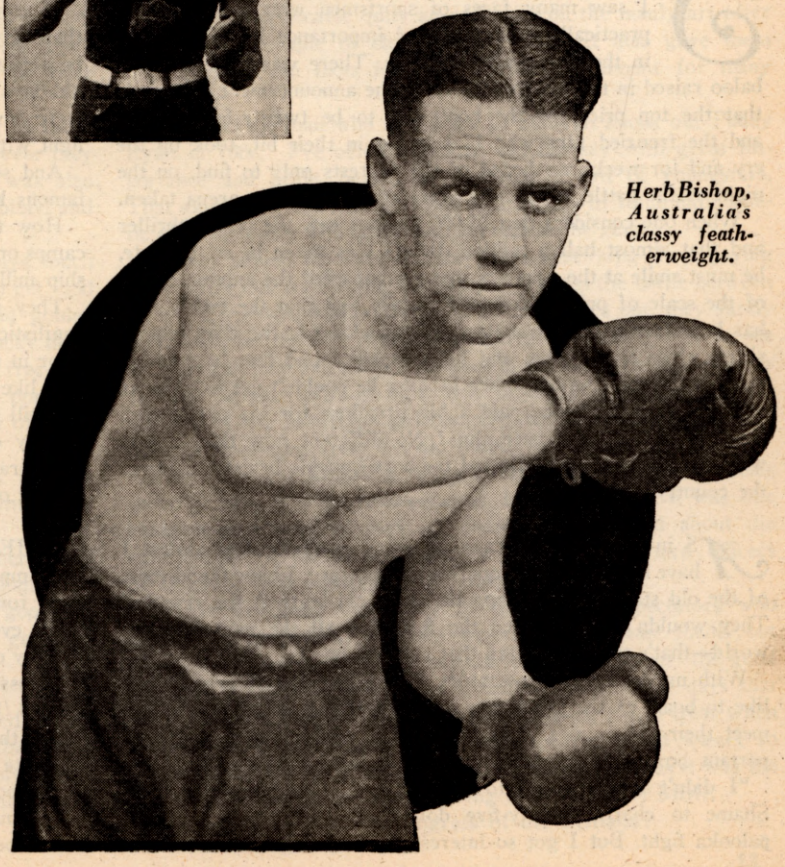
Above, Frans Diesen, slashing prospect from Rotterdam, Holland.



Left, Baby Johnson, leading featherweight from the Philippines.



Left, Johnny Rice, England's rising young heavyweight.



Herb Bishop, Australia's classy featherweight.

In the DAYS *of* RING

This scene was often duplicated in the old days when the fight fans evaded Johnny Law by sneaking out in the dark of night to the scene of battle.

SITTING in a ringside seat at the recent Carnera-Baer fight in the Garden Bowl in Long Island City, I saw many faces of sportsmen who have attended practically every fight of importance in this country in the last quarter century. There was quite a hullabaloo raised in the newspapers when the announcement was made that the top price for the bout was to be twenty-five dollars, and the frenzied fans who like to put in their bit, took up the cry and for weeks we heard of the protests only to find, on the night of the battle, practically every seat in the vast arena taken.

When one considers that 55,000 persons saw the recent thriller and that almost half a million dollars was taken in at the gate, he must smile at the squawks that accompanied the announcement of the scale of prices. You will usually find that the fellow who has been loudest in the matter of squawking is the chap who is sitting close to the ring, and he probably found that he couldn't buy his ticket at the box office because he couldn't get as close as he wanted to be, hence paid a big premium for his pasteboard. Yessiree, it has ever been thus! No different now than it was when I was a kid and followed the bare-knuckle bruisers all over the country.

* * *

AS in the good old days, at every championship contest I have been in the last quarter of a century, I have found most of the old standbys occupying the same old seats at the ringside. They wouldn't have missed the fight for all the money in the world—that's the kind of fan that ringside bug is.

With many of those spectators, it is a question of pride. They like to boast of the place they occupied at the mill. They like to meet their old cronies. It is a sort of annual reunion, these important boxing contests. You'll hear in their conversations:

"I didn't intend going to this fight. Not worth the money. Shame to charge twenty-five dollars to see that big Italian palooka fight. But I got so interested in reading of the colorful Baer and his escapades, that I decided to give it another shot."

Or you'll hear this one:

"I wouldn't have missed this for anything. I came just to see that ladykiller, the movie actor, get the shellacking he'll soon be getting. Serves him right. Ever hear of such goings-on in the old days? Boy, they trained then, didn't they? Remember when we were down at Corbett's Allenhurst camp when he trained for his fight with Jeff?"

And so on. How these birds love to fight all over again the famous battles of the days when they were kids!

How they love to recall their own escapades at the training camps or those of the fellow who was tuning up for his championship mill!

They just fall all over themselves in recalling their youthful pugilistic adventures, whether in active ring combat or as a spectator in the days when gay, frisky sports spent thousands of dollars, like lords, on their favorite fighters and fellow fans!

I still get that kick out of the bouts I go to. I enjoy the present-day encounters just as much as I did those which I saw after traveling hundreds of miles over roads that "bumped the life out of you."

* * *

WHEN it leaked out in the ancient bareknuckle days that an important or championship match was arranged, to come off some four or six months from the signing of articles of agreement, every red-blooded fan became deeply interested indeed.

Many of the poorer enthusiasts began to save their coin in every way possible. Some of them were truck drivers, blacksmiths, carpenters, bricklayers. And others of humble vocations, even deprived themselves of liquor, tobacco and clothes, in order to accumulate two or three hundred dollars for the expense of going to and coming from the proposed mill.

Yes, many a poor hard-working fan endured all sorts of privation to be able to get to the ringside with high-rolling sports, and

ROMANCE *and* ADVENTURE

Octogenarian Fight Fan Tells of the Hardships Encountered by Spectators at Important Mills in the "Good Old Days"

By A. D. PHILLIPS

hold their own financially on the big fistic jamboree, even if they landed home flat broke and very much exhausted.

Of course, there were not many noted fights in those days—probably one a year or one every two years, but they were real thrilling historic events when they did occur.

There was no newspaper ballyhoo, no raving press agent bunk, no public spectacular training, no signed stories by the fighters, nor pictures in the daily press. Everything was arranged and carried out under cover in the most secretive manner, so as to evade the police and sheriffs, who were very active indeed in breaking up fights and arresting the principals and others.

Reporters were not welcomed at the ringside. In fact, the sports scribes took quite a risk in these affairs.

I remember at the Paddy Ryan-Joe Goss mill, at Collyer Station, W. Va., in 1880, the desperate mob of husky iron-puddlers who predominated, chased all the newspapermen away from the battleground. However, it was no pink tea for any scribe to laugh over or enjoy, surrounded by a pack of snarling, wild-eyed roughnecks spoiling for a fracas.

* * *

IT wasn't considered anything very unusual for such high-stepping fans as George Law, Al Smith, the old famous stakeholder, Mike McDonald, Johnny Newell, Bill Bradburn, Charley Johnston, Jimmy Wakely, Dick Roche, father of Billy, who is still with us around the Garden, and a lot of others who carried fat bankrolls, to spend a thousand or more dollars on one trip alone to a bare-knuckle mill.

Neither did blowing a "grand" on such a pugilistic picnic seem to bother such high-class spenders as John (Red) Leary, Billy Porter, Tom (Shang) Draper, Frank McCoy, Ed Keeler and some other notorious ringworms of the past.

These big spenders were out for a grand jamboree. They traveled first cabin and invariably drank nothing but the most expensive champagne, wherever money could buy it.

Besides, there was always more or less high gambling on those trips, both coming and going, in the parlor cars or wherever they put up, around the noted sporting rendezvous. There was also big betting at the ringside on the first knockdown, first blood and the final result.

If one of the poorer fans went broke, he could always touch some of the big bank-rollers for enough of ready cash to get food and railroad fare home. In fact, the festive wine and golden coin seemed to flow quite freely in those old happy-go-lucky days, if you were in the inner circle, and stood well with the free-and-easy high-steppers. But if you didn't, you might as well not have attempted to make the trip, and not have run the risk of being given the gate rather roughly and unceremoniously.

It was no easy undertaking for an outsider to break into the restrictive clique, in order to get the right tip on where and when the important fight was to take place.

He might hang around Harry Hill's or some other noted sporting resort in New York for a month or more, spending his money quite lavishly, endeavoring to make himself a good fellow in order to get the proper tip and wind up by only getting a false steer.

* * *

MANY an anxious fan spent a couple of hundred dollars in this manner, and was sent to St. Louis, Chicago or some other far-away city on what turned out to be only a wild goose chase. That was considered just a little harmless joke among the old crowd if they didn't fancy you much.

No, indeed, it was not gay and festive picnic going and coming from one of the old bare-knuckle fights. Sometimes you left New York a week ahead with a party of high rollers, who were in right and were pretty sure of reaching the ringside by some hook or crook.

Maybe you met another crowd at Fort Erie with a steamboat ready to cross the lake to Long Point, Canada. But when the boat ran close to Long Point, a regiment of British redcoats and a few brass cannons would be waiting there to give the crowd of Yankee fans a very warm reception. This has been the case in several such trips across Lake Erie in my experience.

Back to Fort Erie we would have to go, trying to find some other suitable battleground, which was no easy matter with companies of militia and posses of sheriffs at our heels, driving us from state to state maybe for a week or more.

We slept with our clothes on in backrooms of saloons or country barns, railroad stations or any old place. One day having fine expensive meals with wine galore, the next day anything you could grab. What a helter-skelter travel, through all kinds of dark, dismal, muddy roads! Fine fun and sport indeed were those old fistic adventures.

* * *

MANY of the ancient fans hardly ever came directly home after they finally witnessed an important mill, for they were often obliged to lie up in some hotel, turkish bath or hospital for a week or so for repairs, after their tough hardships and sleepless nights of dissipation.

But there was a certain romance and adventure about these grueling affairs that induced men to spend considerable money and undergo great wear and tear, just for the sport, the thrilling experience and its strange fascination.

Besides, they became quite an authority on the manly art after witnessing a couple of championship mills. It also gave them fine material and facts for many a fistic argument for many years after.

"Yes, I'm the man who saw John L. Sullivan knock out Paddy Ryan in 1882," I've often heard an old fan say with great importance and pride, before an admiring crowd of youngsters. That alone was well worth a thousand dollars to some enthusiastic old ring-goers who never lost interest in the game.

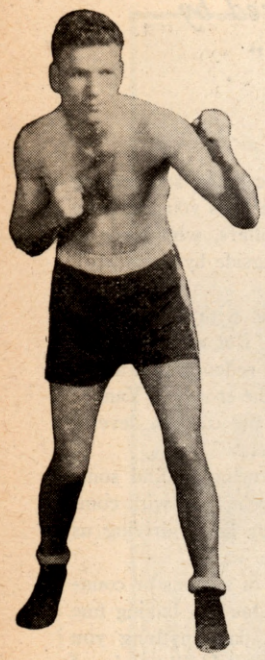
So why should the fans of today start squawking about paying twenty-five dollars for ringside seats to witness the battle between Primo Carnera and Max Baer. As things turned out, they surely received their money's worth. Compared to what it cost to see an old-time heavyweight championship battle, twenty-five bucks for this hectic, thrilling fight was certainly very cheap, without any of the hardships and dangers that were attached to the going and coming from the old mills.

Today it's like attending a big circus, with an efficient usher escorting you to your reserved seat. In the old days it was like being with a band of outlaws, chased and hounded about the country like a lot of criminals by the heavily armed officers of the law, with a possibility of doing a bit in jail.

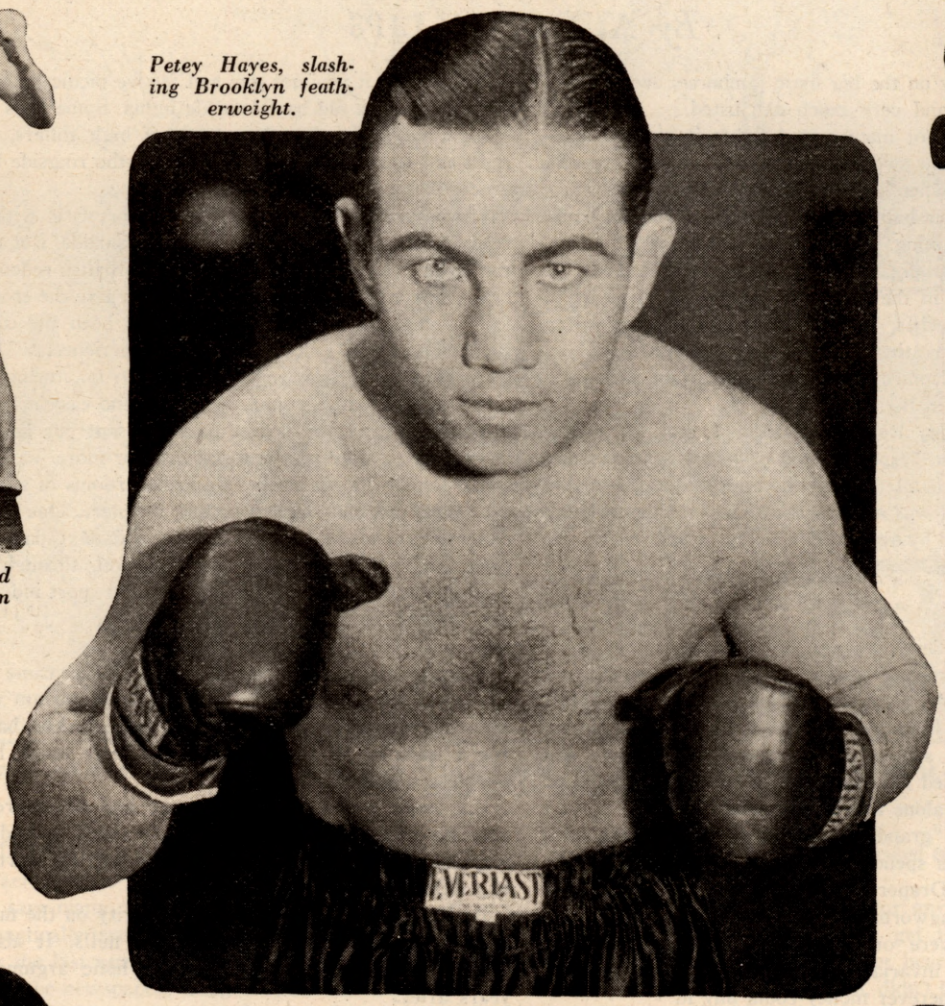
I have no doubt that many of the ringside spectators who attend the present-day contests would get the same thrills out of sneaking into a show that we did in what we term "the good old days." There certainly was something about those days that made the fight fans feel that they were missing a real treat when they found themselves on the outside looking in. It wasn't so much the thought of a raid that brought on the thrill as it was the idea of evading detection while going to the scene of battle.

What a contrast in the progress of old Fistiana!

Bantams and Feathers

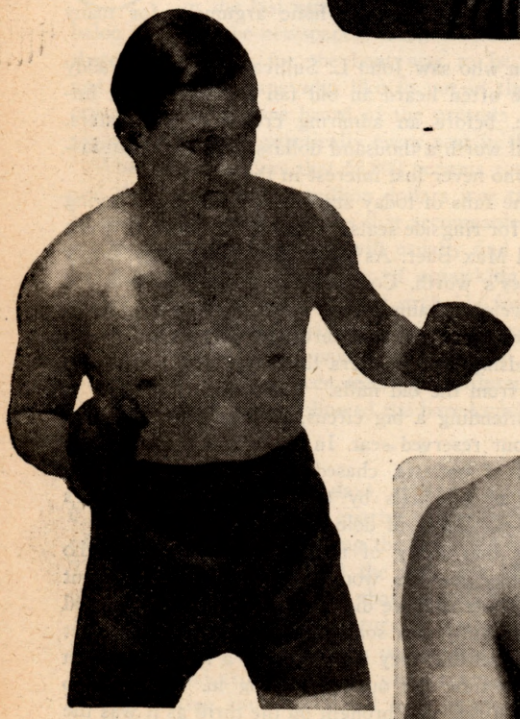


Red Casson, rugged bantamweight from Detroit.

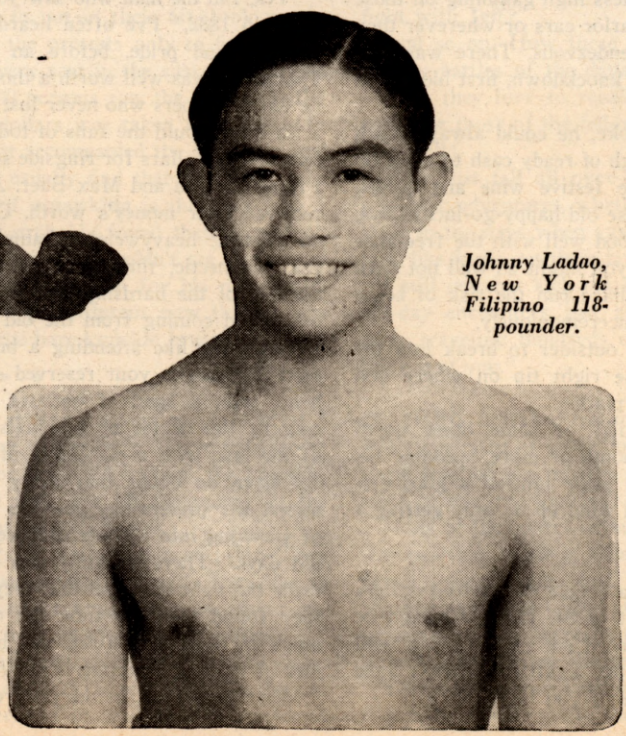


Petey Hayes, slashing Brooklyn featherweight.

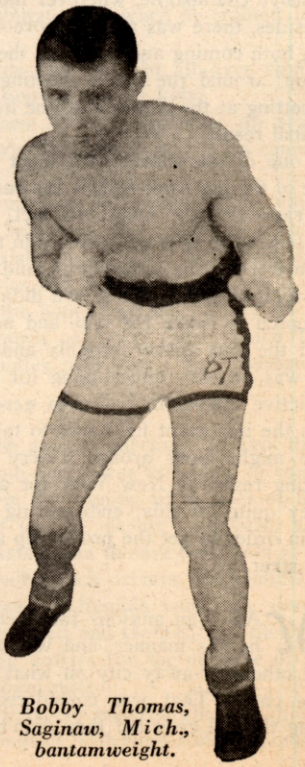
Charley Burns, featherweight from St. Michael, Pa.



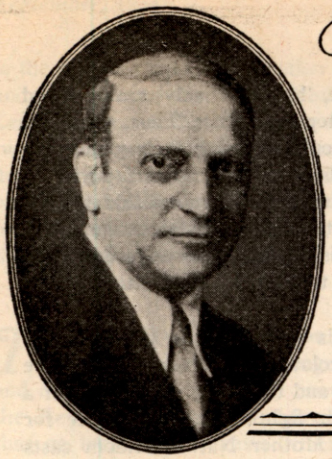
Bucky Burton, classy Miami Beach featherweight.



Johnny Ladao, New York Filipino 118-pounder.



Bobby Thomas, Saginaw, Mich., bantamweight.



Nat FLEISCHER says:

Carnera's Alibis Ignore Baer's Knockout Wallops
Canzoneri Vindicates our Fight for Recognition
Yarosz is the Outstanding Middleweight Challenger

IT ill becomes Primo Carnera to alibi himself for his defeat at the hands of Max Baer. More than eighty per cent of the fistic writers had picked the Italian to retain his laurels, and, with few exceptions, all praised Primo to the skies for his marvelous courage in remaining in the one-sided battle as long as he did. He was a game fellow to face the fire as bravely as he did, but his alibis following the discovery of a broken ankle have not been in good taste and, by degrees, he is losing whatever prestige still remained his as a result of the courage displayed against his powerful foe.

Contrary to the statement of the Italian and his mentors, Primo did not break his ankle in the first round. Nor did he break it in the fifth, sixth, seventh or even the tenth round. All one needs to see to convince himself of that, is to take a good look at the pictures of the fight. He will note that in almost every round after the first, Carnera came out of his corner without the support of crutches, the aid of his worthless seconds or the semblance of a limp. No fighter could do that if he had a broken ankle.

There is no doubt that Primo did break a bone in his ankle. The X-rays show that. The surgeons testify to it and the public takes it for granted that the X-ray and the doctors are correct in their diagnosis. But the break certainly did not take place until just before the referee ended the mill.

It was undoubtedly one of the last two knockdowns that caused the chip but Primo and his mentors, seeing a possible "out," much to the chagrin and disgust of his admirers, are telling the fight fans that the giant fought on one leg for ten rounds. As a matter of fact, the pictures, which do not lie, show Primo rushing out of his corner in the very last round—an impossible feat with a broken ankle.

* * *

I THINK we have had enough talk about the broken bone. It is about time that Carnera and his managers come forth with the gentlemanly, sportsmanlike statement that he was defeated fairly and honestly by a better man. Such cry-baby stuff and nonsense as Carnera recently sold to the Hearst newspapers is purely the bunk and ill becomes a champion or former champion.

Carnera should take a leaf from the book of Jack Dempsey, who, when whipped by Gene Tunney in the Sesqui-Centennial Stadium, when asked for an explanation of his defeat by a man who wasn't given a chance by fistic followers, remarked:

"Well, I suppose I just forgot to duck."

And never since then has Dempsey offered alibis for his defeat, though he had plenty he could have offered. That's sportsmanship, Mr. Carnera. Think it over. You did a good job, in the face of terrific odds. Now pipe down and show that you can do better, if possible, when you get the chance in a return bout.

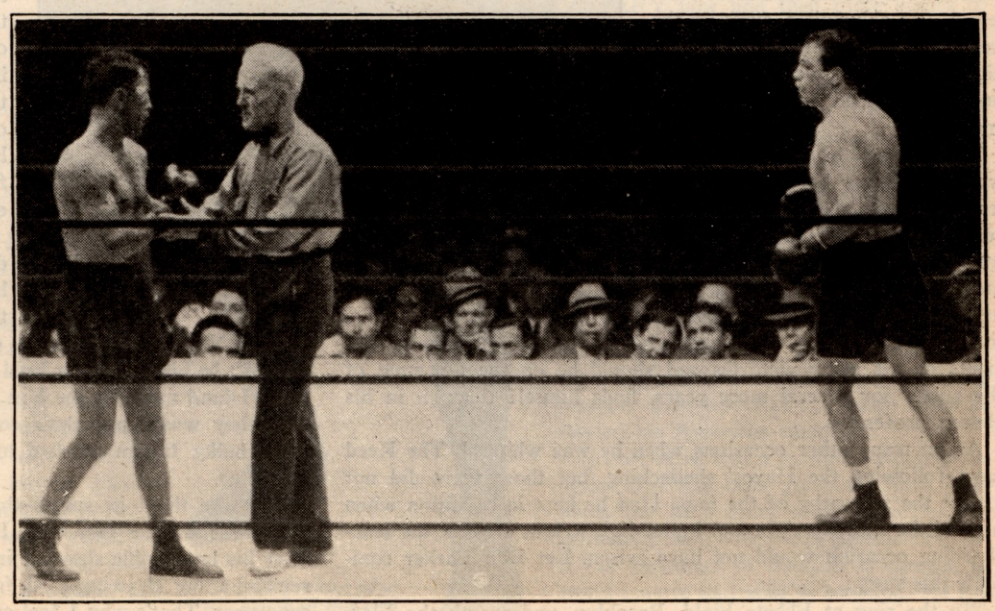
* * *

THE victory of Tony Canzoneri over Frankie Klick, at Ebbets Field recently, vindicated the battle that THE RING made on his behalf when the New York State Boxing Commission ignored him in favor of Klick as leading challenger for Ross's lightweight title. At the time, I proved a pretty strong case for Tony, and it was largely through my arguments that the Commission accepted the proposition to permit Canzoneri and Klick to engage in an elimination bout to decide Ross's next opponent. Tony proved conclusively that there never should have been any question about his candidacy. True, he is slipping, but the fact remains, as he has demonstrated, that he is the second ranking lightweight in the world. A Ross-Canzoneri battle is now in order.

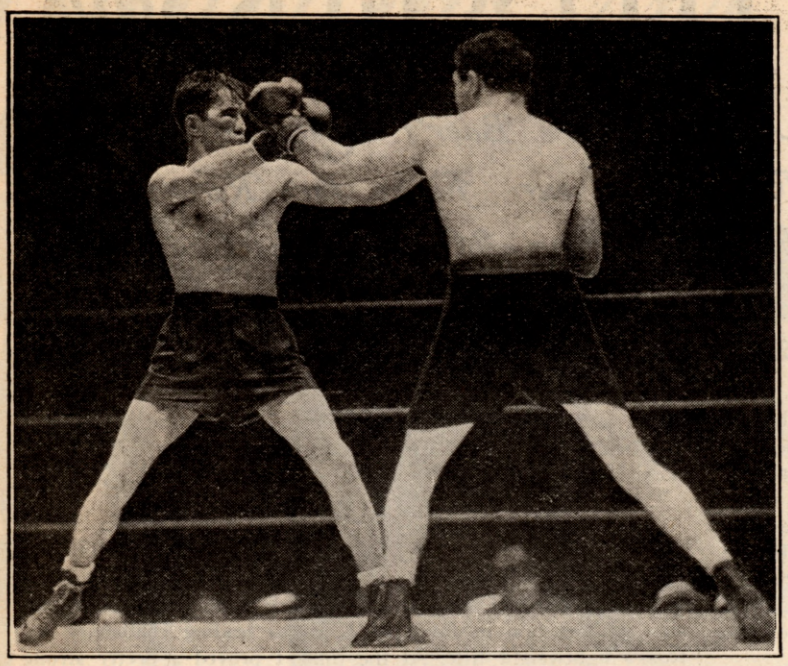
Unfortunately for Klick, he was badly handicapped by a sadly puffed eye. Up to the fifth round, when a clout from Canzoneri started the trouble, Klick held his own but thereafter it was just one round after the other for Tony until the referee wisely intervened and stopped the bout in the ninth round when Klick's eye had swollen to the size of an egg.

They come no more courageous than the Californian. He fought gamely against great odds and were it not for the injury sustained so early in the fight, he undoubtedly would have given Canzoneri considerable trouble.

Kid Chocolate is through as a fighter. The once great ebony-skinned Cuban gladiator, who has been attempting a comeback, was shunted out of the picture by Petey Hayes, in what proved a pitiful performance for the Cuban Bon Bon. The Keed is through.



Referee Patsy Haley stops the bout between Klick and Canzoneri when the damage to Klick's eye reaches the danger point.



Note the puffed right eye of Klick. He is throwing off Canzoneri's left.

He has nothing left but a fighting heart. He's a mark for any fair scrapper and it would be to his interest to hang up his gloves.

Pity that such a splendidly built fighter, a clever lad who carried a good punch, couldn't have taken better care of himself. Had he done so, he would have lived up to the expectations of his admirers and gone down in ring history as a second George Dixon.

He had everything—courage, science, hitting power, reach and height—but the wild life of New York's Harlem took its toll. My friend Dan Parker, sports editor of the *New York Mirror,* one of America's brightest and most fearless sports columnists, sums up the case of the former featherweight king with the statement that he finally succeeded in making both ends meet.

Parker's article in the *Mirror* is worth repeating here. It carries a lesson to the lads who, having reached the spotlight in pugilism, forget that Nature cannot be abused. Chocolate, like many other headliners in boxing, let success go to his head and now, at an age when he should be enjoying the fruits on his many victories and should be on the top rung of the ladder for several more years, finds himself through in his chosen profession.

As on many other occasions when he was whipped, The Keed wept following the Hayes' shellacking, but those tears did not arouse the sympathy of the fans. Had he kept in condition when he held the featherweight and junior-lightweight crowns, the tear-shedding occasion would not have arisen. Let Dan Parker complete this story:

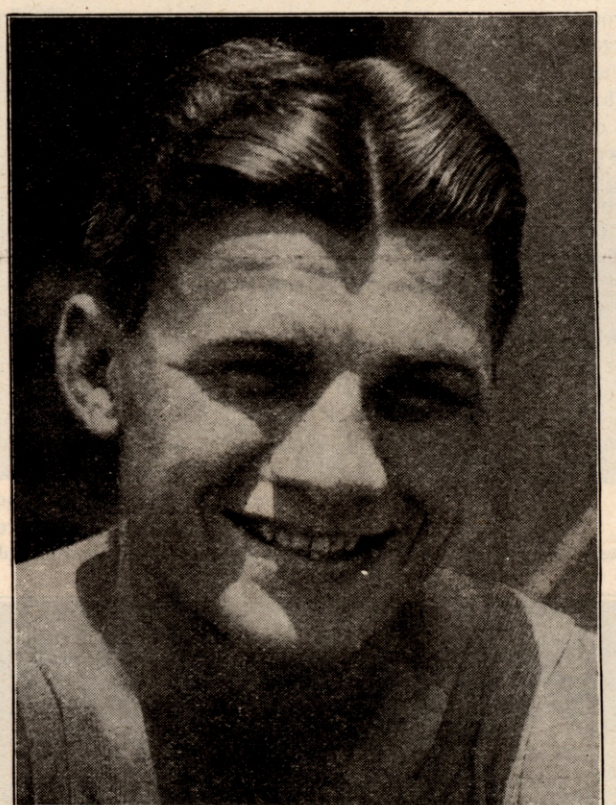
"In the ring at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, underneath the Flatbush moon, the Keed's candle gave its last fitful, feeble sputter. If Petey Hayes had packed a wallop, he would have snuffed it out. But, even lacking one, he effectively extinguished Chocolate's career as a top-line boxer. Thus, at an age when most boxers are only reaching their prime, the Havana Hurricane has become a harmless zephyr.

"It was underneath the Flatbush moon that Chocolate came to the end of the trail as a serious contender in the featherweight division. But 'twas underneath the Harlem moon that he trained for his untimely fall from the heights.

"I don't think there is any moral to point or any sermon to preach. Chocolate was endowed by Nature with a superb physique, and the grace and agility of a leopard, and instinct for fighting that left little for man to improve upon. Mother Nature seldom casts a perfect mould, though, and in Chocolate's case she failed to endow him with the force of character to resist the fleshpots strewn along his path through life.

"All the Keed knew was that money would buy pleasures, and while the money came in, he bought lavishly. It would be incongruous to grow maudlin over him. He's had his fling.

"Lifted out of the squalid poverty of his class in Cuba, he had his hour in the sun, enjoyed it to the full, and now can go back to the slums from which he sprang and while away the long, sultry days, dozing in the shade and dreaming of the days when he was Harlem's "high particulah."



Teddy Yarosz, who has been matched with Vince Dundee for the middleweight title of America.

* * *

THERE is little doubt that a Hamas-Baer fight in New York would draw as much as did the Carnera-Baer mill and more than would a Baer-Neusel, a Baer-Schmeling or a Baer-Lasky battle. Hamas seems to have the upper hand right now, with only Carnera standing between him and a titular shot.

Naturally, after the great ballyhoo that followed the Baer victory over Carnera, the New York Milk Fund promoters, who have an interest in the next heavyweight championship encounter, are most eager to clinch a return engagement between Baer and Primo because they figure that it will outdraw any other contest. Purely from a fighting standpoint, many fans who saw the recent exhibition, the slaughter of the Italian giant, would rather have Satchel Feet retired from the field and Hamas given the preference.

Primo proved in the recent Garden Bowl thriller that he is out of his class against a hard hitter, although he is a most courageous fighter. Yet it is dollars to doughnuts that the Garden Bowl wouldn't be big enough to hold the throng that would flock to the Long Island arena to see him in action again against Max. This time they would pay their coin in anticipation of viewing the huge, bulky Italian crashed to the canvas twenty times instead of twelve.

It is the thrill in sports that brings 'em in at the gate, and regardless of the fact that Primo would have few supporters after his lamentable showing in their first struggle, he still would remain a big drawing-card for at least one more shot at his conqueror. That's why I feel certain that when the next opponent for Baer is named, you'll find Carnera, not Hamas, listed.

Hamas has fought Loughran four times. He stopped Tommy

in the second round, won another by a shade decision and lost two to the clever Philadelphian. He met Lee Ramage, another collegian, four times, winning two, losing one, and fighting a draw. He fought a draw with Charley Massare last August, knocked out Benny Miller on the Coast and then whipped Schmeling in twelve rounds in Philadelphia. Since the Schmeling contest, Hamas has been inactive.

* * *

THE New York Commission ordered Vince Dundee to accept the challenge of Teddy Yarosz and defend the middleweight crown, an order which the New York champion obeyed. I am glad to see that at least in this case, which is similar to the Canzoneri-Ross affair, the Commissioners saw fit to force the issue in favor of the challenger. Yarosz, like Tony, has proved to the boxing world that he is the outstanding challenger and it is now up to him to show that he merited that designation.

Dundee is to receive the sum of $25,000 as a guarantee, with the privilege of 37½ per cent to fight Yarosz at Forbes Field this month. Too often a champion's mentor outsmarts himself by taking a so-called hick-town palooka for a picayune sum rather than risk the crown of his boy against a real challenger, only to find that he has dropped the title to an unknown, and I'm happy to see that Max Waxman, Dundee's manager, has decided to risk his boy's title against a real fighter instead of exploiting Vince in the "sticks."

If the managers and fighters who are dependent on the interest in the sport for their livelihood do not do their share to help retain that interest by permitting their charges to engage in contests that will bring the fans out in large numbers, then they should quit, once and for all time, to do the cry-baby acts in telling the world how difficult it is to obtain lucrative matches. They, as I have often said, and now reiterate, are more to blame for the fistic depression than are business conditions.

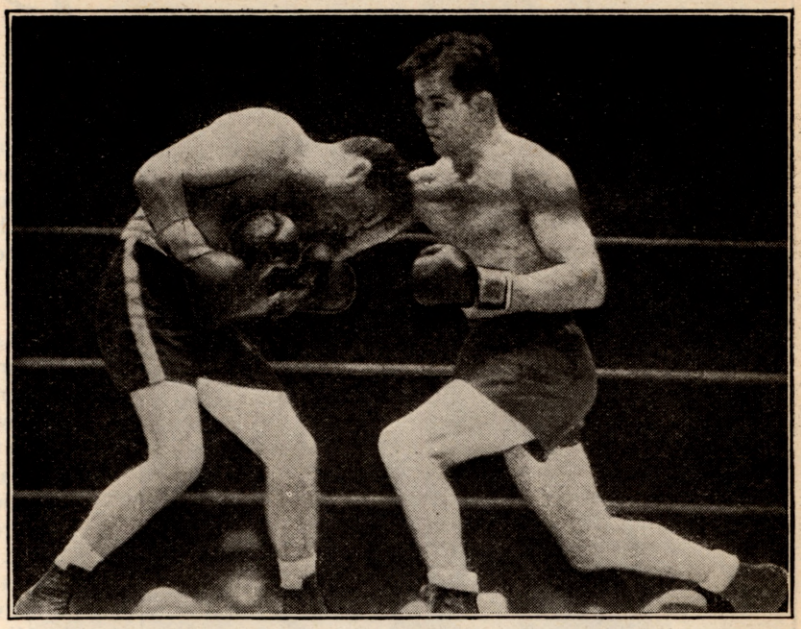
Let's all pull together for boxing, as has Waxman in this case. That fight will help keep up the interest which the Baer and Ross victories have revived in a sport that has been dead on its feet for two years.

* * *

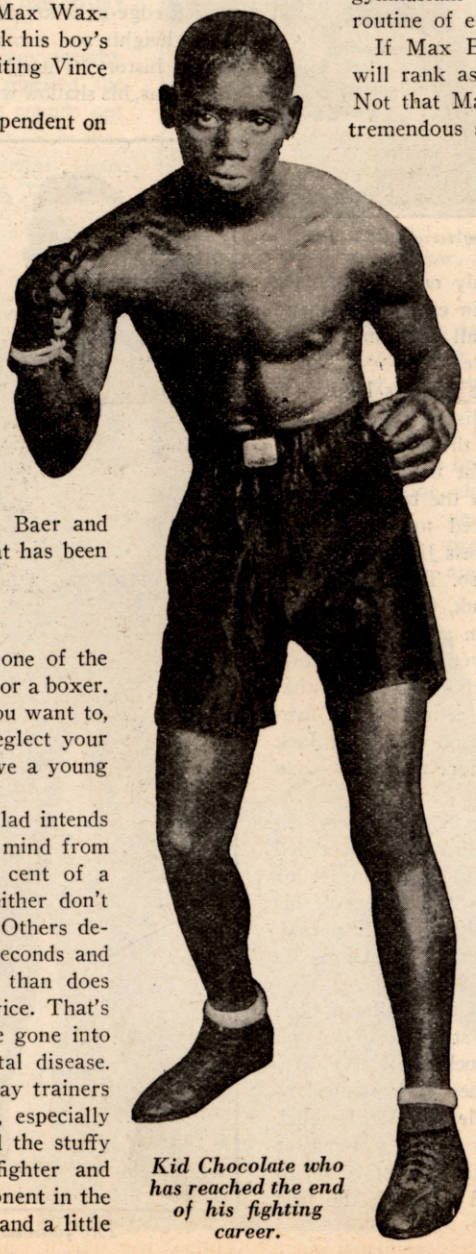
ROAD work, says Jack Dempsey, is one of the most important forms of training for a boxer. "You can do all the gym work you want to, but you can't keep in condition if you neglect your road training," is the advice Dempsey gave a young boy recently.

Good advice in those words, Jack. If a lad intends to follow boxing, he should make up his mind from the very start that condition is 75 per cent of a fighter's assets. Most fighters of today either don't know how to train or they are too lazy. Others depend too much upon the poor advice of seconds and managers who know less about boxing than does the boy to whom they offer "sound" advice. That's why we see so many poor lads who have gone into the field of fisticuffs stricken with mental disease.

For one thing, too few of the present-day trainers insist on their charge taking road work, especially between matches. Idleness, loafing around the stuffy gymnasiums as a spectator, softens a fighter and makes him a mark for a well-trained opponent in the next fight. Road training in the morning and a little gymnasium workout in the afternoon, should be the routine of every fighter.



Canzoneri, head down, takes Klick's right swing as he bores in. Klick's eye resembled an egg.



Kid Chocolate who has reached the end of his fighting career.

If Max Baer takes the advice of Jack Dempsey, he will rank as one of the great heavyweights of all time. Not that Max is a great fighter, for he is not. He is a tremendous slugger and that is nine-tenths of the bacon these days. In talking about Baer, Dempsey, the man who brought him East to fight his way to the heavyweight title, said:

"If Baer will become serious and give up his playboy stuff, there is no telling how much money he will make. If he concentrated on his ring affairs instead of the girls and the movies, he would become one of the ring's greatest heroes. He has everything but cleverness and speed which isn't needed much by a fighter of his type. He has power, height, weight, courage, stamina and a wallop that carries TNT."

Righto, Jack. You tell him. He might listen to you.

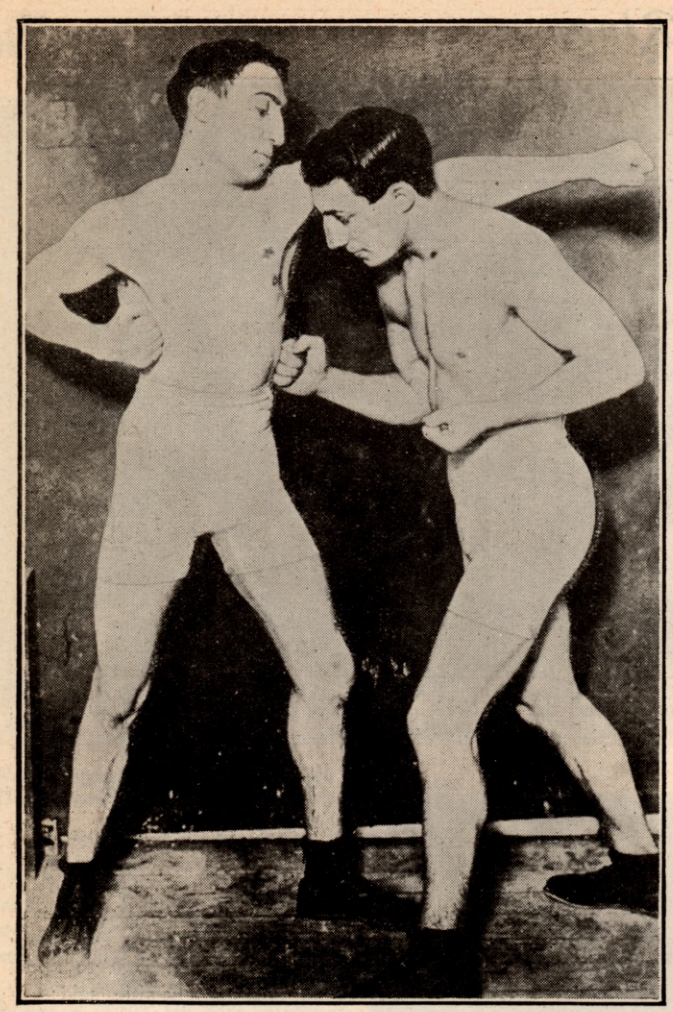
* * *

EVERY now and then there comes to these shores a foreign lad who excites the American fistic populace. The latest arrival to receive the O.K. of American experts is a young Porto Rican, Sixto Escobar, a 118-pound boy whose flashy style, hitting and general ring ability is so patterned after that of the famed Pancho Villa, that he looms as the brightest prospect among the smaller fighters unearthed in the past two years. Escobar has been fighting for three years. He is 21 years old, was born in Cuba but was raised in Porto Rica. He is the sixth son of a family of eight and at this writing is a better looking scrapper than was Kid Chocolate when he started his American campaign.

It isn't often that a foreigner receives the praise that has been given to Sixto. Too often the boys from other countries are artificially ballyhooed into prominence, but if our judgment of Escobar is correct, he won't require that kind of boosting. He is a natural and will make good on his own account.

(Continued on page 45)

Brothers in



Monte and Abe Attell, showing "how to do it."

THERE is an old saying that only one in a family succeeds as a fighter. To a certain extent, the adage holds true, but not necessarily all the time as the instances cited below amply prove.

One of the first great "brother" acts, the Jeffries boys, was a howling success on the part of one and a dismal failure on the part of the other. Jim, you will recall, rose to the highest pinnacle of pugilistic fame. Winning the heavyweight title in 1899, he retired undefeated in 1904 after cleaning up the best the game had to offer. Though later he was induced to undertake a "comeback" with disastrous results, nevertheless Jim is acclaimed as one of the ring's "immortals" and truly so. Today Jim lives the life of a well-to-do rancher near Burbank, Calif.

Not many fans of the younger generation are aware of the fact that Jim had a brother who, too, essayed to fistic honors. His name was Jack, and Jim thought so much of his ability that he wanted to give the title to Jack when he retired. But a five-round knock-out at the hands of Jack Johnson convinced Jack that the life of a mining engineer was far more preferable than that of a pugilist.

Perhaps the most colorful of all brother battlers were the Sullivan twins, Mike and Jack. Though neither ever succeeded in winning a title, both were topnotchers. Jack, the larger of the two, was a light-heavy, especially in the later stages of his career. He fought all the leaders during the 1906 to 1912 period.

Mike was a welterweight, though on various occasions he stepped up into the middleweight class.

Rather comical incidents in the career of the Sullivan boys were their battles with Stanley Ketchel. First, Mike undertook to lick the "Michigan Assassin" and got knocked colder than a pickled herring for his trouble. Then Brother Jack stepped to the fore and allowed as how he'd like to mingle with Mr. Ketchel. Mr. Ketchel was very agreeable and, to show that he was master of the Sullivan tribe, he knocked Jack out in the last round of their twenty-round go, whereas he stopped Mike in the first round.

The Sullivan boys were unusual physical specimens—tall, skinny, and nearly as bald as a billiard ball—and neither ever won a beauty contest. But in spite of their appearances, they were a pair of hard old nuts to crack. Today they live in Cambridge, Mass., where they are trucking contractors.

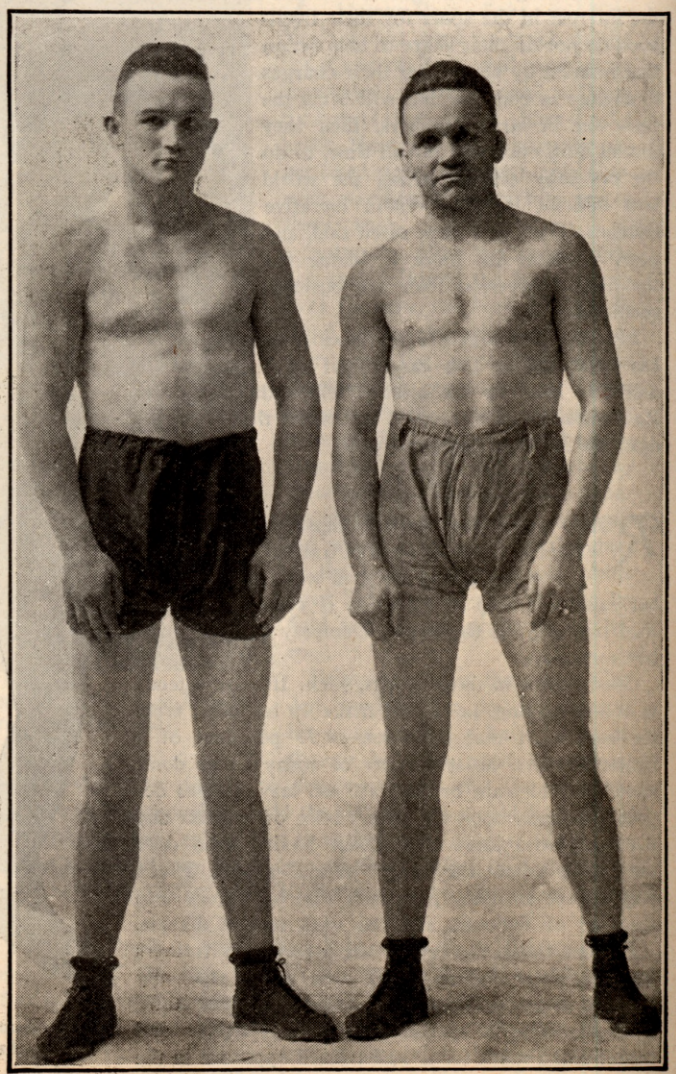
* * *

THE Attell brothers were another pair who wrote fistic history. Abe, you will recall, was at one time featherweight title-holder, and what a clever little warrior he was! He ranks on a par with such men as Dixon and McGovern. After his ring days were finished, he turned to big-time gambling for a vocation, and he made a go of it, too.

The other member of the Attell family was Monte. Though he never rose to the heights Abe did, he was a good topnotcher and might have developed into the top-flight, but an infection in his eyes caused him to lose his sight, and today he sells papers in his native San Francisco for a livelihood.

The Mitchell boys of Milwaukee were another pair who sipped the nectar of pugilistic fame. Ritchie and Pinkey—of course you remember them.

Ritchie was the boy who had the great Benny Leonard on the ragged edge of a knockout at one time, only to have Benny rise to the heights and turn him back in one of the classics of lightweight history. Though he never entered the room reserved for champions, his shadow was cast across the doorway more than once.



The famous Gibbons boys, Tom and Mike.

Pugilism

By T. W. McNIEL

Brother Pinkey had the distinction of being the first junior-welterweight champion when that class was created. Both of them have retired from competition and now run a gymnasium in their native Milwaukee.

* * *

ALL fight fans, old and young, have heard of "Terrible Terry" McGovern. But few are aware of the fact that he had a brother who was a fighter too. His name was Hughie and he was a pretty fair sort of battler, too, but of course he was shoved into the background by the deeds and actions of his illustrious brother Terry. Like Terry, he fought in the featherweight class.

No mention of fistic brothers would be complete without mentioning the Gibbons boys—Mike and Tom. Mike is still regarded in fistic circles as one of the uncrowned middleweight kings. No doubt but what he was, too. The boys just didn't relish mingling with the "St. Paul Phantom" when they had to lay the old crown on the line.

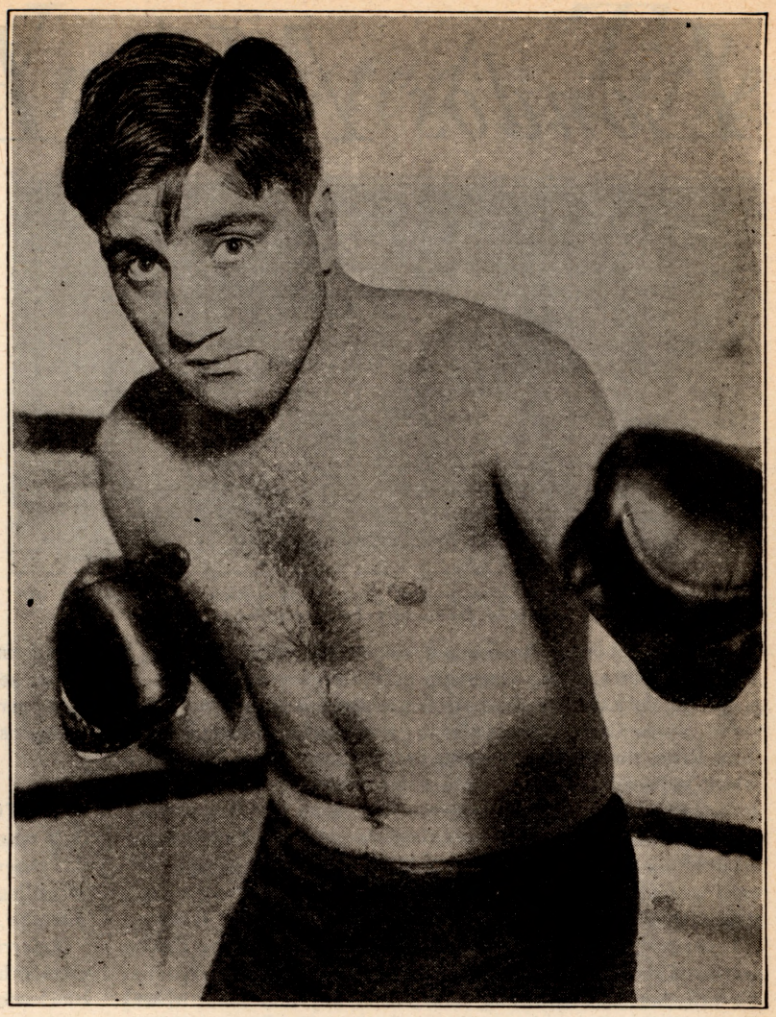
Tom, the younger of the two and a heavyweight, gained world-wide fame the day he repelled the onslaughts of Jack Dempsey for fifteen rounds out on the sun-baked plains at Shelby, Mont. Tom was up at the top for quite a while, but when Gene Tunney blasted him out in twelve rounds, Tom hung 'em up and retired to live the life of a highly respected citizen in St. Paul, Minn. The last I heard of Mike, he was teaching the manly art in St. Paul, also.

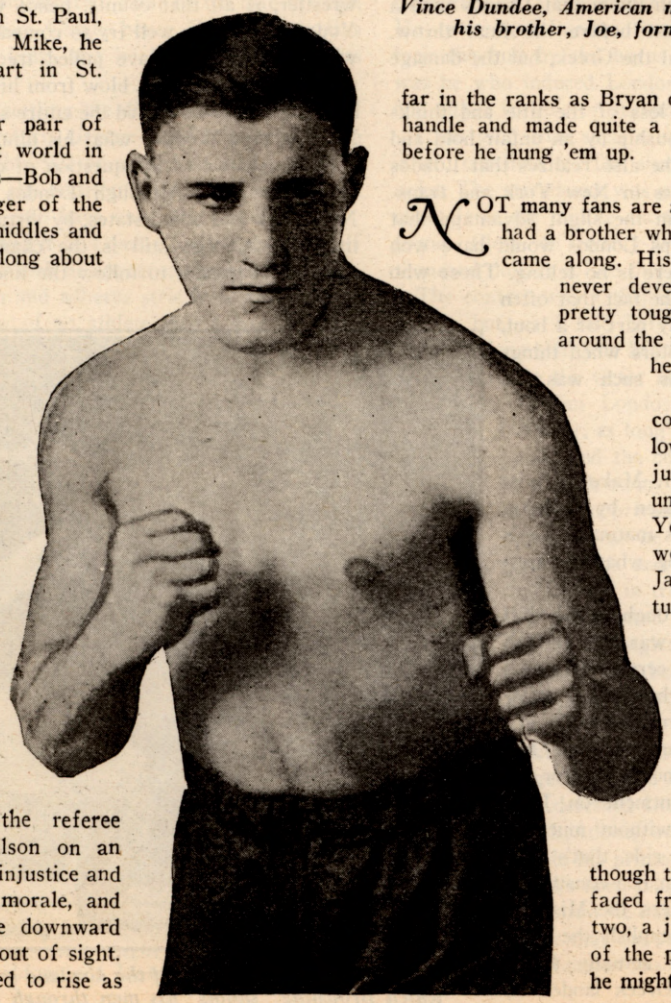
Milwaukee sent another pair of brothers out into the fight world in addition to the Mitchell boys—Bob and Eddie Moha. Bob, the larger of the two, was one of the best middles and light-heavies in the game along about the 1912 to 1920 period.

Eddie, who fought in the light and welter classes, never approached his brother in fistic ability, and finally drifted out of the picture altogether.

Remember the Downey boys — Bryan and Anthony? Here was a pair with plenty of class — Bryan in particular. Bryan was robbed of a fair and square knock-out victory over Johnny Wilson at Cleveland July 27, 1921. Wilson was middleweight champion, and the title was at stake. After seven rounds, Wilson was unable to continue, so the referee awarded the fight to Wilson on an alleged foul. It was a rank injustice and apparently broke Bryan's morale, and from then on, he trod the downward path and eventually passed out of sight.

Anthony, though he failed to rise as far in the ranks as Bryan did, nevertheless was a tough bird to handle and made quite a reputation around the Middle West before he hung 'em up.





Vince Dundee, American middleweight champion (above), and his brother, Joe, former welterweight king (below).

* * *

NOT many fans are aware of the fact that Jack Dempsey had a brother who aspired to fistic honors before Jack came along. His name was Bernard and though he never developed into a topnotcher, he was a pretty tough mug and made quite a reputation around the mining camps of Colorado. Like Jack, he fought in the heavyweight class.

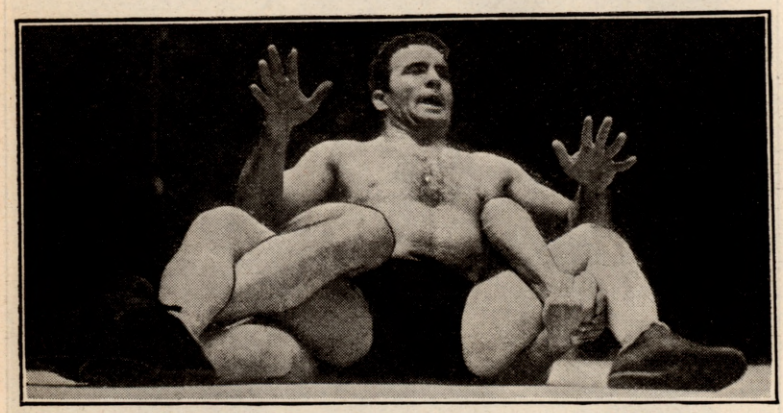
Then Jack came along and for a couple of years seemed destined to follow in Brother Bernard's footsteps—just a tough bruiser and nothing more—until he cast his lot with Jack Kearns. You know the rest of the story—they went places in a hurry, and naturally Jack's fame shoved Bernard's fistic fortunes far into the background.

Then there were the Shugrue boys, Joe, Willie, and Johnny. Joe was a very good lightweight and kayoed Benny Leonard, but Willie and Johnny never got very far.

The Perlick twins were another pair of brothers in circulation not so long ago, in fact they still give the game an occasional whirl, though their star of ascendancy has just about faded from view. Herman, the larger of the two, a junior welter, was the better scrapper of the pair. For a time he looked as though he might reach the *(Continued on page 43)*

Londos Must Beat George

By JACK CURLEY



Londos held tightly in "the cradle." It is a punishing hold and was obtained frequently by Browning.

THE Londos-Browning championship wrestling match is over and the ownership of the crown, so far as New York and its allied states are concerned, now rests with the Greek Adonis who, as was told in the last issue of THE RING, threw Jim Browning in 1.10.10 to regain the laurels which he had lost almost two years ago. Although some of the scribes and spectators have been rather hard on "Gentleman Jim," who they thought had things practically sewed up and should have retained his crown, the fact remains that George Bothner, the referee, tapped Londos on the shoulder in token of victory and that, after all, is what counts in the final reckoning.

I, for one, cannot, with all due respect to Londos, say that he employed the cleanest and most sportsmanlike tactics in regaining the title, but since Browning didn't make any fuss about it, why should I? Those who saw that match know that Londos used a strangle hold, a forbidden hold, just before the final throw. Referee Bothner broke it and warned the Greek, but the damage had already been done.

Browning feels keenly about the loss of the title and thinks that he was deprived of the championship by an unfair hold and tactics bordering on foul work, but he also realizes that Londos took advantage of the "no-foul" rules in New York and transgressed them just sufficiently to gain the slight advantage that enabled him to win the title. Perhaps Londos would have won without the use of those tactics. There is no telling. Those who know Londos as I do are aware of the fact that often he looks like a sure loser in the early part of a bout, only to come through with flying colors when things look darkest for him, and perhaps such was the case in the bout with Browning.

* * *

BROWNING is a great wrestler. Make no mistake about that. Though beaten by Londos, Gentleman Jim is still the dangerous matman. He is no man's fool and there is no telling what a return bout with Londos might yield.

Browning held the upper hand throughout the first thirty minutes. In fact, so strong was he, and so thorough a master, that it seemed a certainty Londos would fail in his quest. But that's what makes wrestling so interesting a sport—the uncertainty of it.

Browning used his famed airplane scissors five times with success, but I thought I noticed, after the third one, a look of keen disappointment on Jim's face when Londos got out of one without much of a fuss. Browning took Londos for a ride, that's true, but instead of putting on the juice in boa-constrictor style, as he has done so often to others, the Missouri Farmer found that he couldn't accomplish the trick that way with Londos. Instead, he actually tossed Londos several feet away and the Greek landed on both feet as nimbly as though from a chair. Usually when Browning tries that trick, his opponent lands on his head and is stunned, but not so with Londos, and that's what discouraged Browning.

I have been asked to compare the victor with other stars of the past. Well, that is something I dislike because of the different conditions under which a wrestler works today, as compared to the past, and the variety of new holds permitted in this era that would have earned disqualification in the past. Yet I shall not shirk my duty.

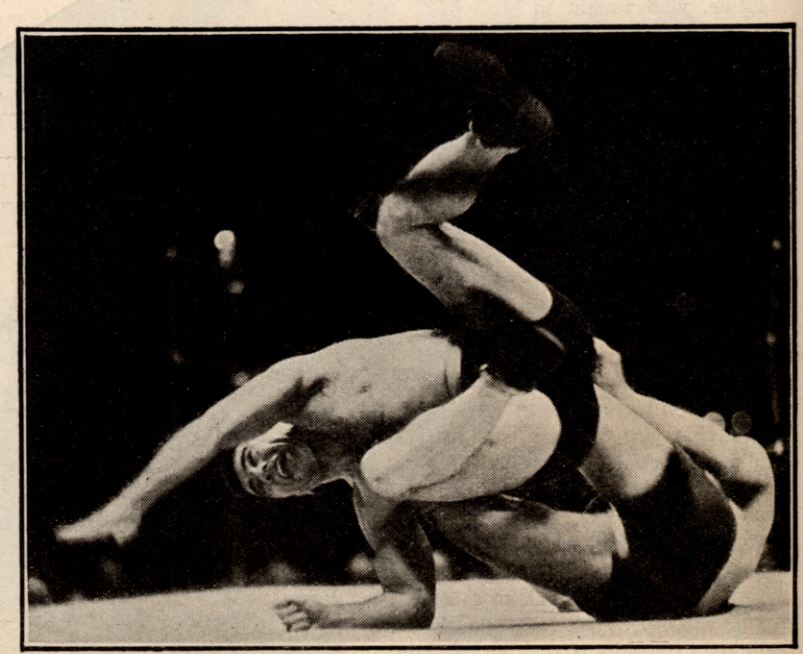
I am still satisfied, as I said in an article in this publication two years ago, that Londos does not rate with Gotch and Hackenschmidt, the greatest wrestlers of all time. I still contend that Hackenschmidt was the greatest, of all periods, and that Gotch and several other masters of the past were Londos' superiors. Yet, as I remarked above, such a comparison, because of change of conditions, is unfair.

* * *

GOTCH is dead and so are some of the other stars. Hackenschmidt retired twenty-three years ago. What he and Gotch knew, Londos probably also has learned, but the style of wrestling has altered and, with that, has come a new type of mat star, Londos being one of them.

Referring to an old maxim, "It is not what you were that counts, but what you are today," I shall apply that to the case of Londos and say that what he is today, the world's outstanding wrestler, is all that counts, hence why bring in the old-timers? You might just as well try to compare Londos to Milo of Croton, who is reputed to have pulled trees out of the ground by the roots, killed oxen by a blow from his fist, and who followed such a strong test by being fed the entire sides of beef for his breakfast. My, oh, my! Wonder what his dinners consisted of?

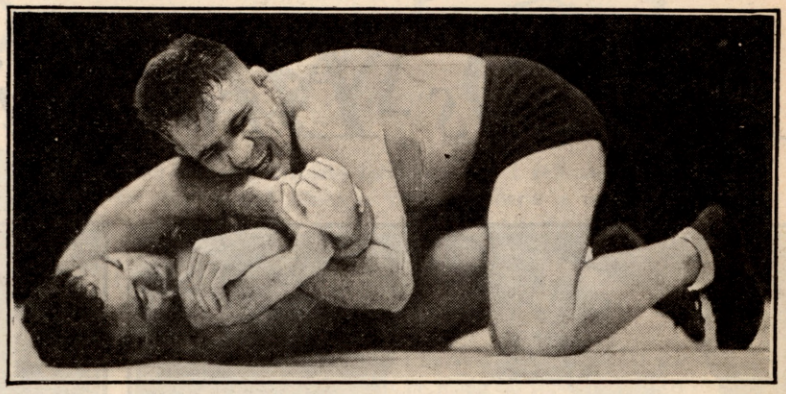
Coming down to the question of contenders, I shall name only one right now. Although Londos holds the championship in New York and allied states, by virtue of his victory over Browning, Don George still is the champion in New England and Canada. If we are to follow the line of succession in the award



Here we see Londos tossed out of the airplane scissors. Note the "kick" with which Browning "shoots" his man through the air across the ring.

to Gain Undisputed Title

So Says Jack Curley, Leading Mat Promoter, in Analyzing the Wrestling Situation



Londos caught in an "arm lock" from which he is trying to release himself by a counter lock. Browning is on top.

of championships, as should be done and is done in boxing, then Don George is the world's heavyweight title-holder.

There is only one way of settling the dispute, now that Londos and George have engaged in a three-and-a-half-hour draw, and that is for them to grapple again to a definite finish. We have already eliminated one obstacle in Browning and now it is up to Londos to eliminate the last remaining one, George, if he wants to be considered the undisputed title-holder. I have always conceded that George is the legitimate champion, if the barometer is succession, but since boxing commissions rule the roost and they designate the wearer of the crown, we must accept Londos as the kingpin in New York and affiliated states.

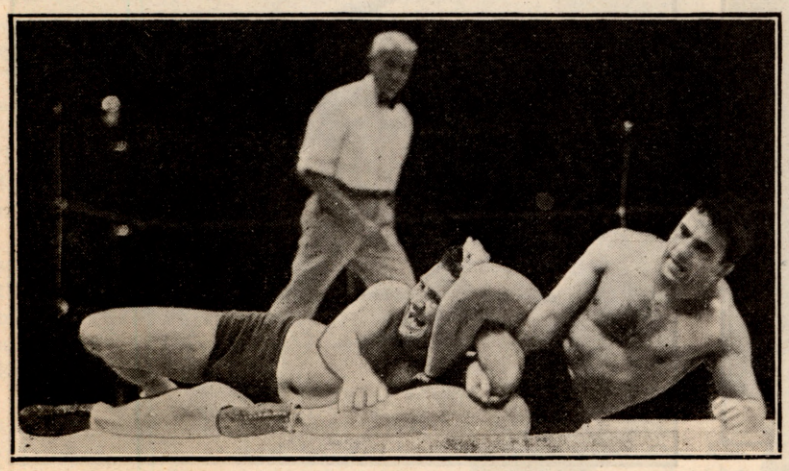
* * *

CHAMPION wrestlers no longer are permitted to make their own selections in order to save themselves from possible defeat. That is what caused all the confusion which the Londos-Browning match has somewhat brightened and which a return Londos-George match would definitely clear.

Don George, by defeating Henri De Glane, who had previously beaten Strangler Lewis, gained the laurels in New England and in Canada. Lewis, it will be remembered, came by his title through a clear line of succession from Gotch, hence George maintains that he, not Londos, is the king, and he has many supporters in that argument.

There is only one way of settling the dispute and that is, as I have already suggested, a return George-Londos match, which I hope to be able to clinch this fall or winter. If such a bout is arranged, the winner will be the undisputed world's heavyweight champion and once again we will have only one title-holder.

Friend or foe, one must hand it to Londos for keeping himself in the wonderful condition in which he appeared against Browning. He is strictly a business man and adheres strictly to training. In point of clean living, I know of no athlete, and I have handled hundreds, who has anything on the Greek Adonis. He knows how to eat and what to eat and how to train. He studies his body just as would a physician, and prescribes accordingly.



The one hold for which Browning is a sucker. It is the short arm scissors and every time the Missouri farmer was caught in it, he squirmed and kicked to release himself but he seldom got loose until he was badly punished.

BROWNING, for some time to come, will be a dangerous foe for Londos and all other rivals, and so will Don George. One of the most dangerous, no doubt, is the veteran Ed Lewis, who, if trained into perfect condition, is still a terrific factor despite his long stretch of activity.

Ed Lewis is an in-and-outer. He always delivers when put to a great test and often falls down with some inferior opponent. I understand that the Sports Committee of the great Chicago World's Fair is considering a match between Lewis and Londos to take place at Soldier's Field. If Lewis trains, as he can when he wants to, Londos will have his hands full if the match takes place.

A lot of credit should go to Ed White, the manager of Jim Londos, for the Greek's success. It was White who instilled the confidence in Londos that brought about the Browning match. He, more than Londos, tired of accusations and insinuations and took the bull by the horns in a make-or-break manner, and it was he who induced Londos to take a chance with any of them and either survive or succumb to honorable defeat.

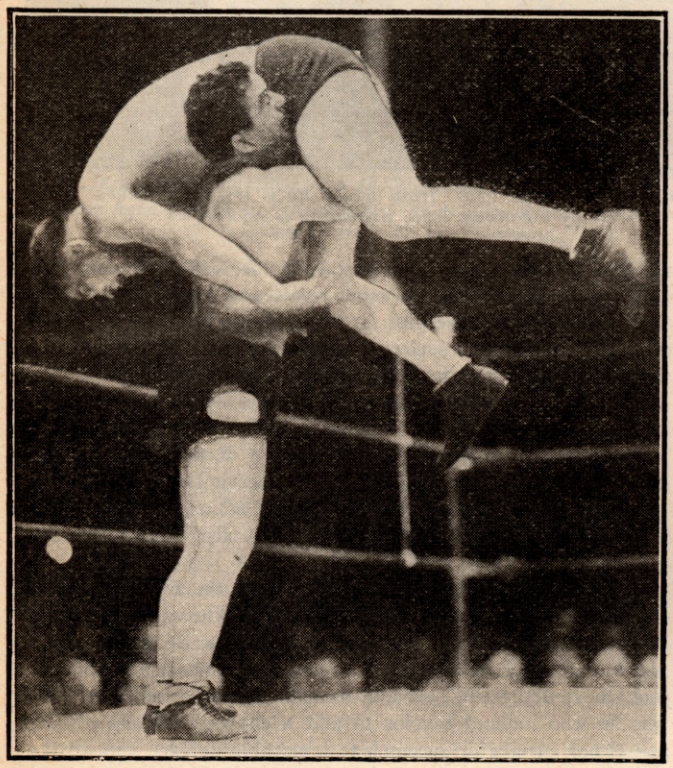
I am glad that such a spirit finally prevailed and hope that it will continue so. The show was satisfactory from every viewpoint. The attendance was great. The fans came from the highest clientele to the middle classes, where the best sports are always found. Close to twenty-five thousand persons paid forty-six thousand dollars to see that match, a credit to the sport.

The contest was a thriller. Browning showed that he was no slouch, but, as I said before, became discouraged, and Londos plodded along with the heart of a real champion, and once more let me say, "to the victor belongs the spoils."

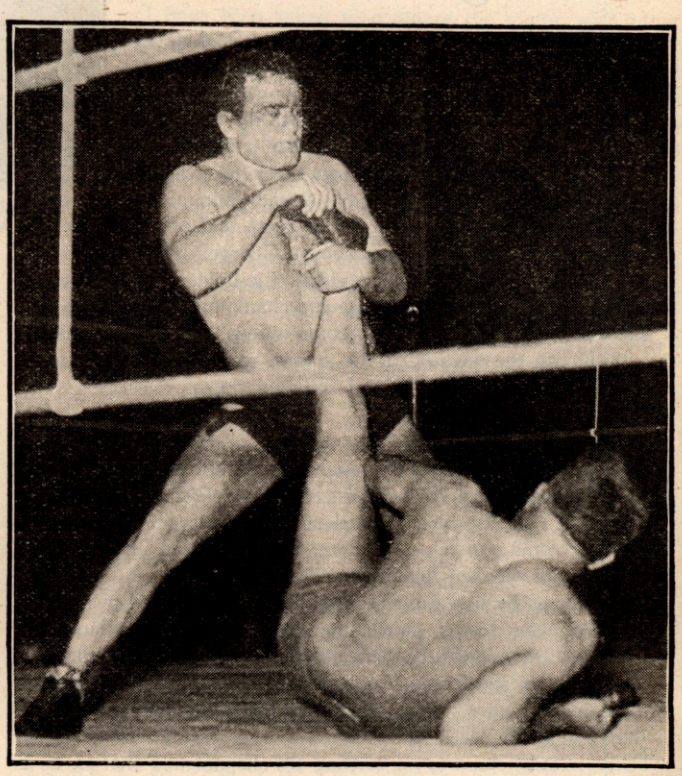
As long as Jim Londos follows this line of championship behavior, as long as he will meet opponents whom the public and the commissions select for him, there will be no kick on my part. But if he ever renews his efforts to make a private corporation of the title, picking his opponents as he pleases, and ignoring demands from commissions and public, then Londos will once more find himself in troubled water.

I was pleased to see that Londos had accepted the defi of Strangler Lewis. As our readers know, the Strangler has been at Londos' heels for many, many years and, regardless of the ultimate outcome of their Chicago match next month, I'm certain that the spectators will see a lively tilt. Of course, Lewis is no longer the agile Strangler of old—the head-lock king, who defeated Londos on fourteen occasions when the Greek Adonis was coming up in the world and Lewis was in his prime—but the Strangler is still one of the world's best, make no mistake about that, and Londos will know he has been in a battle. I am mighty pleased to see that the peace pipe has finally been smoked and that Londos has decided to defend his laurels.

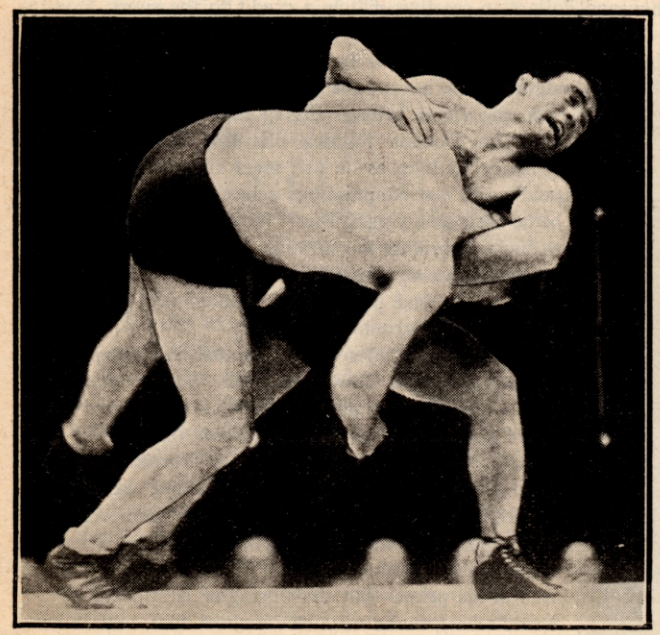
Stirring Scenes in the Londos-Browning Match



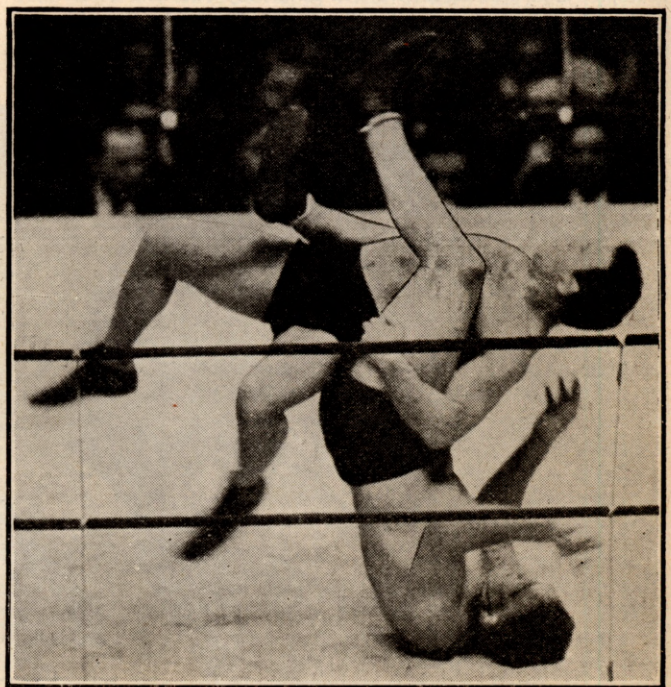
The start of the finish. Londos has raised Browning high up with a crotch and body hold just before slamming him to the canvas, for the first of a half dozen times. Browning, however, seemed to land lightly after each pickup.



Londos applying the grueling leg-split on his Missouri rival, increases the pain by twisting the toes. This hold brings cruciating pain to the victim.



The final toss to the mat before the Greek pounced on Browning to regain the world's heavyweight title. Browning was hurled across the ring by Londos, who pounced on the "prostrate" form.



The first of five successful airplane scissors holds which Browning secured on Londos. The Greek was treated to a crushing ride each time, followed by a bumpy landing.

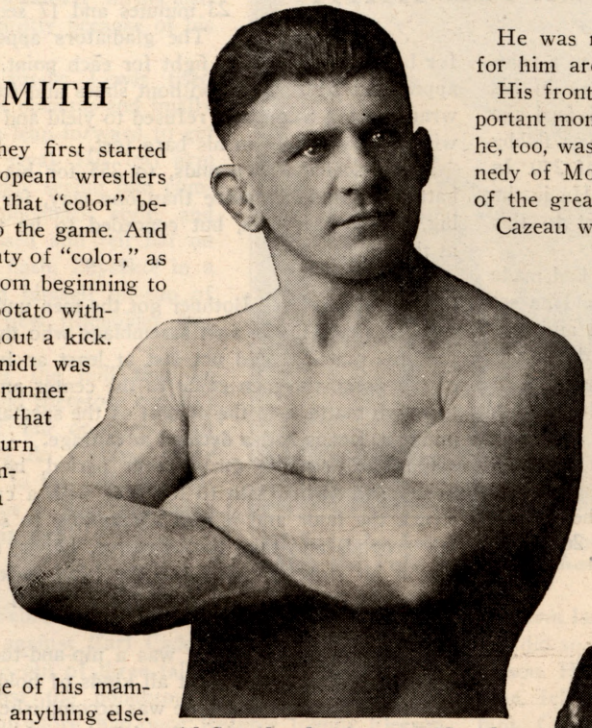
FOREIGN WRESTLERS *Who Possessed Color*

By
ED. W. SMITH

IT was when they first started to import European wrestlers to this country that "color" began to seep into the game. And wrestling, without plenty of "color," as in all show business from beginning to end, is as insipid as a potato without salt, or lager without a kick.

George Hackenschmidt was the real pioneer, front runner of the real invasion that started soon after the turn of the century. The invasion was more than that—it was a tremendous swarm.

The mighty Youssouf had come over before that but was a freak who created a sensation more because of his mammoth proportions than anything else. He won on sheer force and power. There wasn't so much of the real wrestler about him.



Ad Santel, who was considered by Hackenschmidt one of the most finished wrestlers in America.

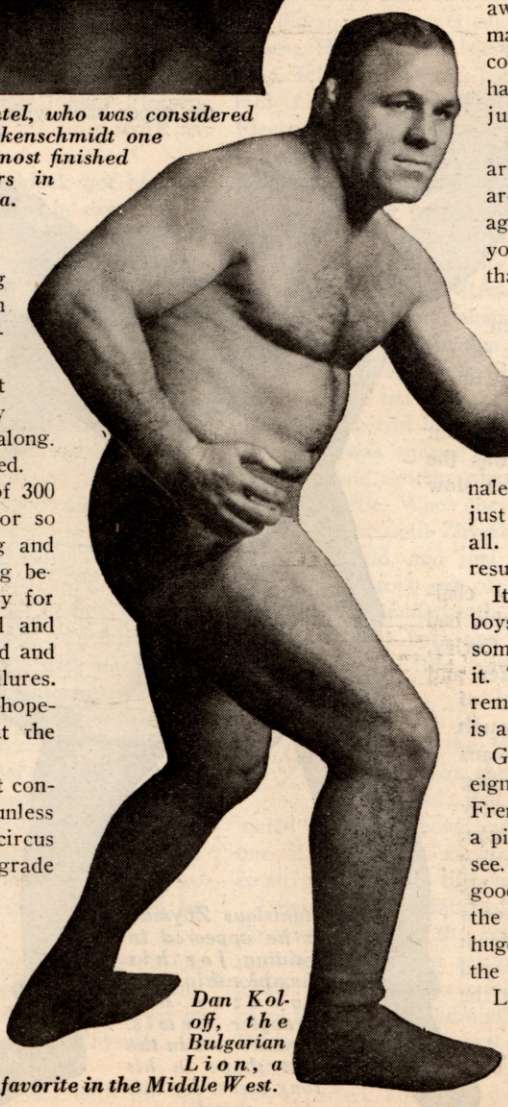
Youssouf, a Bulgarian, was in the hands of a great showman, in the person of William A. Brady. And Hackenschmidt was similarly guided during his first trip to the Americas. George Cochran knew what it was all about and acted accordingly.

The "Russian Lion" was unbeatable at that time. Tom Jenkins was our best but probably over the peak at the stage "Hack" happened along. Then came Gotch and the whole scene changed.

Men the size of a Youssouf—he was all of 300 pounds—were uncommon but twenty years or so later they became the vogue both in boxing and wrestling. Especially was that true of boxing because, during the Jack Johnson reign, the cry for "white hopes" was heard around the world and as a result flocks of huge men were developed and tried out, most of them being lamentable failures. They've been trying it ever since—the ever-hopeful manager looking for the pot of gold at the rainbow's end.

The Europeans didn't come over or weren't considered good material for the U. S. fans unless they were great showmen and could make a circus of their performances. They didn't have to grade up so highly as long as they were worth looking at in the ring.

One of the greatest of the many that added to the gayety of at least this great nation of ours was Cazeau, a peppery Italian of limitless speed and agility and with a bag of funny tricks and unusual antics that never failed to send a crowd into paroxysms of laughter.



Dan Koloff, the Bulgarian Lion, a favorite in the Middle West.

He was my favorite foreigner and I refereed many a match for him around Chicago, where he drew a tremendous crowd.

His front name was George and while he never got into important money in the way of having a stand-out match with Gotch, he, too, was in the hands of a capable man, the late George Kennedy of Montreal, who campaigned extensively with many a one of the great Europeans.

Cazeau was a bit too light in weight for the real seeded men of the day but he made up for that with his showmanship and agility. He was a whirlwind of energy and noise as soon as the signal was given to start proceedings. He didn't care what he did to an opponent, he loved to win and would stretch even the extreme if he saw a chance to get away with it.

One night in Chicago I caught him red-handed doing something that wouldn't be considered out of line at the present time. But it was a trick that crowds in those days wouldn't stand for—and the referees didn't either, because then wrestling was far cleaner in the way of routine and tactics than it is today.

Calling the foul against him, I walked away and was leaving the stage when he made a flying leap for me. Out of the corner of my eye I saw the wild right-hand swing he was making and I ducked just in time.

Then he grabbed me in his powerful arms, lifted me off the floor, whirled me around, and as he stood me on my feet again he whispered in my ear. "I luf you, damn you, but I could kill you for that!" And he turned and made a wild demonstration of disapproval of the decision to the crowd.

The police were crowding in but I signaled that they were not needed. It was just plain and fancy showmanship, that's all. He was full of it and surely got the results.

It was something that the American boys were rather slow to learn. In fact, some of them never did get the hang of it. The result was that a lot of them remained "just wrestlers." Now the thing is as common as neckties.

George Kennedy had another great foreign star in Constant Le Marin, a sizable Frenchman who was about as handsome a piece of humanity as one could wish to see. He had personality plus and was so good looking, with an "it" appeal, that the *femmes* flocked to glimpse him in huge numbers, to the everlasting joy of the promoters.

La Marin was a great wrestler, too, but like his Italian teammate he couldn't exactly reach the heights. He toured

(Continued on page 46)

From MILO to LONDOS

By A. D. PHILLIPS

(World's oldest, active sports writer)

CHAPTER XXIII

WHEN Zbyszko arrived in this country after the World War, he looked anything but the great athlete the American public had come to know when he first arrived in the Land of the Free back in 1909. Then he was a physical marvel, but upon his return from a compulsory sojourn in Russia and a more profitable stay in his native Poland where he helped the great Paderewski feed the poverty-stricken children, he carried a huge paunch, was flabby and scaled 276 pounds as against his normal weight of 240. In fact, a witty Bostonian, writing about Stanley, said, "He is the greatest all-round wrestler that Poland has ever sent to this country."

But that kind of criticism didn't bother Zbyszko. He had made up his mind that he would replenish his lost fortune and he set about his task with determination. He sought matches and was willing to wrestle all comers. He traveled up and down the country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Gulf of Mexico to the Great Lakes. Then he crisscrossed, playing the "sticks."

He popped up in all kinds of places, but always with a victory to his credit. The opponents became tougher and tougher, the going a bit harder with the progressing weeks, yet he always triumphed. From 276 pounds he had worked down to 260, then 255, when he declared that the best in the world was none too good for him and the harder they came, the better he would like it. Still, the public, remembering his previous condition and his great age, refused to accept him seriously, but promoters continued to book him, sure that he still retained his great box office drawing powers.

Lewis, in the meantime, had beaten Stecher at the 71st Regiment Armory in New York, with a series of head locks, applied so hard that, added to Joe's previous injury, the Nebraskan was practically put out of the running for some time. This was the Pole's great opportunity and he was not slow to take advantage of it.

* * *

AFTER Zbyszko had repeatedly challenged for a titular match and this had been refused him, the astute Jack Curley, world's most famous wrestling promoter and maker of champions, conceived the idea of getting Lewis and Zbyszko together through outside channels. At the time, the Americans of Irish descent were engaged in collecting an Irish Relief Fund, and in this country U. S. Marshal Tom McCarthy was chairman. The marshal being a close friend of Curley, Jack urged him to offer the support of his colleagues for a benefit show and Lewis consented to wrestle Zbyszko for the fund. As a result, the Irish Relief Fund staged the affair, with Curley at the helm, and the Fund collected a little more than fifty thousand dollars as its share of the receipts.

The contest, in which the championship changed hands, was a bewildering affair because of the sudden ending caused by an accident to Lewis. The affair was a one-fall bout and Lewis was downed in 23 minutes and 17 seconds.

The gladiators appeared in the ring fit for battle and ready to fight for each point. Lewis protested the appearance of Zbyszko without shoes and for many minutes they wrangled but Stanislaus refused to yield and the bout was started with him wrestling in his bare feet.

Lewis scaled 235 pounds, to 255 for his opponent. It was a battle of giants in more than one way, for both not only were big, husky grapplers, but conceded to be the best in the field at the time.

* * *

WHEN Referee Bothner got the men under way, there wasn't a person in the vast assemblage who thought for a moment that the match would not last at least an hour. With the clang of the gong, the men came to the center and immediately began to rough matters, to the delight of the spectators. In the first four minutes, Lewis had a decided advantage.

On one occasion during that period, he picked Zbyszko up bodily and hurled him to the mat with a crash. Zbyszko's head struck the floor and it was astounding to see him leap up in a few seconds and take the offensive. Lewis, seeing that the Pole was a bit stunned, tried for the head lock, but couldn't get a firm grip. Zbyszko then tried for a crotch hold, but Lewis got out of range.

For fourteen minutes it was a nip-and-tuck affair with lightninglike rushes, attempts at all kinds of holds, but few successes. Whatever damage was done was accomplished by Lewis, who had the upper hand with three head locks to his credit.

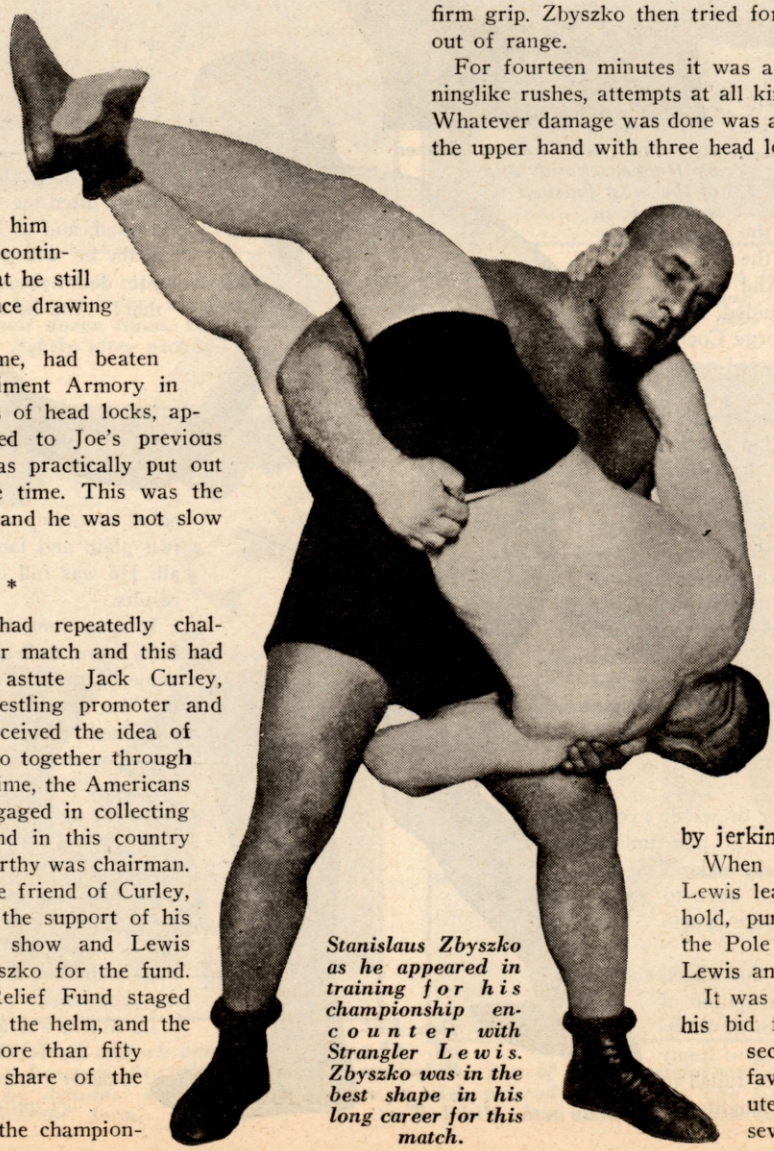
Then Zbyszko started his work. He forced Lewis to a corner and, grabbing him about the body, tried to slam him down but didn't get far. He then forced Lewis to the mat with a body hold and followed with a toe hold. Lewis broke away after a minute of squirming while the crowd, mostly Lewis rooters, cheered.

The first really dangerous hold secured by either was a head scissors and arm lock applied by Lewis when they had been at it for slightly more than 19 minutes. The champion almost had the Pole's shoulders down when Zbyszko, by a powerful jerk, freed himself.

Once again Lewis applied the hold and again Stanislaus wriggled out of it, this time by jerking himself under the ropes.

When they got to the center again, Lewis leaped down and, obtaining a toe hold, punished Zbyszko severely before the Pole got free. The crowd was with Lewis and hooted the veteran.

It was shortly after that Zbyszko made his bid for victory and succeeded. He secured a torturous toe hold, his favorite, and held it for one minute and forty seconds. It appeared several times that Lewis would be



Stanislaus Zbyszko as he appeared in training for his championship encounter with Strangler Lewis. Zbyszko was in the best shape in his long career for this match.

forced to give in but, after several attempts, he finally freed himself and limped across the ring.

Lewis was wild with rage when Zbyszko made another attempt to get at the toes and a rough session followed. Lewis had been the aggressor and the crowd was with him. He had the better of the going up to this point and whatever thrills had been furnished were mostly because of his aggressive tactics.

During the rough tussle, Lewis tried several times to get an opening and finally he spied it and made a leap forward to get the head lock on his rival. His left arm was poised, and Zbyszko, seeing him coming, bent his back hunchback style, and Lewis, in leaping, missed and fell flat on his back. Quick as a flash, Zbyszko, in a lightning move, tossed himself on top of the champion, and a new titleholder was crowned.

Lewis claimed after the mill that he had injured his back and therefore couldn't get out of range of his opponent, but George Bothner could do nothing other than to award the fall to the Pole, according to the rules. Thus a new champion came into the wrestling field.

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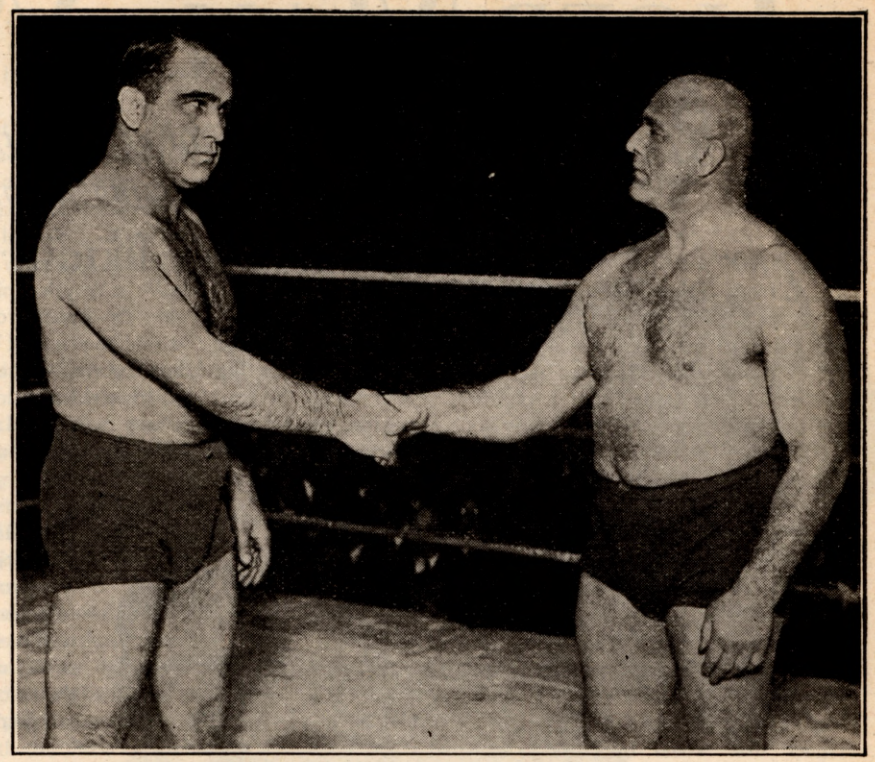


Ed Strangler Lewis and Stanislaus Zbyszko shaking hands just before their match in which the Pole pinned the head-lock king and became the new world champion.

ON the night of February 6, 1922, Zbyszko successfully defended his title against Earl Caddock in Madison Square Garden by scoring two out of three falls. Caddock made an excellent showing against the ponderous Pole, but lacked the strength to toss his man more than once. Referee Johnny Fleeson was roundly scored by the crowd because of his poor work as third man in the ring.

The contest was not a spectacular one. Caddock got his fall by dropping the Pole and falling on top of him in executing a chancery and arm lock. As for the two falls given to Zbyszko, they failed to meet with the approval of the spectators, who decided that both were gifts.

Listed under the new rules which were adopted that year by the New York State Athletic Commission as the "rolling falls," they were called against the challenger as he spun out of powerful half and full nelsons. Partly bridging with his neck, he kept his shoulder blades free from the canvas on both occasions and Referee Fleeson, according to the experts, should not have acted so hastily in awarding a fall on either occasion. So far as observers at the ringside could see, and I was among them, Caddock was not pinned "according to Hoyle."

* * *

ZBYSZKO weighed in at 243 pounds, as against 190 for his challenger. Notwithstanding Caddock's reputation for speed, the burly Pole seemed well able to fool with him. They roughed each other about the ring with little damage to either, until Caddock, after breaking from a body hold, bounced off the ropes and, with a flying tackle, sent the champion sprawling. The attack nearly won a fall for the former soldier, but the veteran champion squirmed loose and, a moment later, had Earl lashed with a leg and arm lock which, for a moment, seemed fatal.

Incidentally, for those who claim that the flying tackle in wrestling was first introduced by Gus Sonnenberg, I want to go on record that that form of wrestling was first introduced by Earl Caddock.

He said that he first learned its use abroad in the army during bayonet drill when, after a fling with the long blade at a dummy target, he practiced leaping at the target to bring him down in hand-to-hand combat and, when he clashed with Zbyszko, he attempted it for the first time in a mat bout.

It was after Earl had been caught by Zbyszko with the leg and arm lock that Caddock fought desperately to release himself and did so, only to get caught a few seconds later in a mean half nelson. He was in a bad way, but broke loose and, for a third time, fell into a mean hold when Stanislaus jumped on top of him. Caddock's shoulders were not on the mat, yet Referee Fleeson leaped to one side and tapped Zbyszko on the back, indicating that he had won the first fall. Fleeson, through Joe Humphreys, announced that he had awarded the fall as a rolling fall, which was permissible under the new rules. The time of the fall was twenty-five minutes.

The crowd roared its disapproval. Pandemonium reigned. Hisses, catcalls and streams of paper flooded the arena. The decision left Zbyszko amazed, as he was a short time later when, in a lively mix-up in one of the corners, Fleeson put a sudden end to hostilities by giving the fall to Caddock. The time of that fall was ten minutes and twenty seconds. Fleeson declared that Zbyszko had been thrown by a chancery and arm lock, but the crowd was amused by his second verdict.

Then came another strange decision which enabled Zbyszko to retain the title. When they came together for the final fall, they worked about until Zbyszko had Caddock in a deadly arm lock and body hold, and just when it appeared that Caddock was through, he broke out of the hold. Then, in a mix-up, in which Caddock was underneath, yet not quite down, Fleeson tapped Zbyszko on the back and awarded him the deciding fall. Thus, on a fluke, the title bout ended with the champion retaining the crown.

* * *

IT was at the Wichita Municipal Forum of Wichita, Kansas, that the match between Lewis and Zbyszko was staged, that enabled the Strangler to regain his world title. The bout took place on March 22, 1922, and was one of the fastest, cleanest wrestling tilts ever staged in this country in which a title was at stake.

Lewis was not satisfied that the Pole was his master after Zbyszko had won the crown from him, and trailed Stanislaus until he obtained the return bout. The men agreed to a three-fall affair, two out of three falls to count, and, despite an attendance of only 5,211 paid admissions, the bout drew a gate of $17,000. When the match was first proposed, it was thought that close to $30,000 would be realized, but the interest was not as keen as was expected. Tom Law promoted *(Continued on page 47)*

"TIGER MAN" on WARPATH

John Pesek, Nebraska's Leading Wrestler, Out to Force Londos, George or Browning Into a Match

By HARVEY BRIGHT

JOHN PESEK, the Tiger Man from Nebraska, is on the warpath. This great wrestler, in a message to THE RING, declares that he is tired of being shunted to the background while others, far less worthy than he, receive the big matches and purses and that henceforth he will be on the trail of both Jim Londos, the New York State champion, and Ed Don George, the Canadian and New England title holder, until either he is eliminated or he puts those men out of the picture. Says Pesek:

"For years I have been recognized as one of the leaders of my chosen profession. No one has ever said that I lacked ability or that I didn't rate among the first half dozen best wrestlers in the world, yet for some unknown reason I am like poison to the stars, all of whom refuse to clash with me. The reason? Well, they seem to know—I'm simply too good for them. Perhaps I might, by accident, toss them in a manner that would hurt their drawing powers for the future, and that is not exactly according to Hoyle so far as they are concerned.

"I have asked Jack Pfefer, my Eastern representative, to arrange a series of bouts for me and after I prove that I am still a top-notcher, one of the best wrestlers in this country or any other, I shall place a certified check for $2500 with the New York Boxing Commission as a challenge to Londos and George, the two leaders of the Curley-Packs, Bowser-Fabiana group and hope in that manner to get the chance at the title for which I have been clamoring for several years."

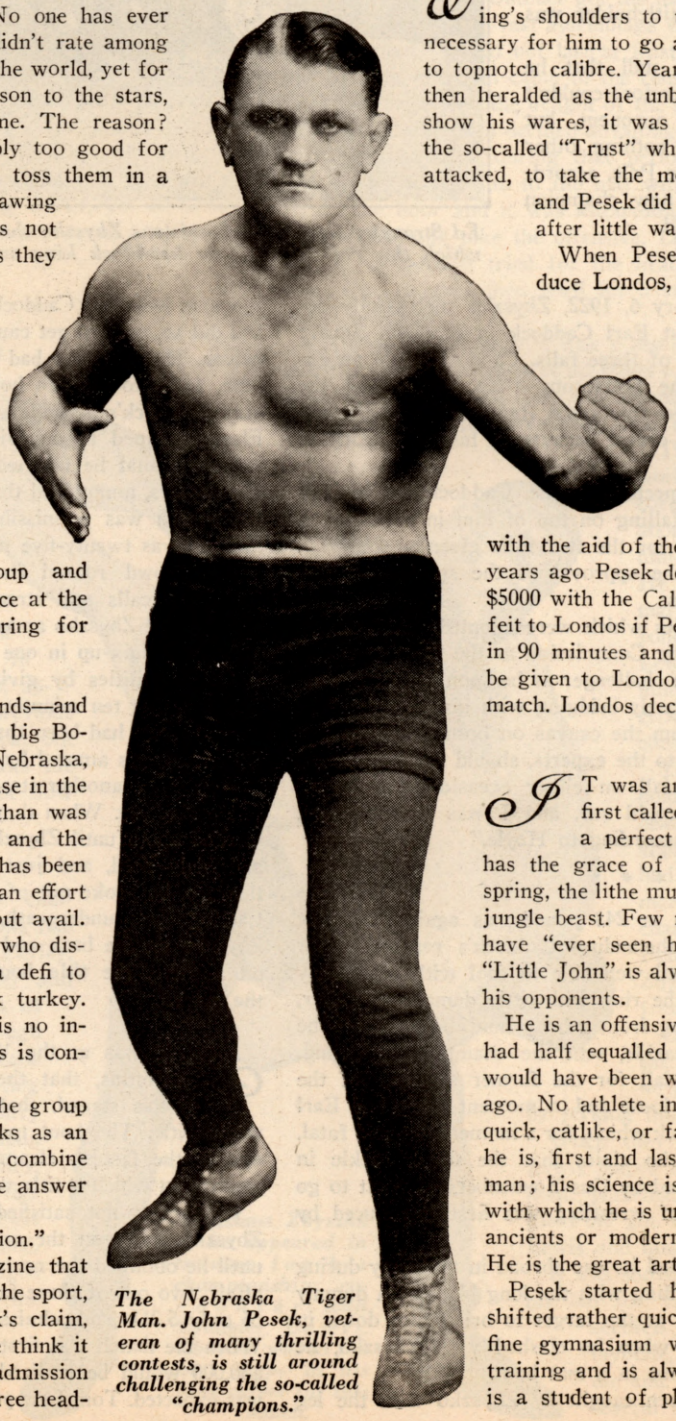
* * *

ACCORDING to Pesek's friends—and he has an army of them—the big Bohemian, who is a native of Ravenna, Nebraska, has been staging the greatest man chase in the history of sports—yes, even greater than was the famous Langford-Johnson chase and the Johnson-Tommy Burns hunt. Pesek has been chasing Londos all over America in an effort to corral him into a match, but without avail. For several years, Al Haft, the man who discovered Pesek, has been out with a defi to Londos, but Jim has refused to talk turkey. Even a winner-take-all basis match is no inducement so far as the Greek Adonis is concerned.

When the matter was put before the group that has banned Pesek from its ranks as an outlaw because he won't joint their combine and play ball with their standbys, the answer to the defi was:

"Let him go out and get a reputation."

THE RING, an independent magazine that uses its pages only for the benefit of the sport, has no irons in the fire in re Pesek's claim, but from the standpoint of sport, we think it would be well worth the price of admission to see Pesek clash with one of the three headliners in the Curley group—Londos, Browning or George. We venture to say that the match would outshine any staged during the year and would be attended by a crowd larger than that which saw Browning lose to Londos. Pesek is as popular as Londos and far more so than either George or Browning and out in the middle west where a Pesek-Londos match would probably outdraw any staged in this country in recent years, Pesek is the most popular of all wrestlers.



The Nebraska Tiger Man. John Pesek, veteran of many thrilling contests, is still around challenging the so-called "champions."

* * *

WHEN one considers that Pesek pinned Browning's shoulders to the mat five times, it is not necessary for him to go any further to prove his right to topnotch calibre. Years ago when Marin Plestina, then heralded as the unbeatable, came to the East to show his wares, it was Pesek who was selected by the so-called "Trust" which the Plestina mentors had attacked, to take the measure of the "trust-buster," and Pesek did it to the Queen's taste. Thereafter little was heard of Plestina.

When Pesek found that he couldn't induce Londos, Browning or other stars to meet him, he decided to return to Nebraska, but now that the rival factions have settled their private war and Londos has been given the chance to regain his laurels, Pesek again is on the warpath and this time he hopes to force the issue with the aid of the boxing board moguls. Two years ago Pesek deposited a certified check for $5000 with the California Commission as a forfeit to Londos if Pesek failed to throw him twice in 90 minutes and another check for $1000 to be given to Londos outright if he accepted the match. Londos declined both.

* * *

IT was an Omaha sports writer who first called Pesek "Tiger Man." It was a perfect characterization, for Pesek has the grace of movement, the cunning, the spring, the lithe muscles and the flexibility of the jungle beast. Few men who have battled Pesek have "ever seen his back" which means that "Little John" is always in front of or on top of his opponents.

He is an offensive wrestler, and if his weight had half equalled his courage and ability he would have been world's champion many years ago. No athlete in the game today is half as quick, catlike, or fast on his feet as Pesek and he is, first and last, a finished, polished workman; his science is beautiful. There is no hold with which he is unfamiliar; no leverage of the ancients or moderns at which he is not adept. He is the great artist of his business.

Pesek started his career as a boxer and shifted rather quickly to wrestling. He owns a fine gymnasium where he does most of his training and is always in perfect condition. He is a student of physical culture and is never

taken off his guard so far as his condition is concerned.

It would take a book to describe Pesek's mat experiences, but when asked to tell RING readers a few, he consented. Pesek now speaking:

"I have had some 3,000 matches and lost only a few. Lewis beat me, Joe Stecher beat me, Londos defeated me and Paul Jones won a decision over me. I never won over Lewis, but have beaten Londos, Stecher and Jones. In my opinion the greatest youngster in the business today is Everette Marshall. I believe he is the coming champion. He is a great wrestler and unusually fast for a big man. I beat him, but had a tough time doing it. Watch Marshall.

* * *

"MY first big match was in 1914 against Wladek Zbyszko at Gordon, Neb. I weighed only 175 pounds, but had been beating a lot of heavies and a rancher at Gordon put up a purse of $10,000 for Zibby to meet me. I beat him in two hours and five minutes and was paid $2,500 for my end.

"The rancher thought I was good and bet and won thousands of dollars on me. I met and defeated a number of good men and set out on the trail of my neighbor, Joe Stecher, the champion, who resided at Dodge, Neb., only 80 miles away.

"Stecher refused to meet me, and I continued winning every bout in which I engaged until Lewis beat me. After that I became the 'policeman' for Lewis. Every time a challenger demanded a match with Lewis the champion, if he thought the challenger had a chance against him, would say, 'Go out and get a reputation. Beat John Pesek.' Then I would be matched with the challenger and, with regularity, beat all contenders.

"The first man who really scared Lewis was Moss Latinen, a gigantic Finn, and a great wrestler. Latinen virtually chased Lewis out of New York. My manager was Max Bowman, brother of Billy Sandow, the manager of Lewis. Sandow told his brother I had to beat Latinen. I did. Then there was Nat Pendleton, who is now doing well in motion pictures. Lewis left Boston rather than meet him. I was matched against Pendleton, broke his ankle and beat him. Sandow, betting on me to win, made a small fortune.

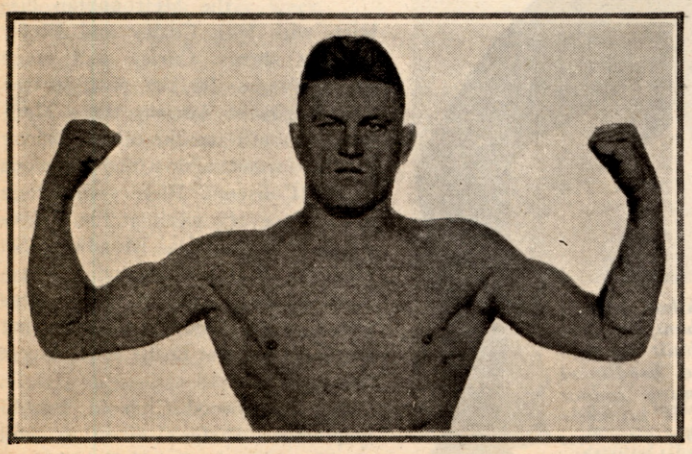
* * *

"ALL wrestling fans will recall the ballyhoo that was set up for Marin Plestina. Bernard MacFadden posted a check for $50,000 that Plestina could beat Lewis. MacFadden made life miserable for Lewis and I was called into action. Lewis told the world, 'If Plestina can beat Pesek I'll wrestle him.'

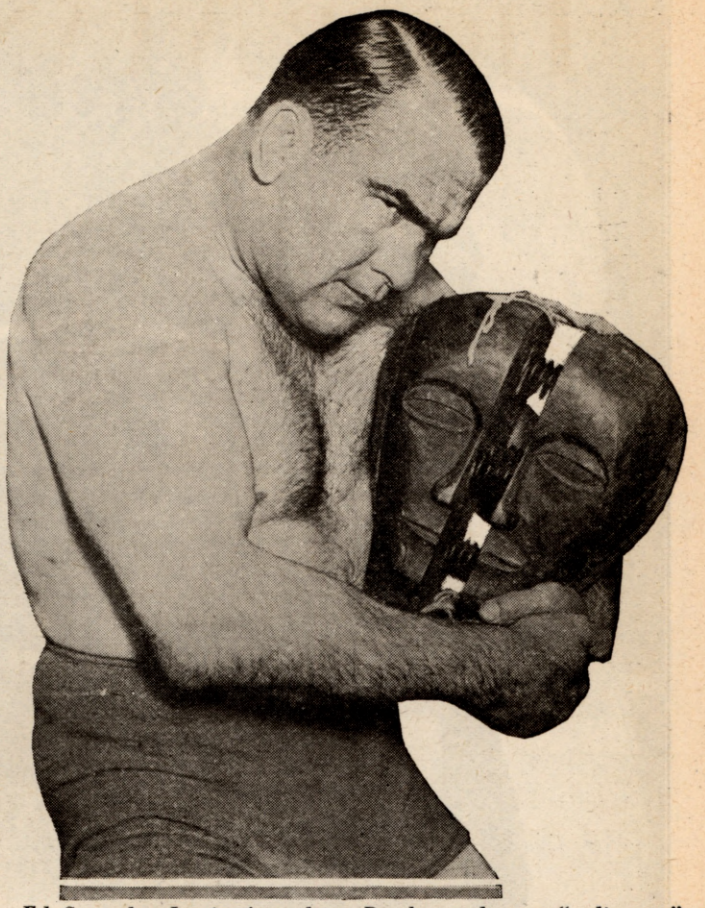
"I met Plestina, who weighed 232 pounds, whereas I tipped the scales at 184. I wrestled him for forty minutes, during which time he never saw my back, and I made him jump out of the ring and won the match.

"Charlie Hanson was another who tormented Lewis. I tossed Hanson twice in forty-two minutes in Omaha.

"I figured I had been the Lewis 'cop' long enough and finally demanded a match with the champion, who refused to meet me.



Pesek's impressive build. The veteran Nebraskan is built along the same lines as a huge jungle cat, and lives up to his reputation of "Tiger Man."



Ed Strangler Lewis, for whom Pesek acted as a "policeman" against Marin Plestina, Nat Pendleton, Moss Latinen and Charley Hanson. Lewis is the only top-notcher whom Pesek has never beaten, but many of the greatest students of wrestling agree that Pesek in his prime would have tossed the Strangler at his best. Lewis always shunned the Nebraskan after once beating him when John was just coming along.

In the meantime, Stecher won the championship. I had been chasing him for years and it was Tom Packs of St. Louis who finally promoted my chance with Stecher. We wrestled in St. Louis in January, 1926, and I won the first fall in three hours and five minutes and would have won from Stecher that night save for one thing: I dived at his legs, went through the ropes, hit the concrete and was unconscious for five hours.

"I met Stecher again in Los Angeles in the summer of 1926. He was the champion and had been matched to meet Lewis for a $20,000 side bet. Lewis ran out of that match and I was elected to take his place.

"There were 17,000 spectators at the Arena, and I knew that 17,000 persons would see a new champion. I won the first fall, and we returned to the mat. I went after him and pinned him again, but the referee failed to recognize the fall. I pinned him again—and again. Then I said to myself, 'the only way you can win is to make Stecher quit.'

* * *

"AS we rolled over on the mat I said: 'Listen, Joe, I'm going to bust your arm.' Then I tried for an arm lock and finally obtained it—a bone-breaking hold. I put it on good. Stecher writhed in agony. I added pressure and said: 'Joe, you give up or I'll break your damned arm.' Stecher gave up.

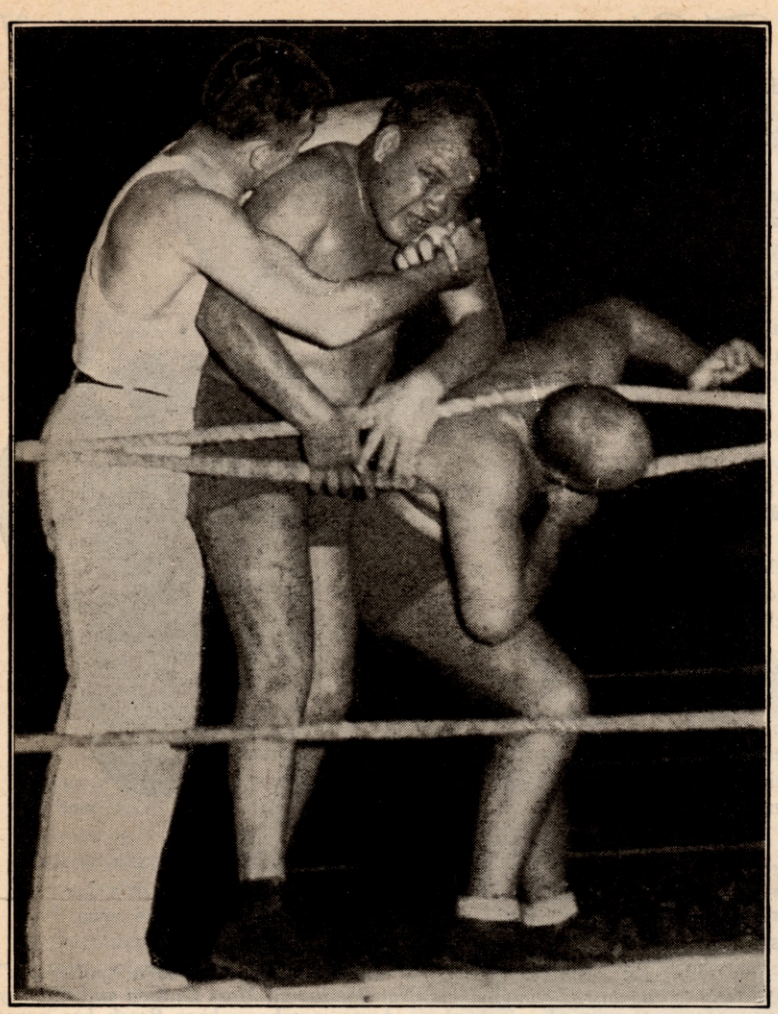
"The referee held up my hand. I was the new world's champion—but the next day the referee said I strangled Stecher, and reversed his decision.

"Since 1927 Lewis, Londos and the other topnotchers have avoided me as though I had smallpox. I could not get a good match in America, and went to Australia, where I won forty-seven bouts in a row, and never lost one. I love to wrestle, but do not care to meet the little preliminary boys because I have plenty of money and can get exercise in my own gymnasium.

"What I want is a chance at Lewis, Don George or Londos."

NEWS

By "TEX" AUSTIN



The way they do it down South. Marshall Blackstock using the "hangman's noose" on Pete Schuh, as Jack League, referee, tries to pull Blackstock away.

AS was predicted in these columns following the victory of Londos over Browning, the first of the three matches scheduled between Don George and the Greek champion was fought out on the mat at Fenway Park, Boston, with the affair ending in a draw. We predicted that the match would so end, but didn't think that the pachyderms would be able to carry out their well-planned battle for nearly four hours. Thirty thousand persons were thrilled by the performance, so what matters it whether the affair was prearranged to better the financial drawing powers of both the contestants.

As things now stand, there will probably be a second match in Buffalo, George's bailiwick, and this, friends, again will terminate in an undecided finish. And then you'll see the real works shot in the third and deciding engagement in which Don George will emerge the world's wrestling king after Londos has had an opportunity to fill his pockets with the shekels of the fans. That contest will probably be staged in Chicago as part of the wind-up of the World's Fair or in the Garden of New York, if during the indoor season, or the Garden Bowl next May as a Mrs. Hearst Milk Fund affair. Present indications point to Chicago getting either the second or the third bout, as overtures have been made and a huge guarantee assured Londos for such a contest.

AS for the bout in Boston, George won the first fall after a series of flying tackles, finished off with a wrist lock. The time was 27 minutes, 57 seconds.

Londos took the second fall in 37 minutes, 7 seconds with an inside crotch lift and a body slam. Then the match went into its long-drawn finale. While the packed arena roared, the two engaged in a brutal, punishing match, both men almost scoring the deciding fall on several occasoins. It was long after midnight when the finish came.

Both wrestlers went flying through the ropes, landing on the ground below. They were assisted back to the ring, and attempted to crawl toward each other. Both, apparently exhausted, lay helpless, face down on the mat.

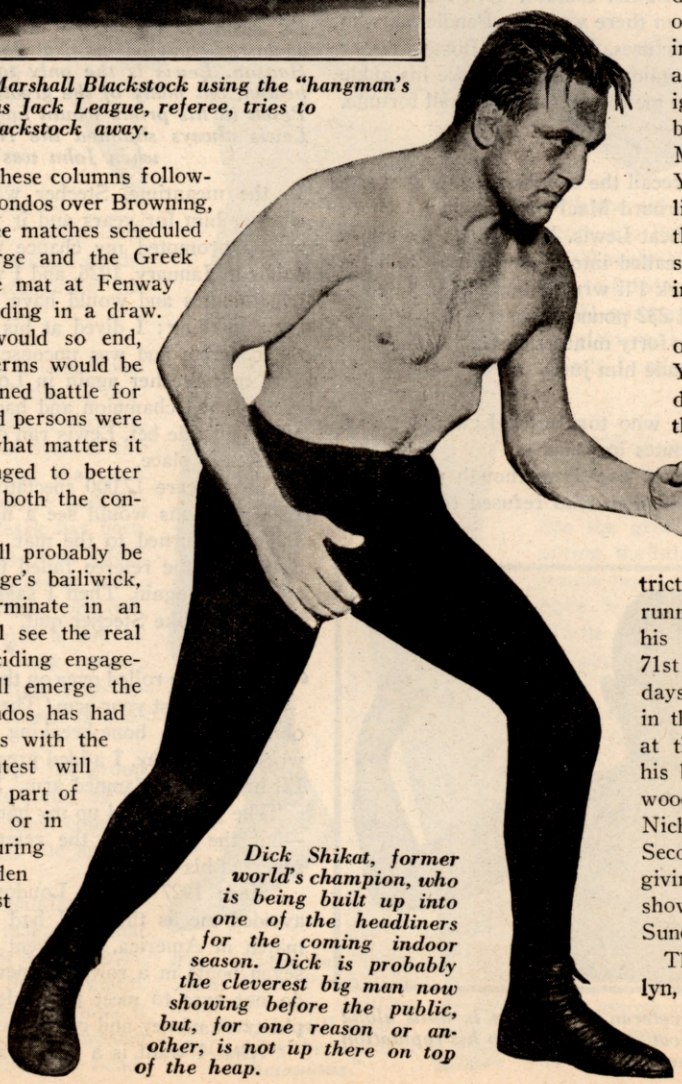
The bout ended in 2 hours, 12.09 of the third fall.

* * *

REGARDLESS of what one may think of the explosion that took place last year when Pfefer broke from the Curley-Mondt-Bowser group to stage wrestling shows independently, it must be admitted that the former Curley booking agent has revolutionized the pachyderm industry through the introduction of many new faces, almost all in the light-heavyweight division, a section that heretofore has been ignored in New York, but has been the leading division in the Middle West. The fans of New York have taken kindly to these lighter weight grapplers, because they see more action and more speed than is ordinarily on view in the heavier section.

Pfefer has cornered the market on the smaller clubs of New York, those outside of the Garden, Seventy-First Regiment and the Coliseum, and if he is as active during the winter as he has been this summer, there will be plenty of wrestling in the Metropolitan district, with both Curley and Pfefer running shows. Curley will stage his affairs, as in the past, at the 71st Regiment Armory three Mondays a month and the other Monday in the Garden, with a show a week at the Coliseum. Pfefer will stage his bouts every week at the Ridgewood Club, Jamaica, Broadway, St. Nicholas, Star Casino, and Twenty-Second Engineers' Armory, thus giving New York one wrestling show every night in the week except Sunday.

The Ridgewood Club of Brooklyn, under Pfefer's direction, will stage a series of light-heavyweight elimination bouts this winter with the sanction of



Dick Shikat, former world's champion, who is being built up into one of the headliners for the coming indoor season. Dick is probably the cleverest big man now showing before the public, but, for one reason or another, is not up there on top of the heap.

of the MAT WORLD

the New York State Boxing Commission. Because of the many claims around the country, which have brought about considerable confusion, the same difficulty that was encountered in the heavyweight ranks during the past three years, exists among the boys in the next lower section, where no less than half a dozen wrestlers assert their claim to the championship. Some of these fellows, like Londos and George among the heavies, are recognized in certain localities, but there is no one man to whom the finger can be pointed as the undisputed title holder.

It is for that reason that such a tourney will meet with the approval of the lovers of wrestling. In fact, throughout the country, there seems to be as much interest right now in the light-heavyweight section as there is in the heavier rank, and this winter, from all indications, that interest will be at high pitch. It remains to be seen what will be the ultimate result of the Brooklyn tournament.

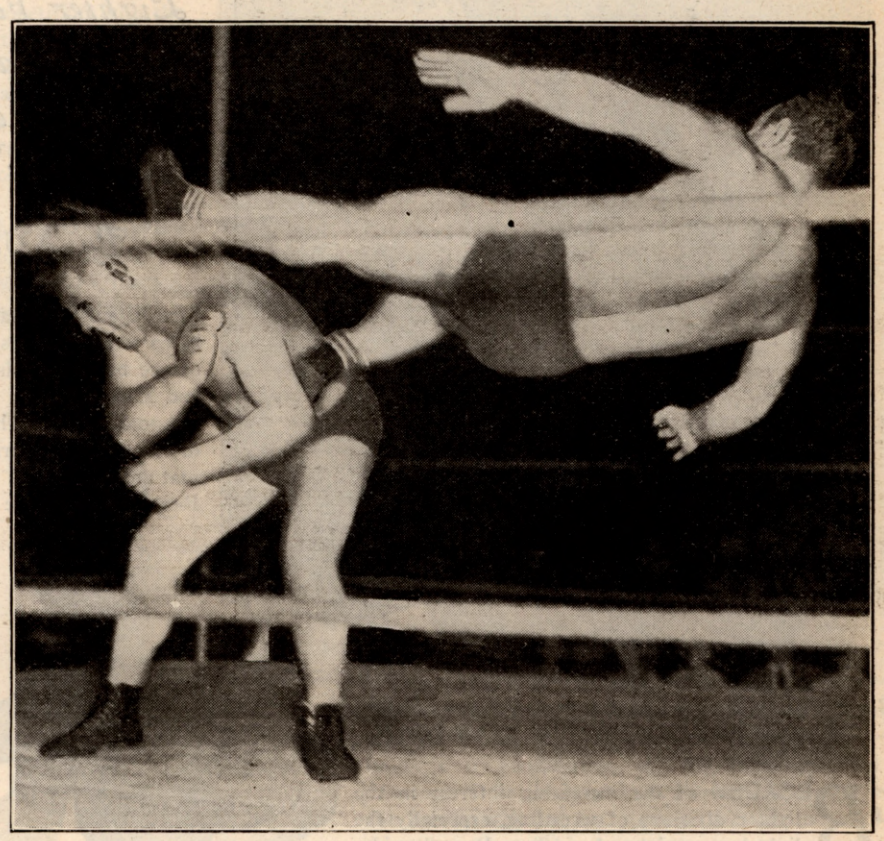
Those who are listed as the topnotchers in the light-heavyweight ranks are: Le Roy McGuirk, Clarence Eklund, Charley Midget Fischer, Pinkie Gardner, Frankie Boehm, Hugh Nichols, Maurice La Chappelle, Jack Bloomfield, Hans Schnabel, Tiger Flowers Johnstone, Max Martin, Joe Banaski, Ted Germaine, Johnny Carlin and Dr. Altschuler, among others.

* * *

ALTHOUGH there is little activity in the wrestling world during the summer months, the various promoters in all parts of the land are looking forward to a banner season as soon as the indoor season rolls around. The grapplers have been overshadowed by the big fights staged in the outdoor arenas, but will be back as strong as ever this fall. The promoters feel that Jim Londos and Don George will again make the public "mat conscious," although even they do not feel that they will pack them in as they did a few years back. A showing of new talent and a change of routine will do wonders, for the fans are tired of seeing the same beefy specimens put on the same performance week after week.

* * *

KING LONDOS, again in all his splendor on the throne, visions himself as drawing down $150,000 for his efforts during the ensuing year. That is shooting a bit too high, though, for Jeemy, himself, made only $300,000 over a period of two years during the height of his popularity in 1930 and 1931. There is no doubt, though, that he will be well repaid for his efforts, as he has been in the past. Londos need not worry about finances, as he has a half million in the National City Bank of New York, in addition to other investments.



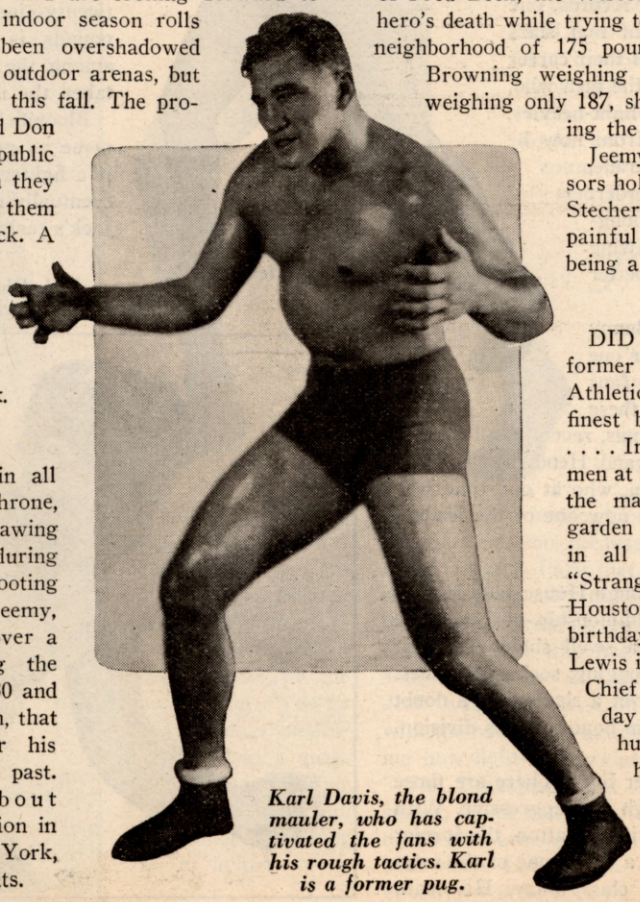
Abie Coleman kicked himself out of his match with Ernie Dusek, when one of his "kangaroo leaps" missed and Ernie flattened him.

The Greek is the lightest heavyweight champion since the days of Fred Beell, the Wisconsin Giant Killer, who recently died a hero's death while trying to prevent a robbery. Beell scaled in the neighborhood of 175 pounds. Londos entered the ring against Browning weighing 198 pounds and came out victorious weighing only 187, showing that he lost eleven pounds during the match.

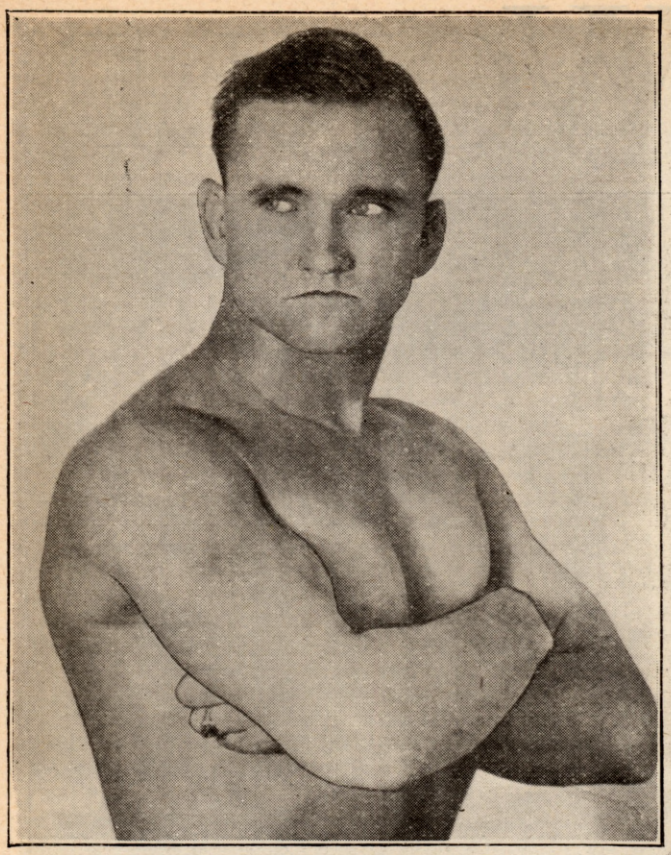
Jeemy claims that Browning's airplane scissors hold is a much more painful hold than Joe Stecher's much exploited body scissors. So painful is it that the Greek described it as being a "Nutcracker."

* * *

DID YOU KNOW THAT?—Pete Keller, former instructor of wrestling at the City Athletic Club of New York, runs one of the finest beer gardens in the Yorkville section . . . . In his day, Pete was one of the greatest men at his weight in the country . . . . Many of the mat fraternity gather at Keller's beer garden as do a number of the leading figures in all walks of life . . . . They gave Ed "Strangler" Lewis a nice birthday party in Houston, Texas, in honor of his forty-third birthday, but there are many who contend that Lewis is quite a few years older than that . . . . Chief Chewchki played havoc with the birthday cake, lunging at it and grabbing a big hunk for himself despite efforts to stop him . . . . Lewis celebrated the occasion by tossing Joe Cox in quick time . . . . They've named George Cochran the "Melodramatic scowler" . . . . Mat fans should *(Continued on page 47)*



Karl Davis, the blond mauler, who has captivated the fans with his rough tactics. Karl is a former pug.



Benny Wilson, the leading drawing card in the Southwest. Benny is one of the best of the middleweights.

GETTING

Lighter Favorites of Today Will be the Heavyweight Stars of the Future, Just as Has Been the Case Up to Now

By AUSTIN R. GRAMLICH

BECAUSE of the increasing interest in the lighter divisions of wrestling, especially the light-heavyweight class, THE RING has decided to acquaint the mat fans with the grapplers who are now holding the spotlight in the lower sections.

If one should search back through the records, one will find that nearly all the heavyweight mat stars of today spent many of the early years of their career campaigning in the lighter classes. Since the men who, today, are showing around the country as light-heavies, middles and welters will several years from now be the leading lights in the heavyweight parade, a few words about these fellows are in order.

At the present time, some of these youngsters of the business are far greater drawing cards in their localities than are their better known heavier brethren.

Down in Texas and the Southwest, Benny Wilson and Doug Henderson rate number one and two as drawing cards, because the fans down there like the speed and action that these little fellows provide. In Fort Worth, Texas, recently, all attendance records were broken when Wilson and Henderson clashed. Wilson is a middleweight and Henderson, who at one time was recognized as featherweight champion, is now one of the leaders in the welterweight class.

* * *

ANOTHER Southern favorite is Rough House Jack Hagen, who claims the middleweight championship of Louisiana. Hagen is no prize beauty, but puts on a swell show of rough stuff for the fans who go wild over the slugging, socking matches. Rough House lives up to his name without a shadow of a doubt and apparently is out for national hoodlum honors in his division. He's a leading candidate at present.

Not all the fans like the fast and clever boys. There are those who prefer their idols to be strong, tough and aggressive. With such fans, Walter Stratton is a big favorite. Stratton, the former Ohio weight-lifting champion, is without a doubt one of the most powerful men in the light-heavyweight class today. His main forte against the fast and tricky men he comes in contact with, is his strength. This aggressive and sturdy matman has been one of the biggest cards on the West Coast as well as in the South and Middle West.

Another fellow who is making progress in the light-heavyweight division is Ted Germaine. Ted is a businesslike workman on the mat and specializes in scientific wrestling rather than rough stuff. Before entering the 175-pound class, Germaine was recognized as middleweight champion of New England. He is one of the fellows who has been responsible for the sudden rise in interest in the light-heavyweight division in the East and will be heard from in the future.

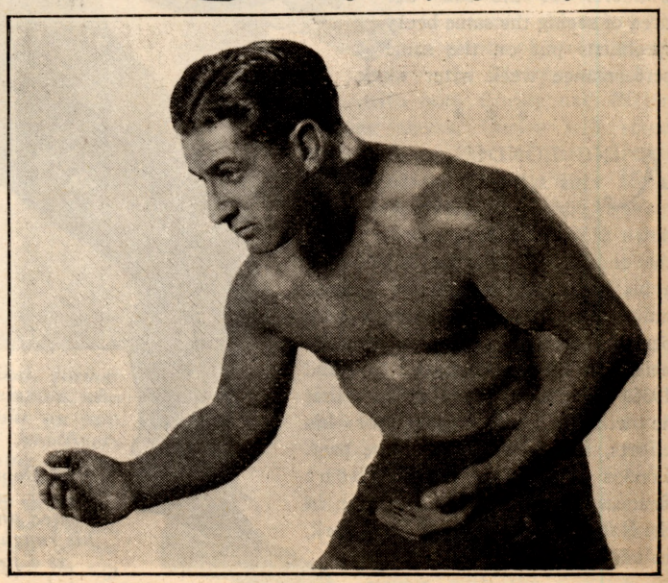
Walter Stratton, former Ohio weight-lifting champion, who is one of the sturdiest light-heavies.

* * *

THE wrestling game has finally produced a great Jewish grappler in an East Side youngster answering to the name of Jack Bloomfield, who today wears the crown of Jewish light-heavyweight champion of matdom. The New Yorker, who is twenty-nine years old and scales 185 pounds, is one of the outstanding idols among the new crop of stars who have taken the mat world by storm.

Bloomfield's ambitions today are to become as great a wrestler as Max Baer is a fighter and he is convinced that he'll eventually reach the top of his profession. Jack's early mat training was in the Navy,

Jack Bloomfield, recognized as Jewish light-heavyweight champion.



ACQUAINTED

where he won the amateur championship in competition with the greatest athletes with whom he came in contact.

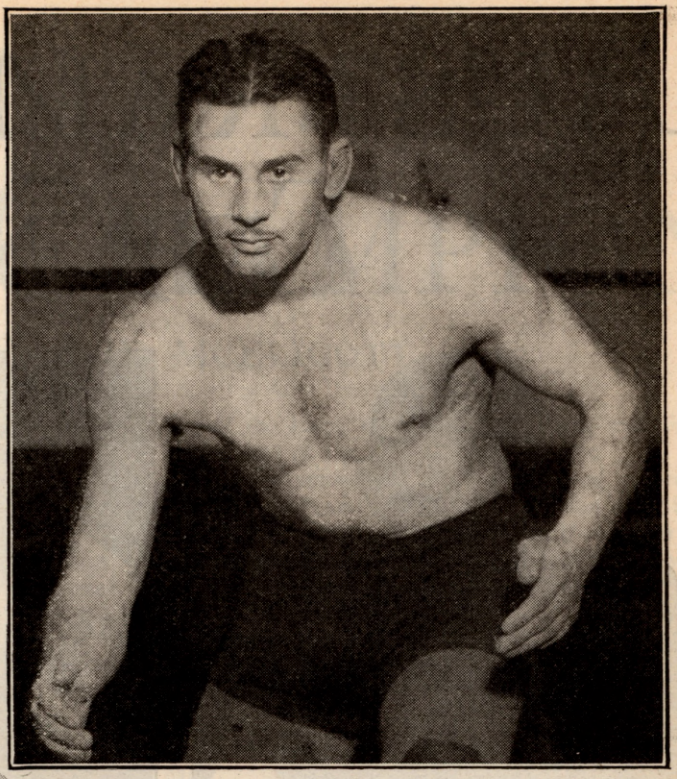
Not only is Jack a splendid wrestler, but he's also made a study of the human anatomy and today has a physical culture school in Stamford, Conn., where he handles quite a class of business men and also youngsters who are keen about athletics. Bloomfield is quite an instructor and the Stamford folks certainly do sing his praises.

Jack won his Jewish light-heavyweight title by defeating every Hebrew grappler he met and today remains supreme among his own kind, besides having defeated many of the best of the lot. Bloomfield's specialty, the hold that has brought him many a victory, is the airplane spin, which he has perfected to the last word.

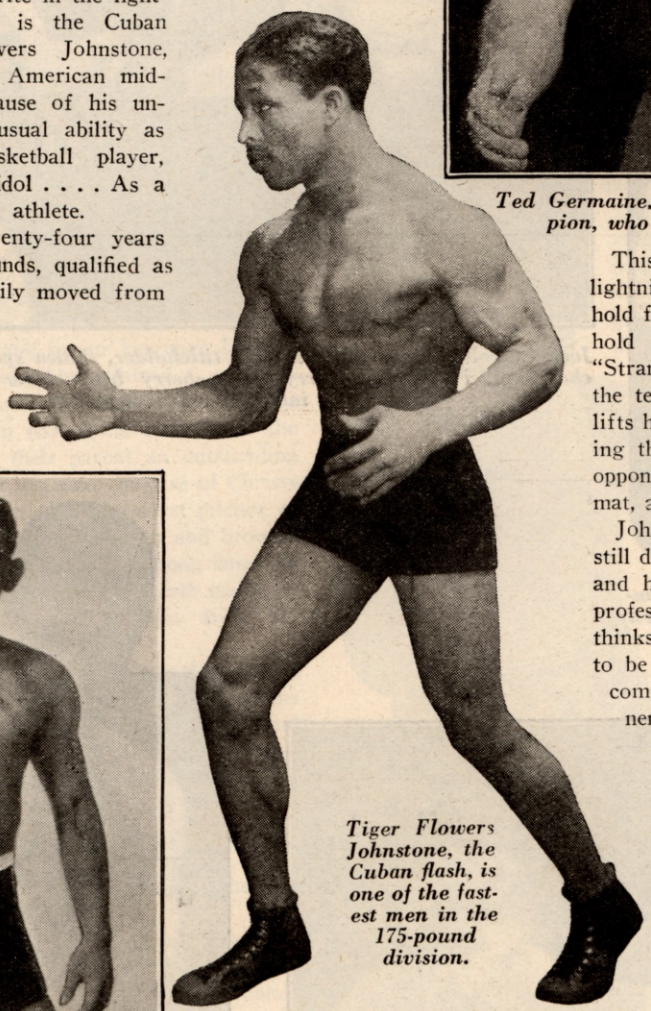
* * *

STILL another favorite in the light-heavyweight ranks is the Cuban flash, Tiger Flowers Johnstone, nicknamed after former American middleweight champion because of his uncanny footwork and unusual ability as a boxer, wrestler, basketball player, football and swimming idol . . . . As a matter of fact, all-round athlete.

Johnstone, who is twenty-four years old and weighs 176 pounds, qualified as an athlete when his family moved from Cuba to Canton, Ohio, where he was educated in the Central High School. His brilliant performances ranked him as one of the outstanding sports stars of that institution. It was a question as to whether he would follow up, professionally, either as a fighter or a grappler.

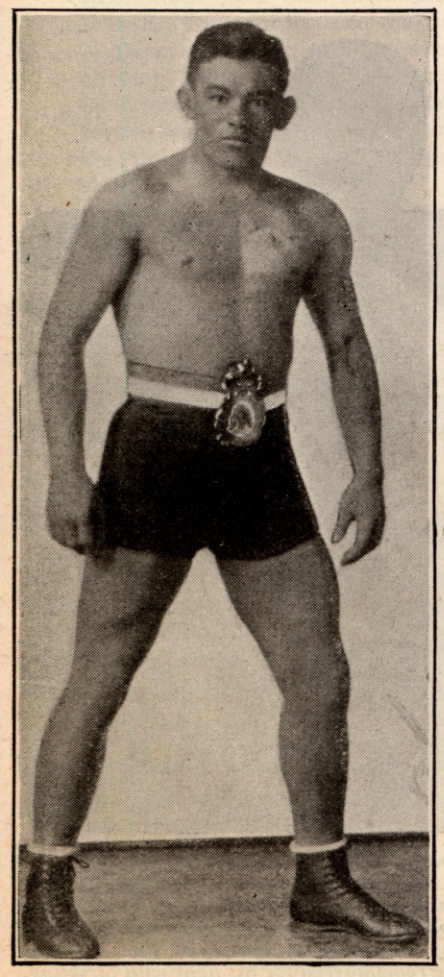


Ted Germaine, former New England middleweight champion, who is now among the light-heavyweight leaders.



Tiger Flowers Johnstone, the Cuban flash, is one of the fastest men in the 175-pound division.

Rough House Jack Hagen, claimant of the middleweight championship of Louisiana.



This remarkable lad, who is as quick as chain lightning on his feet, depends on a cross overhead hold for his victories. In other words, his effective hold is a combination of jiu jitsu and Ed "Strangler" Lewis' head lock. Flowers first clamps the terrific grip on his opponent's head and then lifts him clear off his feet, at the same time applying the pressure with both hands. Invariably his opponent becomes semiconscious when he hits the mat, after which the Tiger finishes him off.

Johnstone has been a wrestler for five years, but still does a lot of boxing, just to quicken his speed and his eye. His great diversion, outside of his profession, is reading. Like Gene Tunney, Tiger thinks there's as much fun, as well as education, to be derived out of a good book, as there is in competition when he's trying to take his opponent for a ride.

* * *

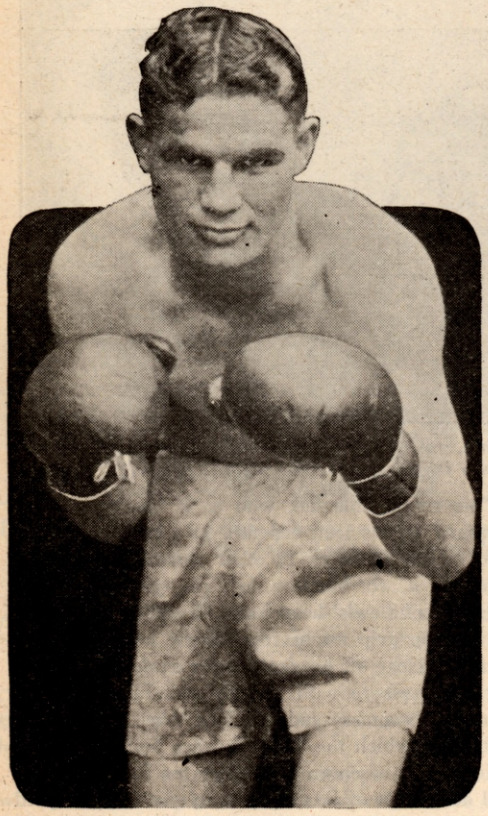
FRANCE'S entry for 175-pound wrestling honors is young Maurice LaChappelle, known as the French prize beauty. Greatly resembling the "Orchid Man," Georges Carpentier, in appearance, this twenty-four-year-old Adonis, who scales in at 178 pounds, has proven to be one of the sensations among light-heavyweight idols in New York.

In the old country, before his family migrated to Toronto, Canada, Maurice was also called the Clark Gable of matdom, because of his handsome physique and fine features. It was in Paris that Maurice made his initial start as a wrestler, engaging all opponents, including many much heavier than himself, and coming out victorious in numerous tournaments.

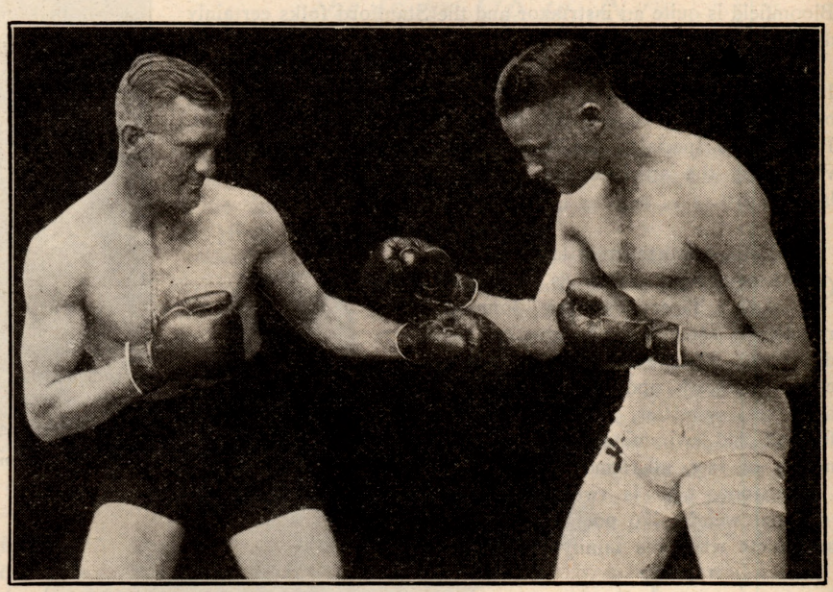
LaChappelle, who has been wrestling six years, continued to follow the game in Canada and when the demand for a "new deal" was made in wrestling, he came to New York to line up with the rest of the newcomers now on display in the East, showing how light-heavyweights strut their stuff in the game.

The Frenchman has two winning holds. One is called the suplex, which means a double arm lock, the tying up of an opponent's both arms and then completing his downfall by reason of a back drop. LaChappelle also uses the flying scissors almost as effectively as he does the suplex hold.

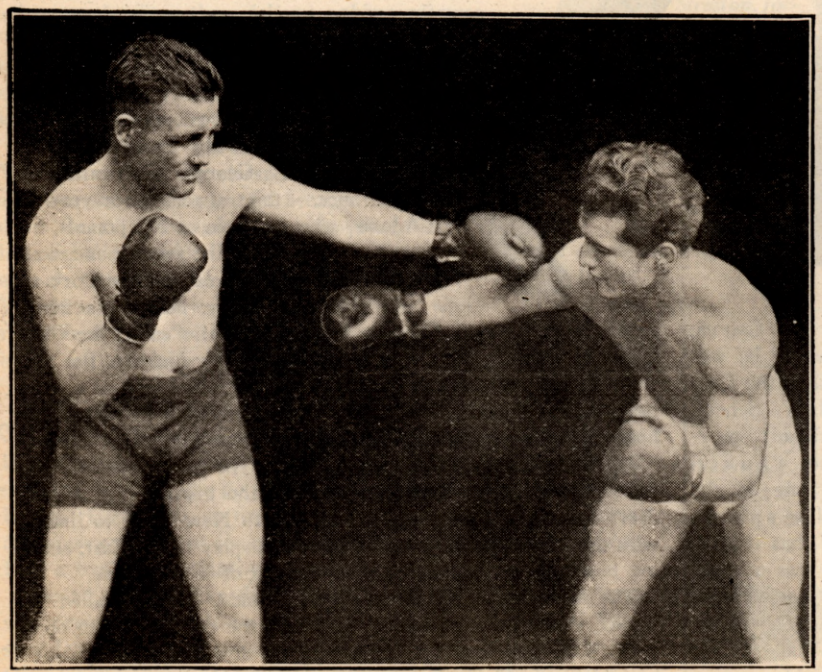
AUSTRALIAN TOP-NOTCHERS



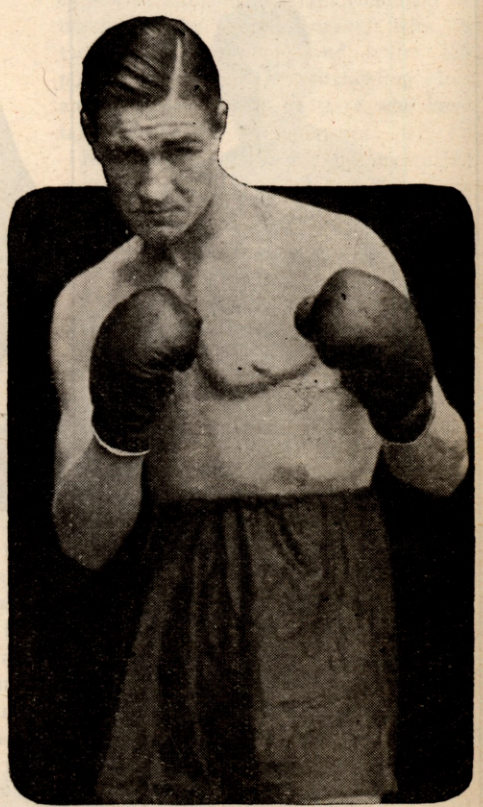
Merv (Darky) Blandon, recognized bantamweight champion of Australia, and the greatest small man developed there in recent years.



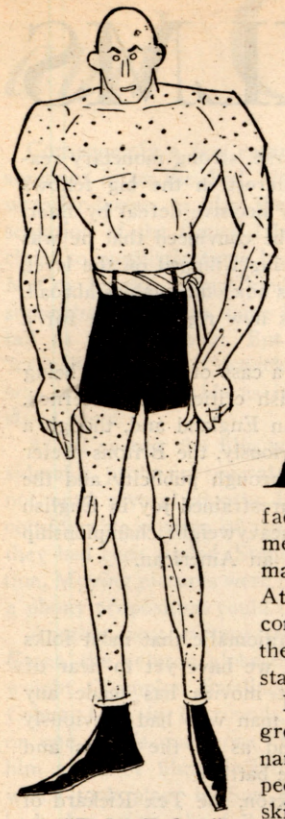
Jack Carroll, former middleweight titleholder, shown sparring with the present champion, Fred Henneberry. Henneberry beat clever Dave Shade to gain international recognition.



Jimmy Kelso, Australian lightweight champion, in a fighting pose with his recent opponent, Joe Ghnouly of St. Louis, who beat Kelso and then lost to him.



Ambrose Palmer, Aussie light-heavyweight king, who is expected to challenge Maxey Rosenbloom for the world's title. Palmer has improved in leaps and bounds and the antipodeans expect great things of this lad. He will be remembered for his fight with Stribling.



"Ruby Robert"

SON *of a* CHAMPION

By J. W. MCELIGOTT

IT isn't often that a son, bearing the same name of a famous athletic father, grows up to emulate the feats of his illustrious dad. In fact it is a phenomenon worthy of special mention if the offspring is capable of matching a famous father's performances. Athletic history tells us that such an accomplishment is rarely realized and that the son is handicapped from his earliest start.

In the first place the public expects great things from the boy bearing the name of a man who won the hearts of the people with his championship skill. To achieve his father's greatness the boy is working at a great disadvantage; he is combating insurmountable obstacles. The peak that his father reached is Utopia to the son and in our language Utopia means something that cannot be attained.

It is a fact, too, that many of the sons of these great men harbor no interest in the sport which made their parent an outstanding celebrity. Take, for instance, the case of Christy Mathewson, Jr.; son of the greatest pitcher of all time. Young Christy was born and brought up in baseball environment and among baseball-minded people but when he grew into manhood the diamond game was farthest from his thoughts.

As a youngster young Matty traveled around the circuit with the Giants on several occasions and it is believed that the famous Giant mound star nursed a penchant that his son would follow in his footsteps, although he never pressed the boy to become a ball player. Young Matty wanted to become an aviator instead and following his graduation from Bucknell University in 1927 he studied aviation, and soon became a licensed pilot.

There are many other Juniors who have followed the same course as Matty. Ty Cobb, Jr., son of the greatest batter and base runner that ever lived, harbors little interest in baseball. He is a student at Yale now where his chief pastimes are tennis and football. He bids fair to develop into a net star.

Johnny Evers, Jr., son of the brilliant second baseman of the Chicago Cubs, may have had big league aspirations but the farthest he got was as varsity cutfielder for Georgetown University. And there are many others.

* * *

BOXING is not without a Junior, who failed to equal the feats of his famous dad. "Ruby Robert" Fitzsimmons, former world's heavyweight champion, was the proud father of a baby boy some thirty-seven years ago. The parents named the baby, Robert, Jr., and from that time on young Bob was one of the joys of Old Bob's life.

Today Bob Fitzsimmons, Jr., after a brief and unsuccessful whirl in the boxing game, has retired, satisfied that it just wasn't in the cards for him to follow his brilliant father up to the top rung of the heavyweight ladder. Young Bob worked and fought like a Trojan to attain some degree of success but the public expected too much from him.

He is glad today to be removed from the fickle public's eye. He has found joy and contentment in the seclusion of his home at Greenwood Lake, N. Y., where he is free to roam wherever he pleases without having to hear from every other moronic fan; "Oh what's the matter with Young Bob? Why can't he be like his dad?"

Young Bob Fitzsimmons, who resembled his famous father, but never reached the fistic heights his dad did.

Young Bob Fitzsimmons, in case you don't know it, resembles his dad in many respects. In the first place he is a sportsman; he has the courage, too, which helped his father attain heavyweight honors. Young Bob could give it and take it. He never gave up. But he lacked that vital something which only one in a million has; something that a Dempsey, a Tunney, a Fitzsimmons, are gifted with.

Charley Paddock once said:

"A champion never quits; he always goes down fighting."

That description fits Young Bob to the letter. Goodness knows he tried hard enough; worked sedulously in an effort to show that he was, at least, a shadow of his father. But the heavyweight ladder was a slippery one for Bob, and treacherous, too. He never made the grade but he is a champion in his own right.

* * *

COULD Young Bob give it and take it? Ruby Robert looked after that item. When he was still a youngster, father Fitzsimmons tied the gloves on his willing son and the pair went at it hammer and tongs. Young Bob fought like a tiger. Indeed as a kid he looked like a coming champion. His dad was happy. But young Bob, like so many others, was destined to go so far—and then stop.

I remember when he first came to Nutley, N. J. He was in training then, for he had just launched his professional career. Sports writers predicted a rosy future for him. (They would.) He married a Nutley girl and in the rear of his father-in-law's home he put up a punching bag and went to work in an energetic manner.

Often he would trek down to the Town Hall where he would go through many hard sessions with willing sparring partners. One of Bob's most consistent rivals in these afternoon battles was Eddie Nugent, who won quite a reputation as a middleweight around New Jersey some *(Continued on page 45)*

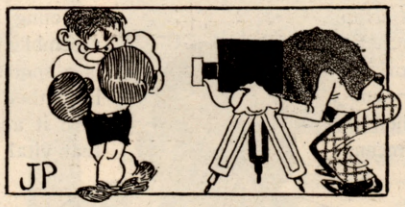
FIGHTERS, FILMS

THE award of a championship title on a technical knock-out usually brings an aftermath of heated controversy, with sport writers divided into hostile camps. Yet when Max Baer won from Carnera, in a contest halted to save the giant Italian from further punishment, none of the fistic scribes found fault with the decision. Visiting newspaper men, as well as the Gotham sharps, were convinced that Primo was whipped thoroughly, that Baer was a decisive victor, and that the third man in the ring was justified in signaling Max to "stop firing!"

Such were American journalistic views. But boxing experts of the British press appear to have been just as unanimous in reaching an exactly opposite opinion, based on the moving pictures of the affair. A representative English viewpoint may be gleaned from the following comments, published over "Grislet's" signature in the *London Sunday Referee* of June 24, and reproduced in part:

"If the film of the Carnera-Baer fight . . . . is a replica of the actual contest . . . . then every fan who was present will want to back the big Italian if he ever meets the American again. I have never seen a more one-sided fight, with the exception of the first round, in which, by the way, Baer struck Carnera when he was on the ground and got away with a glaring foul without the semblance of a reproof.

"Afterwards it was Carnera's fight all the way, and he had Baer running away most of the time. Now and again the Yankee carried the fight to the Italian, but Carnera fought back so fiercely that Baer was glad to break away and resume his run around the ring.



"I shall never be able to understand why the referee stopped the fight. It is true that Carnera looked shaky, but he was in no worse plight than he had been in the first round . . . . there was nothing to prove the referee was right in intervening.

"The crowd, who were with Baer to a man at the start, veered completely around and constantly urged the Italian to 'knock him out!' What better proof can one have that Carnera was top-dog? As for the stories anent Carnera's bruised and battered face, well, they were just stories!"

Another visit to the pictures impelled the writer of the foregoing statement to declare, under date of July 1,—"The great majority were of the same opinion as myself that Carnera won well on points, as we judge them over here. With the exception of one, the boxing writers attached to other papers concurred with me. A second look at the film confirmed everything I wrote."

* * *

THE opening paragraph of the Grislet criticism—"If the film . . . . is a replica of the actual contest . . . ." has particular significance in view of the fact that editing and cutting of fight films, in the past, worked wondrous changes in the genuine ring action by the time the public saw the pictures. A historic incident is that of the Dempsey-Firpo combat. Firpo was repeatedly fouled in that contest, the referee permitting Dempsey to do pretty much as he pleased in using rough-house tactics, such as standing over the South American after scoring knockdowns, and striking him almost as soon as the latter's knee left the canvas in regaining an erect position.

When the fight films were exhibited all of the champion's indiscretions had been carefully eliminated. The picture producers were building Jack up as a movie star, and nothing was shown on the screen which might tend to injure his reputation as a fair fighter and popular hero.

We have no way of determining whether the Baer-Carnera films scheduled for foreign markets were edited so as to place Primo in a more favorable light than he really appeared in the ring. Those shown in this country brought no protest from any of Carnera's admirers to the effect that the Italian was given the worst of the decision. There are, of course, strong monetary reasons why those with a commercial interest in the big fellows should make efforts to condone his very decisive defeat by Baer. If ring patrons in other countries can be convinced that he was cheated out of his laurels, instead of being whipped on the level, it would naturally tend to brighten up his box office values abroad. It must not be forgotten that Primo is now right in line for a number of important matches abroad.

On the other hand, it may have been a case of "the wish being father to the thought," so far as British critics are concerned. Carnera did a good deal of scrapping in England and, though a foreigner, attained popularity there. Obviously, the Britons prefer him to Baer, a man they only know through publicity and the pictures. Also, it cannot have caused unrestrained joy in English sport circles to learn that the world's heavyweight championship was once more vested in the person of an American.

* * *

HOWEVER that may be, it is axiomatic that most folks believe what they want to, and we have yet to hear of a case where looking at fight movies has made any tangible difference in the opinion of a man who had previously made up his mind as to the rights and wrongs of a glove battle.

When Jeff Dickson, the Tex Rickard of Europe, was in this country a few weeks ago, he divulged the information that when the original films of the Baer-Carnera fight were received abroad, they were shown before an exclusive gathering and about 10,000 feet of film were on display, but when the pictures were shown at the movie theatres, only about 1000 feet were exhibited. Perhaps that is the reason for the comment from abroad. It would appear that if such is the case, only the rounds or those portions of the rounds in which Carnera was galloping along, were used and the rest were cut. It will be remembered that after the first round, for three or four rounds, Baer did little but rest while Primo was piling up points and that, apparently, is what made the hit in Europe.

Unless the makers of the film or the European distributors make an official statement to the contrary, it will be our opinion that the portions showing the slaughter of the Carnera were purposely eliminated in order to help the promotion by Dickson of a fight abroad in which the Venetian Giant is to be a contestant.

Going back to the persons who see the films but did not see the fight, let us consider the Dempsey-Sharkey affair. The former scored a knockout, but the Sharkeyites clamored that Dempsey fouled his opponent by hitting him low, whereas the Dempseyites were just as certain that the disputed punch went home above the belt line. The day following the bout, thousands flocked to see the fight films. What new impressions did the spectators derive from watching the shadows slug upon the screen? Absolutely none! Sharkey's adherents came away positive that their favorite had been foully used, while Dempsey's admirers exulted in the belief that the Manassa Mauler won cleanly and was thoroughly vindicated. Those who saw the battle, however, know that Sharkey was fouled and was knocked out after he dropped his guard to argue with the referee.

* * *

THE most amazing fake ever perpetrated in regard to fight films occurred a couple of weeks after Bob Fitzsimmons lost the championship to Jim Jeffries at Coney Island, on June 9, 1899. There were no motion pictures taken of that eventful battle, principally because nobody thought Jeff had a chance to win, and it wouldn't be worthwhile. New Yorkers were mostly aware that the camera hadn't been brought into action that time, but throughout the country people were not so well informed.

and CRITICS

By GEORGE T. PARDY

Consequently a few enterprising gents got together, took Fitzsimmons in on the deal, hired Jack McCormick, the Philadelphia wrestler-boxer, to play the rôle of Jeffries, and filmed a representation of the Coney Island contest. McCormick, whose chief claim to pugilistic fame lay in the fact that he once kayoed Kid McCoy by the rawest kind of a fluke punch, was bulkily built, somewhat along the same lines as Jeff, although he was not as tall as the champion. But as Jeffries fought in the then new "crouch" pose, McCormick's lack of an inch or two in height was not so noticeable as it might have been, had the champion stood erect.

At all events, the film was put together and shown with considerable profit in several big cities, including Chicago. It was not until several months later that the truth leaked out and a considerable portion of the inhabitants of the U. S. learned how they had been fooled. Some, indeed, never got hep to the imposition. Moving pictures were in their infancy then and, of course, such a phony proposition could never be put across successfully today.

Another neat picture trick was turned successfully by Jack Grace, the veteran globe-trotter and boxer. Shortly after Lightweight Champion Battling Nelson knocked out Jimmy Britt at Colma, Cal., in 18 rounds, on September 9, 1905, Jack started on one of his numerous "round-the-world tours," carrying with him a set of films depicting the Martin Canole-Nelson battle, which took place in San Francisco, the preceding year. Canole had also taken the full count in the eighteenth round. Grace, like the wily showman he was, believed in giving the public what they wanted. Therefore, he exhibited the pictures in his possession as the films of the Britt-Nelson battle for the lightweight title, in several foreign countries. He got away with it, made a nice piece of money, the critics were pleased, so were the fans, and everyone was happy.

* * *

THE first championship battle recorded by the films was the Fitzsimmons-Corbett fight for the world's heavyweight title at Carson City on March 17, 1897. Most of the journalistic comment upon Fitz's ascension of the pugilistic throne contained prophecies to the effect that, thanks to the pictures, the oft-recurring disputes as to the merits of winner and loser in important ring contests would be entirely eliminated for the future. That was all right as regarded the Fitz-Corbett affair, for, films or no films, there was no room left for argument after the lanky one's famed solar-plexus punch sent Corbett down for the full count.

But subsequently the pictures were to flop most lamentably as a molder of public fistic opinion. For instance, when Jeffries pounded out a twenty-five-round decision over Tom Sharkey in defense of his title, at Coney Island in 1899, both sports writers and fans were about equally divided as to the correctness of Referee George Siler's verdict. And did the films of the fight result in any converts being made on either side of the fence? Well, not that you could notice! The Sharkey boosters kept on yelling—"Robbery!" and Jeff's friends maintained that the champ was cleared by the film testimony.

And so it has been right up to the present era, as witness the teapot tempest caused by the Baer-Carnera pictures in England. So far as mechanical aids to determining winners and losers go, only one valuable contribution has been made by the films. That is made manifest by the combination of electric timepiece and automatic motion picture photo now in common use at all big athletic meets, and first utilized at the Olympics a couple of years ago. So accurate is this astounding gadget in registering details, that so far, on several occasions, decisions of judges at the finish of certain events have been altered to conform to the electric-photographic machine.

No electrical contrivance has ever yet been invented to check accurately the activities of ring performers. There is an electric clock installed in Madison Square Garden, New York City, but this is not a registering machine, and merely serves to check the watch held by the official timekeeper. Incidentally, we have Nat Fleischer's authority for stating that the clock in question is, and always has been, at least two seconds wrong!

* * *

BACK in the nineties the old California Athletic Club experimented with an electric gadget that was supposed to toll off the seconds when a knockdown occurred, the striking of a gong taking the place of the usual count intoned by the referee. One night the late Bobby Dobbs, then a crack colored lightweight, was fighting George McKenzie, an Australian boxer.

In passing, it may be noted that the Australians were the first to introduce the method now universally practiced, of a fallen boxer taking advantage of the count, and resting up to the last possible moment before arising to continue the fray. Previously, American scrappers had scrambled up immediately after being knocked down, it being considered a sign of "showing the yellow" to take a rest.

McKenzie, it seems, through some oversight, had not been put wise to the fact that the newly installed electric gong would do the counting instead of the third man in the ring. Consequently, when floored by Dobbs in the twentieth round, the Australian made no attempt to arise, but remained on one knee, waiting for the referee's count. The gong started its fateful toll. At the tenth stroke, the referee patted George on the back, and informed him that he was out. McKenzie, still strong and full of fight, protested bitterly, but Dobbs was duly declared victor. It was small consolation to the loser that erratic behavior by the new electric machine, later on, resulted in the California Club officials dispensing with its services and reverting to the old, time-honored methods of the count-out.

Doubtless it would be a good thing if some invention could be doped out that would decide beyond argument as to what really happens or does not happen between the ropes for up to date the old theory of the quickness of the hand deceiving the eye has been amply demonstrated in many ring encounters. After every big fight, or, for that matter, after most ball games, or any contest where the action is swift and continuous, there are a thousand heated arguments among the spectators. Every man believes that he sees, and nine-tenths of them see incorrectly.

Down in New Orleans, an invention is being tried out which may do away with the official knockdown timekeeper. It is an automatic timepiece, which is set into action when a knockdown occurs and clangs out the seconds.

* * *

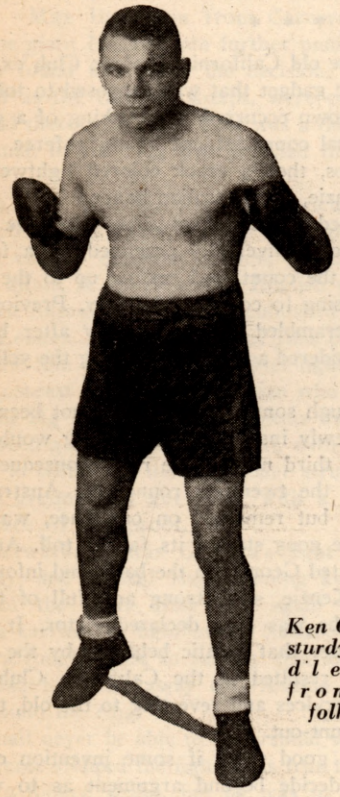
THEN in 1922 Harry Wills knocked out Kid Norfolk in the second round of a fight at old Madison Square Garden, there was a quaint diversity of opinion among the sport writers as to how the winning wallop was delivered, and just what it was. One scribe described it as a right uppercut to the chin, another was certain a left hook laid Norfolk in the dust, still another cast his vote for a straight right jolt to the jaw, and so on, ad lib. The late Bill McGeehan admitted that he didn't see the deciding punch land at all, and simplified matters by calling it Harry Wills's invisible sleep-producer. Some of the press lads said Norfolk quit without being kayoed. But the point is that not one of the experts agreed with another as to what really occurred.

Seeing is believing, hey? Maybe it is, and you say your eyes are just as reliable as anyone else's. But when two fast men are scuffling around a ring, milling rapidly with both hands, it's a sweet expert who can keep toll of the blows actually struck. In a close mixup, with the fighters standing toe to toe and hurling punches in ding-dong style, can you really pick out the effective blows and separate them from the ones which land, or are blocked? You say you can, and maybe you think so, but *can* you do it, on the level?

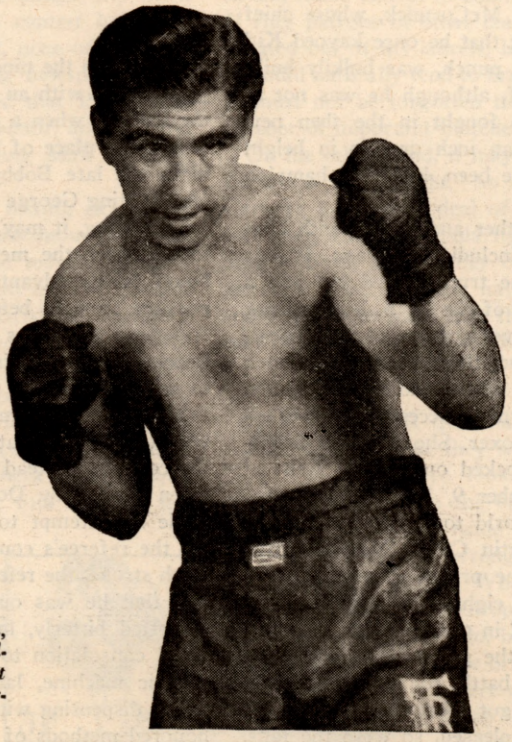
After any big fight, pick up the New York morning papers on the day following and scan the "fight by *(Continued on page 48)*

Rising Young Fighters

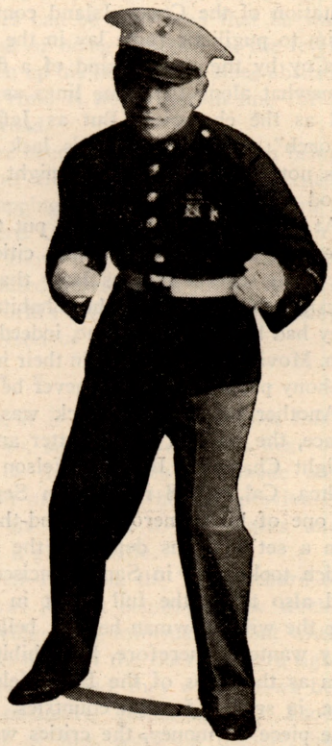
Prospects Who Are Blasting Their Way to Recognition



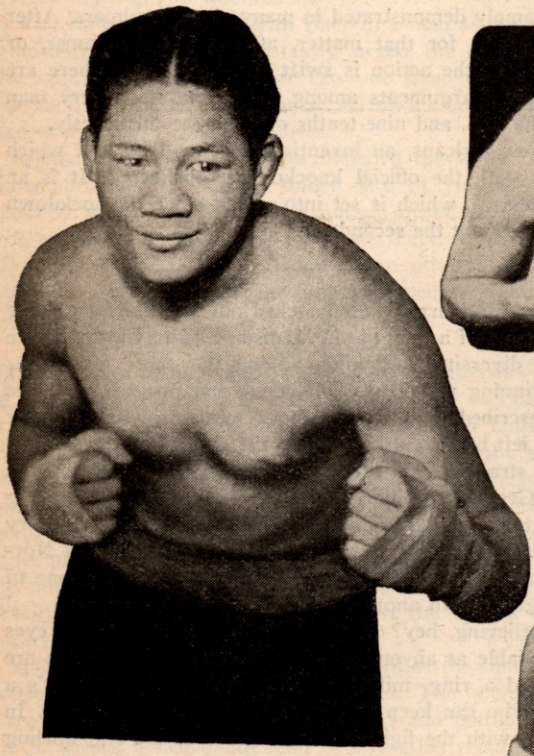
Ken Overlin, sturdy middle weight from Norfolk, Va.



Tommy Romano, classy welterweight from Schenectady, New York.

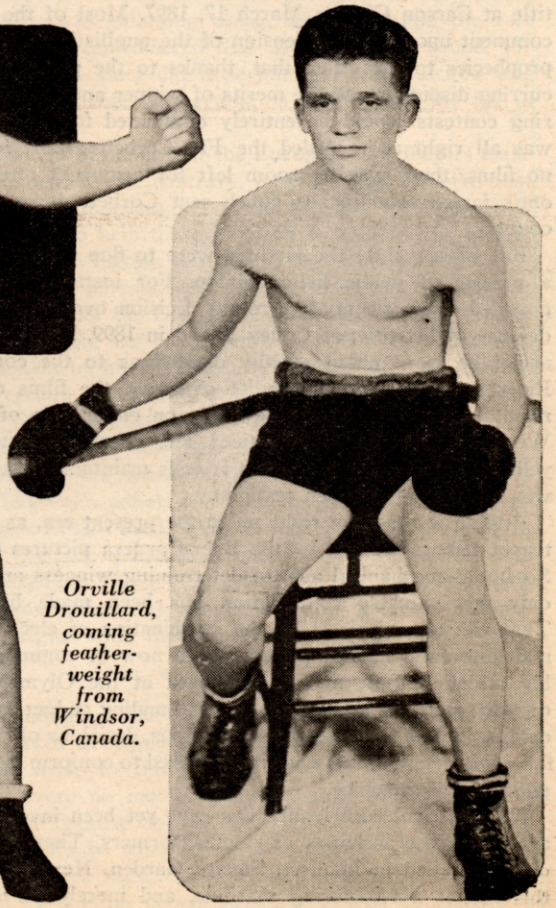


Leroy Brown, rugged light-heavyweight from Charleston, S. C.



Ralph Chong, up and coming New Orleans Chinese middleweight.

Steve Dudas, rising young heavyweight from New Jersey.



Orville Drouillard, coming featherweight from Windsor, Canada.

Great Little Fighter

Austin Rice Once Fought Three Twenty-Round Battles in a Month — Would be a Whirlwind Among Present Day Fighters

By PATSY HALEY

EVEN at the fanning bees of old-timers one seldom hears mentioned the name of Austin Rice, and yet in a day when such fighters as Terry McGovern, Tim Callahan, George Munroe, George Dixon, and Eddie Lenny, among others, held the center of the stage, Austin Rice was considered great. He was a wonderful little fighting machine, and were he one of the active participants within the squared circle today, he would easily be the champion.

He was a sturdy little fellow, and the best proof is to be found in his record, which shows that twenty- and twenty-five-round bouts were at times a weekly activity with him, and that in these long fights he met and defeated some of the greatest bantams and featherweights of all time.

Rice began battling as a professional back in 1905, and he held a place among the stellar performers for ten years. In a short *résumé* it is impossible to give even a hint of the ring activities of Austin Rice, but just a glance at some of his more important fights.

One of the feats that first brought fame and prestige to Terry McGovern was the knock-out he scored over Austin Rice toward the end of 1898. Rice by that time had fought and defeated almost all the leading bantams, and it was generally thought he was headed toward the championship. For thirteen rounds he held the upper hand on McGovern, but in the fourteenth round McGovern got home to the stomach and jaw his terrific punches, and Rice was knocked out.

Draw With Kelly

ONE occasion on which Rice proved his qualities as a sterling little fighting machine was on February 26, 1900, when he was pitted against Sammy Kelly in a twenty-round bout at Brooklyn, N. Y. Eddie Lenny was to have been Kelly's opponent, but at the last minute illness prevented his going through with the bout.

Rice was invited to take the place of Lenny and, although he had three weeks before gone through a hard twenty-round bout with Tommy Sullivan, he gladly consented to go against the clever Kelly. The betting favored the latter, but those who had given odds against Rice were treated to a big surprise. In every round Rice carried the fight to his opponent, and it was only by a wonderful exhibition of cleverness that Kelly was able to save himself from defeat. The bout was declared a draw.

Some of the hardest fights that Rice had during his very active career were those against Andy Daly. The latter was a sturdy two-fisted fighter who had a better than average knowledge of the inside points of the game and, better still, could apply that knowledge. On June 2, 1900, Rice and Daly hooked up for the first time.

The bout was for twenty rounds, and from the opening gong until the final tap the pair fought at a lively clip. Daly depended upon his aggressiveness and the strength of his wallop, while Rice was far the cleverer of the two. Try as he would, however, neither lad could gain an advantage that would entitle him to the victory, so that the referee decided the bout a draw.

Less than two months later the pair were brought together again and this time Daly scored a victory in twelve rounds. Later, however, Rice avenged this defeat, for in a bout at Lawrence, Mass., on December 28, 1912, he administered an artistic beating to Daly.

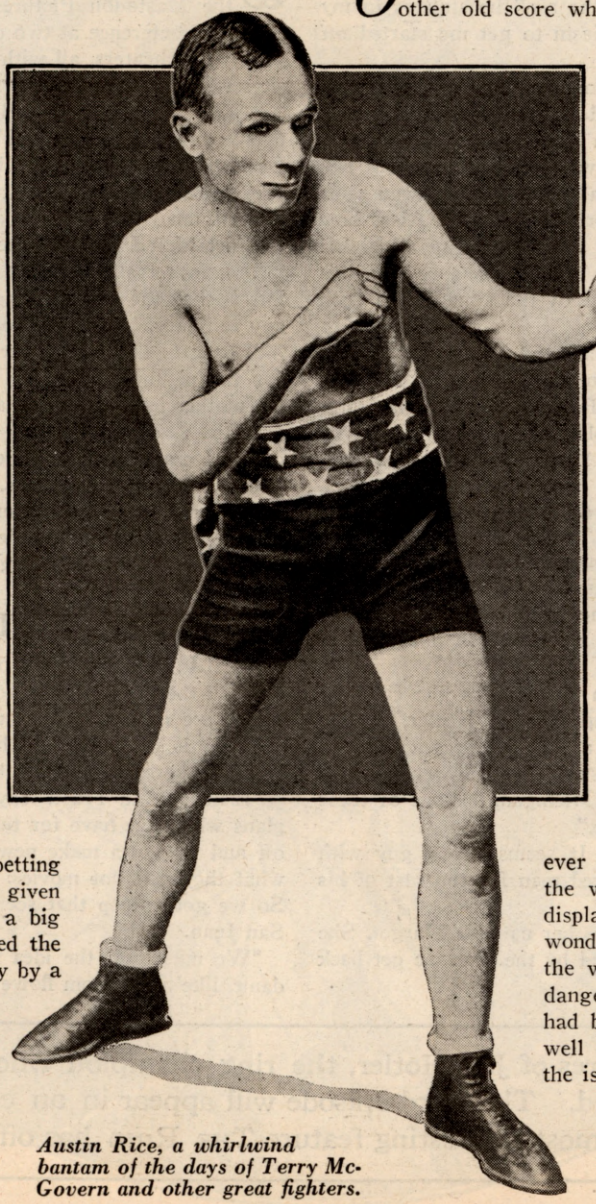
Knocks Murphy Out

ON January 17, 1901, at New Haven, Rice evened up another old score when in fifteen rounds he knocked out Hugh Murphy. The year previous Murphy had defeated him in twelve rounds, and many favored Murphy to repeat his victory in the second encounter, but Rice in this battle was complete master of the situation.

Throughout the fight he made a punching bag of Murphy, who was hardly able to lay a glove upon him. A few weeks after the fight with Murphy, Rice took on Hugh McPadden in a fifteen-round bout. McPadden was game enough, but he was not the equal of Rice at any angle of the game. By frequent clinching, he managed to stay the limit. The referee declared the bout a draw, although the spectators were all satisfied that Rice had made the better showing.

A notable win was scored by Rice on February 26, 1901, when, in a twenty-round bout at New London, he was awarded a verdict over Tommy Sullivan. The latter was one of the great featherweights of the time and it took a mighty good fighter to defeat him.

Rice had to show everything he ever possessed in the fighting line to score the win, but he was at his best and his display of generalship against Sullivan was wonderful. The fight was a close one all the way. At no time was either man in danger of going out. But what advantage had been gained rested with Rice, and he well deserved the decision. So close had the issue been between them that a month later they were brought together again. This time the battle went twenty rounds and was declared a draw. *(Continued on page 45)*



Austin Rice, a whirlwind bantam of the days of Terry McGovern and other great fighters.

Joe Hotler Begins to

Boxing Champion Finds He Will Be: 1, A Boy in a Mine; 2, A Salesman in a Five- and Ten-Cent Store; 3, A Lad on a Farm

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

SUNDAY

WELL, I am strictly off dames. This here Pilger gal which does not like me going into the movies, gets the air from me, and from now on, I attend to business and stop being the playboy, on account of the playboy gathers no paint cards, and the lazy squirrel puts away no chestnuts.

So this Jake Zinzel, of the Mastodon Pictures, for which I do my stuff on the screen, comes in about noon and wakes me up and says, "I am outlining with you the scheme for your career. First thing is, no dames." So I holler out, "You're telling me! I give them all the ozone."

Well, at this time a jane by the name of Gussie, which I meet in the Knickknack Club the night before, blows in and you should see this here Jake Zinzel. "The air, the air," he stutters in my ear, as he is burning up with enthusiasm to get me started off on my movie career.

Well, the Gussie gal refuses to take any hints and she says, "I hear you go into the movies and chase this here Durante back to Mulberry Street. What you need is the feminine instinct to guide you in your dealings with them gyps which run the talkie trade. What you need is a gal like me to run your finances, which from now on get very complicated. Also, how do I shape up for a leading lady?" She shapes up all right!

Well, I interduce her to Jake, and her face gets red and his face gets purple, so I take advantages of the situation to dash in and grab myself a shower.

Gussie leaves after three or four hours and Jake says, "So you give them all the air, eh? Well, tomorrow morning is the conference in the office of the Mastodon Pictures. Be there not later as ten o'clock and we will mop up a plan, and a scenario for you to make your debust in the pictures. Also, please give them gals the air—for sure."

MONDAY

I AM up very early before breakfast and dash into the offices of the Mastodon Pictures in the Colossal Building. I get there right on time, at eleven, which may be an hour late for other folks but is right on the dot for Joe Hotler, champ.

Well, I am in the reception room waiting for the call and a coupla gals come in to meet the champ. "Oh, Mr. Hotler," hollers a blonde, "I am so thrilled to meet a real fighter with one of them cauliflower ears. I never have seen a cauliflower lug. My dad raises cauliflower on the farm in Michigan, but one of these lugs is something entirely new to me."

Well, do I burn up! Am I sore! It seems like a guy with one of them vegetable ears is a marked man for the rest of his natural lives.

So I date her up for lunch. It seems her name is Margot. She eats half of the stock in the Astor and by the time we get back Jake Zinzel is having a fit.

"You give all the gals the air, eh?" he snickers. "And you go out with a dame and leave the entire Mastodon Pictures waiting, while half a dozen members of our Brain Trust is knocking their brains to pieces trying to dope out something for your debust on the screen. Why, oh, why, do I ever have anything to do with fighters?"

"Don't forget, Jake, this is Joe Hotler, champeen of the world," I remind him. "I merely go out for a snack with a gal and you would think I run away with your wife."

"No such luck," says Jake. "Now the Brain Trust is upset, and we gotta come back tomorrow morning."

TUESDAY

WELL, we have this here conference of the big minds of the Mastodon Pictures. I get up early this time and we start the conference at two o'clock in the afternoon. There is six guys with cheaters, all with note books and wise looks, and they sit scratching their heads.

"As I get it, Mr. Zinzel," starts the chief brain, "you want that Joe Hotler here should bust into the movies and chase Jimmy Durante off the screen. Well, Joe's schnozz is big enough. He is very picturesque on account of he has a cauliflower ear."

Well, am I burned up? Never in my life am I so conscious of the facts that I have this here now cauliflower listener, so I say, "Boys, forget all about the ear on account of tomorrow I visit Dr. Nishel, the famous surgeon, and he makes the lug look like any ordinary, housebroke ear."

"Listen to the gonif, hear him talk," shouts Jake. "I sign him for the pictures as he has a cauliflower ear, which draws out the mother instinct in the lady customers, and makes them sympathetic. And here he says he wants to fix the ear. Am I nuts, or am I crazy? Why do I ever get mixed up with box fighters? I am warned about fighters, and now I know it was my unlucky day when I sign this Hotler guy."

Well, he sits there purple-like—"Franzie, bring me the bicarb at once. My stomach is jiggling."

WEDNESDAY

WELL, the argument over the cauliflower lug takes about all the time there is, so we adjourn the meeting until today. Again we meet in the grand offices of the Mastodon Pictures, and they is six guys with cheaters, all with note books, and three stenographers, all with plat-blonde hair and them dreamy eyes.

"Listen, Brain Trust," says Jake Zinzel right at the start. "The plans which we have for the debust picture of Mr. Hotler is all off and we gotta make new ones. The churches is aroused over what they call hot movies. Bill Hays says no more sexy stuff. So we gotta drop that scenario in which this here Hotler is a San Juan.

"We must quit the idea that this Hotler goes from dame to dame, like a bee from flower to flower, and from honeysucker to

In this issue the adventures of Joe Hotler, the ring champion who wants to be a motion picture star, are continued. The third episode will appear in an early issue. Do not fail to follow Joe in the most interesting feature THE RING has offered in many years.

Clean Up the Movies

honeysucker, until finally he is thrown in jail and marries the gal he meets on the farm, which pays his fine and then they raise chickens and children.

"The movie people object to a picture in which anybody raises chickens and children, as this brings up all sorts of physi—well, the customers begin to ask, which came first, the hen or the rooster? And what happens? There is consternation, that's what! We must frame this Hotler debust according to the new ideas for clean pictures for clean people. Say, there's an idea for a slogan. Franzie, put that down—'Clean Pictures For Clean People.' We will use that in our ads."

"Mr. Zinzel, if I may make so bold as to suggest an e-mendment," lisps one of the Brain Trust. "How about 'Clean Movies for Clean Minds?' "

"Pollyanna Pictures for Particular Pipple," snorts a guy with a pipe, and walks outta the room, whereupon we adjourn again and I take one of them plat blondes with the dreamy eyes to dinner on account of I am very sympathetic with blondes with dreamy eyes.

They're the kind of girlies who makes everyone sit up an' take notice. Don't-cha know that I'd rather have one of them blondes in my company than have a meal? Yes, sir, they're the peaches and cream.

THURSDAY

THE next day the six guys with the cheaters is joined by six other birds, and four more secretaries. The manager of the scenario department, which is Fred Flincker, is in on this and he sits down with a can of bicarbonate of soda right next to him.

"We waste too much time framing up this Hotler picture on account of nobody knows if he can make a picture, and if he can, maybe nobody cares, anyway," says Flincker.

"You always are joking, Mr. Flincker," I say to him and make a little innocent pass at him, for fun. Well, it seems it has something on it and much to my surprises, this here Flincker passes out. I do not know my own strength. I throw some cold water on him, and he gives me a nasty look. He grabs a towel and a handful of bicarb, and he says, to wit, as follows:

"This here picture must be clean. Get me? It must appeal to the growing American boys and girls, and it must bring out the father instinct and the mother instinct, and do it all in a clean way. Suppose this Hotler is a salesman in a five- and ten-cent store? He falls in love with sweet, innocent-like Jeanie Barlow, which sells diapers on the next counter. By holding up a diaper every now and then Jeanie—

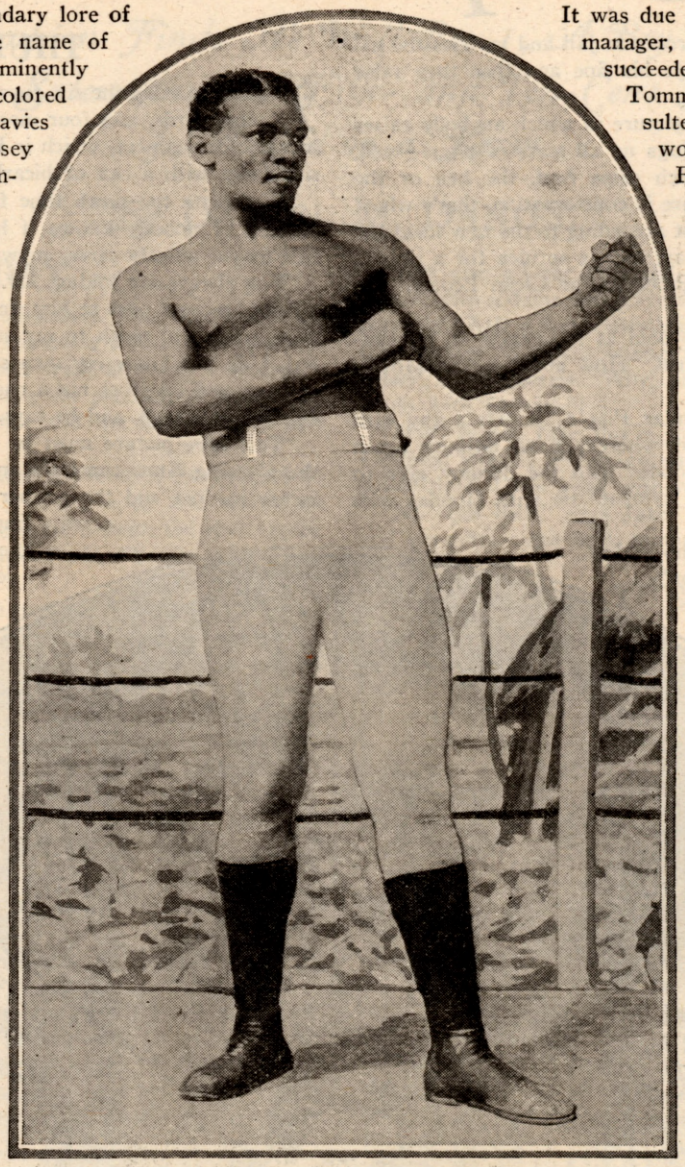
(*Continued on page* 46)

PETER JACKSON,

IN the historical and legendary lore of the Queensbury ring, the name of Peter Jackson shines pre-eminently as that of the greatest of colored glove gladiators. Three super-heavies —John L. Sullivan, Jack Dempsey and Max Baer—attained the summit of fame as white fistic idols, but among his own race Jackson's reputation as acknowledged king of the big fellows remains practically unchallenged.

When colored fighters of the feather, light or welter grades show promise nowadays, they are inevitably measured by the George Dixon, Joe Gans and Joe Walcott standards, even though the members of that remarkable trio are but shadows peering out of the mystic past, so far as the present generation of ring patrons is concerned. And while Jackson dates still farther back than little George or the two Joes, it is by the imposing figure of Peter, who was born on the island of St. Croix, near Porto Rico, July 8, 1861, that historians are wont to appraise the merits of his successors in the Negro heavyweight division.

With the possible exception of Jack Johnson, none of the said successors can be listed according to the status of excellence set by Peter Jackson as a supreme scientist, wily general, and all-round formidable warrior. Yet, there have been some admirable Negro heavies who ranked only second to Johnson, such as Denver Ed Martin, Sam McVey, Joe Butler, Frank Childs, Joe Jeannette, Sam Langford and, in later years, Harry Wills and George Godfrey. And, as a matter of fact, it may be admitted that the best of the big white fellows when Johnson wore the crown were rather mediocre performers compared with the terrific-punching Langford or clever Jeannette.



Peter Jackson when in his heydey.

* * *

IN the heyday of his prime, it was only from the slugging representatives of his own race that Johnson had any reason to fear a threat to his supremacy, but these were dangerous enough to provide him with serious competition. With Johnson out of the running, it is quite probable that either Langford or Jeannette might have scaled the world's heavyweight championship heights had they been allowed to cross the color line, which has proved such a tremendous handicap to all boxers of their race.

There was no lack of fitting opponents for Peter Jackson, for the latter's era furnished an ample sufficiency of first-class, big milling men. As much cannot be said for present times. Having decisively disposed of Schmeling and Carnera, the prevailing opinion seems to be that Max Baer stands head and shoulders in point of ability over the rest of the modern heavyweight crop, with but little to dread from either Steve Hamas or Art Lasky, the leading contenders for his title.

It was due to the astute piloting of his foxy manager, Sam Fitzpatrick, that Johnson succeeded in obtaining a match with Tommy Burns in Australia, which resulted in Jack winning the coveted world's heavyweight laurel. Lacking Fitzpatrick's expert guidance, Johnson might have been sidetracked until he had struck the down grade, and was no longer to be feared by his contemporaries.

When Jack Dempsey was champion, Harry Wills loomed up as the "Black Menace" of his day. He repeatedly challenged for the title and was as consistently ignored. Wills was clearly within his rights and backed up by the New York Boxing Commission in demanding this match as the logical contender. But the late Tex Rickard, ever nursing resentful memories of the Johnson-Jeffries imbroglio with its unpleasant aftermath, due to a colored man becoming champion, remained hostile to all suggestions of a Dempsey-Wills bout.

* * *

OTHER promoters followed suit, and Wills wailed in vain for just recognition. However, when the Negro was finally paired off with Jack Sharkey, it became evident that Wills was a misfit for the Johnson or Jackson shoes, for the former able seaman whipped him decisively, winning on a foul in 13 rounds. The Wills bubble burst in 1926, and Dempsey must have suffered considerable chagrin when reflecting upon the "easy money" he passed up by ignoring Big Harry.

Wills never amounted to much after the Sharkey affair, and no representative colored heavyweight hove into view until George Godfrey began breaking into the sport headlines. George scaled 240 in fighting trim, stood six feet three inches, and was a veritable Hercules of no mean boxing ability.

But the old color-line handicap played Hades with Godfrey's career. The giant black was "under a pull" in many important contests. Only the men on the inside knew what was going to happen when Godfrey stripped for action. It is generally conceded that he would have gone far in his profession if allowed to scrap on the level.

Fate, as represented by the "fixers" and "sure-thing" experts, willed otherwise. George had to mill as he was ordered, or stop eating. Ultra-virtuous folk may scorn such double-dealing, but playing straight under such harassing conditions isn't quite as simple as it sounds for a colored boxer.

* * *

YET, strangely enough, George Godfrey was the most potent force that went toward the making of Carnera world's champion. Carnera and Godfrey met in 1930 at Philadelphia, the Italian being declared victor on a foul in the fifth round. Up to

King of Negro Heavies

By GEORGE T. PARDY

that time Primo was not taken seriously as a championship contender. For that was the year he made his American début by kayoing Big Boy Peterson in Madison Square Garden. After which he was starred in the notorious "sucker" tour across the continent, scoring knockouts over a rich variety of saps of the "has-been" and "never-was" type, an array of rank setups such as was never before heard of, or seen, in Fistiana's history.

Giving Carnera his due, it is probable the big, unsophisticated chap had nothing more than a faint idea of how he was being exploited, and fondly imagined that he was a genuine killer. None the less, he was looked upon as a freak and ballyhoo performer. Yet he learned how to handle himself, as a result of constant glove practice, and showed vast improvement in form when he stacked up against Godfrey.

Just the same, the Negro was winning handily, when, in the fifth frame, without a shadow of excuse, he deliberately hit Primo below the belt and was promptly disqualified. The Pennsylvania boxing authorities were so thoroughly convinced that Godfrey had "thrown" the fight, that they suspended George the day following the battle and it was many a moon before the Negro was again permitted to box in the Keystone State.

That affair, to all intents and purposes, wound up Godfrey's activities as an important ring factor and he faded right out of the pugilistic picture and later turned to wrestling as a livelihood. Yet, though many boxing critics, including the writer, saw the "fight" from the same sinister angle as the Pennsylvania Boxing Commission members, others were not so sure that Primo hadn't won on his merits.

Anyway, there was a general feeling that a scrapper wasn't altogether to be sneered at who could make a fairly decent showing against such a formidable cuss as Godfrey. So the Carnera boom immediately assumed colorful proportions, and its final results are a matter of recent ring history.

* * *

WHILE Peter Jackson also had the color-line bar to contend with, it is worthy of record that although he could have enriched his bank account on several occasions, had he consented to fight "under orders," his reputation as a square battler was as clean as the proverbial hound's tooth. He learned the A-B-C of his profession in what was probably the roughest boxing school on earth, Larry Foley's Hall, in Sydney, Australia. Foley himself had made a reputation with the bare knuckles as a notable slugger, and later, with the gloves, as a master-scientist. Although no heavier than a middleweight, he met and defeated heavyweights all through his spectacular ring career. After his retirement, when he opened the bar run in conjunction with boxing shows at the celebrated "Hall," Larry Foley was universally looked up to as Sydney's fistic boss, and thither came fighting men and glove patrons from all parts of the globe.

There was short shrift given to any contestant in a Foley show who showed the slightest unwillingness to stand up and mix it. Science was far from being at a discount, but mere boxing for points was a thing for scorn in the eyes of the Australian sports of that rugged day. Foley's fighters had to tear in and punch from the first to the last bell, or get thrown out of the ring. A sovereign, or what amounted to about five dollars in U. S. currency, was the usual reward for a winner of one of the six-round affrays which made up the Foley bill, the loser resting content with half of that generous amount, and his bruises, as compensation.

Peter, topper and all, as he appeared in gala costume.

The tombstone of the great Negro, placed over his grave in Australia. This was erected by popular subscription.

* * *

IT was about 1882 when Jackson first entered the Foley lists. For an entire year Peter filled the rôle of chopping block for more experienced men, but gradually the giant black, lean and supple as a panther, long in the reach, and possessed of a quick-thinking, intelligent mind, mastered the finer points of the game and progressed until he became known throughout Australia as the most scientific and, at the same time, the most punishing hitter that the ring had known in a decade.

His greatest rival was Frank (Paddy) Slavin, a two-handed, tiger-like scrapper, who was conceded to be the best of the white brigade. The rivalry between the pair sharpened into keen animosity. On one occasion they collided in a rough-and-tumble affair in Foley's bar, in which Slavin's supporters claimed their man had the better of the going, before Larry separated them, while Peter's adherents were as emphatic in their assertions that the black held the winning hand.

Such were the fighting men of that day, so jealous of their battling renown and disdainful of monetary rewards that they were ready to join battle at any place or time, out of sheer pride, in their ability to knock the other fellow's block off. Times have changed since then!

Can you, by any stretch of the imagination, figure Max Baer heading into a mauling bee with Steve Hamas outside of the ropes, just because he heard Steve had said he could lick him? Our star scrappers today are business men who never give away stuff they can sell. Which is strictly in line with the demands of a strictly commercial age, but one cannot help feeling that there is much to be said in favor of the old-timers' magnifi-

cent contempt for consequences and the filthy lucre.

* * *

PETER met with one reverse during his Australian career, when he was knocked out with a body punch by Bill Farnham, a terrific right-hand hitter. Later, a second meeting resulted in a draw. Efforts made to bring Slavin and Jackson together came to nothing, as Slavin insisted on the match taking place in Melbourne, whereas Jackson wanted Sydney as the place of battle. Slavin claimed the championship of Australia then, but Jackson, who had already made arrangements to go to America, made no attempt to dispute the title ownership with him.

Peter's first engagement in the United States was at the California Athletic Club, when he knocked out the original George Godfrey, the then colored champion of America, and incidentally the man from whom the present George Godfrey, whose real name is Feab S. Williams, borrowed his fighting nom de plume. Jackson whipped Godfrey in nineteen rounds on August 24, 1888. In the same year he knocked out Joe McAuliffe, the "Mission Boy" in twenty-four frames. Patsey Cardiff, best remembered as the man on whom John L. Sullivan broke his arm, fell a victim to Jackson in ten rounds, the year following.

Peter was by this time a sensation in American ring circles. His showing, when he knocked out George McCormick at Hoboken in two rounds, delighted the critics, and later in other engagements at Chicago, Detroit and Buffalo, the big colored boxer defeated all his opponents with such workmanlike ease that Charles E. (Parson) Davies, the most prominent fight-manager of the age, became his pilot, and challenged the world on Peter's behalf.

With Davies, Jackson sailed for England. In London he met and defeated all comers at the Royal Aquarium during a three weeks' engagement. On November 11, 1889, he fought the British champion, Jem Smith, before the Pelican Club, winning on a foul in six minutes; when Smith, bewildered and enraged at the punishment he received, and unable to break through the colored man's wonderful defense, grappled with Jackson and tried to throw him over the ropes. Slavin was also in London at this time, but although there was talk of a match between the two great rivals, nothing came of it.

During a tour of the British Isles, following his defeat of Smith, Jackson met all comers. Among his opponents was Peter Maher, then a youngster just coming into the limelight in his native land. Jackson sparred a couple of rounds with Maher before a huge crowd at the Leinster Hall, Dublin, but the Irish lad was so bewildered by Peter's dazzling speed that he was absolutely helpless, and an early halt was called to save the Celt from further punishment.

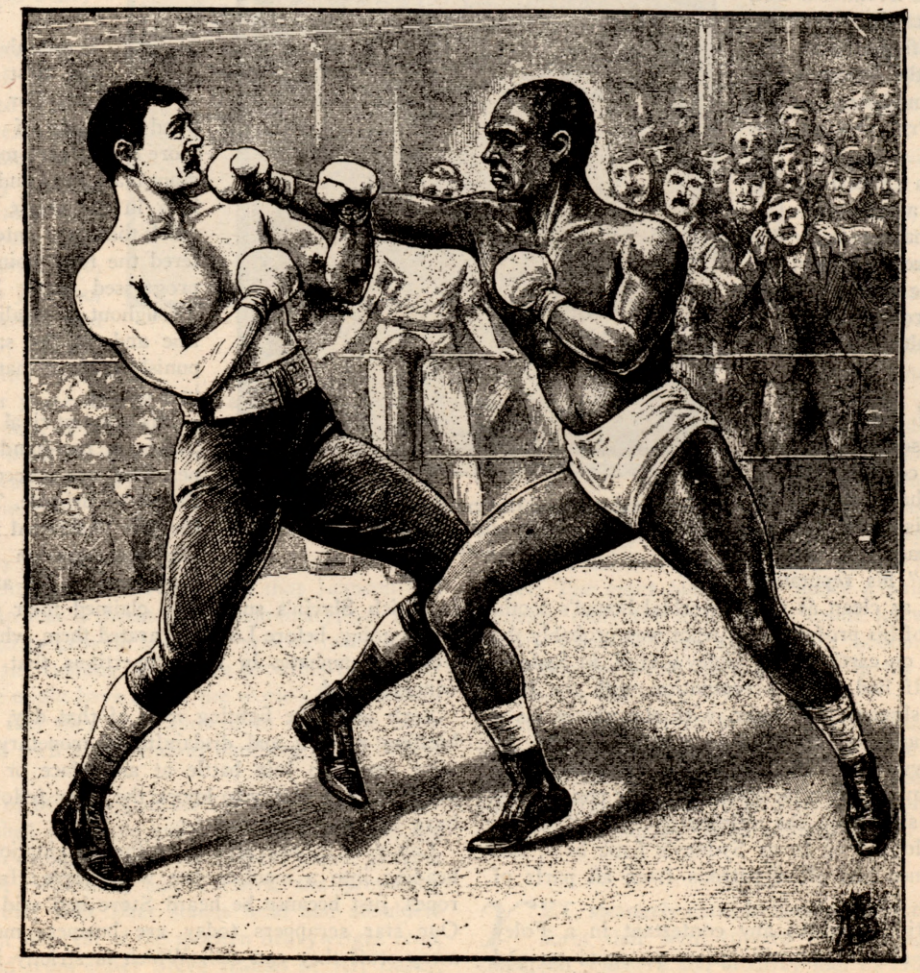
* * *

FOR a while Jackson ran a saloon in San Francisco, but tiring of this venture he decided to revisit Australia, and fought an eight-round draw with Joe Goddard there in 1890 Peter was not in his usual good ring form on that occasion. He had been living high and enjoying himself, and the rough-tough Barrier Giant, as Goddard was called, carried the fight to him with such savagery that Jackson had to call upon all his reserves of ring knowledge and science to stand off Joe's rushes.

On May 21, 1890, Jackson and Jim Corbett met before the California Athletic Club for a purse guarantee of $8,500 winner, and $1,500 to the loser. Corbett had stopped Choynski in a fierce twenty-seven-round battle, beaten Jake Kilrain on points in six rounds and defeated many minor lights of pugilism. It is not exaggerating Corbett's prowess to assert that he was probably the speediest big man that ever donned a glove, although as in every case where hitting power is sacrificed to speed he did not qualify as a kayo puncher.

Jackson had about eleven pounds on Jim, otherwise they were evenly enough matched as regards height and reach. But a week prior to the fight Peter, while indulging in his favorite pastime of driving a fast trotter, was thrown from his seat to the road when his horse shied and bolted. His left leg was injured and Parson Davies wanted to pay forfeit and postpone, or call off, the match. This Peter would not consent to. He was so supremely confident of his ability to whip Corbett that he laughingly told his manager that he could defeat the Californian, even if he had only one leg to stand on.

Old-timers are wont to state that the Corbett-Jackson battle was the most beautiful exhibition of fast scientific fighting between big men that ever took place in the squared circle. At times it was a hammer-and-tongs affair, with both men trying for the knockout, again they slowed down and fought cautiously at long range, but up to the twenty-second round it was anybody's fight.



The exhibition between two stalwarts at Leinster Hall, Dublin—Peter Maher and Peter Jackson.

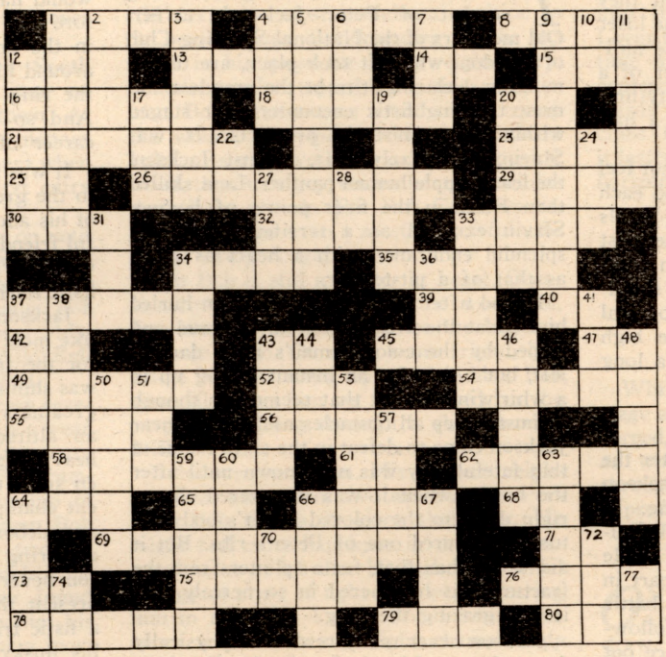
Jackson, however, was paying for having underestimated the brilliant youngster who was afterward destined to deprive John L. Sullivan of his title. As the contest went on, Peter's injured leg began to handicap him badly, to such an extent, indeed, that he was often forced to rely solely on counter-hitting, not being able to follow up Corbett after he had landed a telling smash.

Along about the twenty-fifth round Corbett's left arm was partially crippled, and Jackson's lameness compelled the black to stay en-

(Cont. on page 44)

CROSS WORDS

CAN YOU SOLVE THEM?



HORIZONTAL

1. Provisions. 4. To suit.
8. Chilled.
12. Peak.
13. Bones of the forearm.
14. Versus.
15. Garden implement.
16. Angry.
18. Residence.
20. Thus.
21. With the most talent.
23. Language of Northern India.
25. Royal Engineers.
26. Country in Europe.
29. Units.
30. Small serpent.
32. Immediately.
33. Sage.
34. Helps.
35. San Francisco lightweight.
37. The "Pueblo Fireman".
39. Overhead railway.
40. Part of the verb to be.
42. Lousiana University (Abbr.).
43. Justice of the Peace.
45. Magnesian mineral.
47. Associated Press (Abbr.).
49. Setting fire to property.
52. Part of the body.
54. Incline.
55. Distinct noise.
56. To blossom.
58. The "Dublin Giant".
61. To a higher place.
62. Wrestler who depended on roughnes to get by.
64. Texas home of theology (Abbr.).
65. Old Virginny (Abbr.).
66. A workshop.
68. Knight of the Bath.
69. Piercing spiral part of the screw.
71. Man's nickname.
73. Independent Press (Abbr.).
75. Perennial plants.
76. Form of measure.
78. Minneapolis heavyweight.
79. Inquire.
80. Boxers and wrestlers work out there.

VERTICAL

1. Bantamweight king of 1902.
2. A stone. 3. Clothe.
4. A girl's name.
5. Old-time heavyweight.
6. River in Spain.
7. Evening.
9. Greatest Jewish heavyweight of the modern era.
10. Eastern Ohio.
11. Belgian lightweight
12. Headdress.
17. Golf mound. 19. A toast.
20. Apathetic person.
22. Town team (Abbr.).
24. Born.
27. Received.
28. Refusal.
31. To work at.
33. Negro heavyweight.
34. Same as 32 Horizontal.
36. Meadow.
37. Level.
38. One of the trickiest of the Russian matmen.
41. Juice of plants.
43. Former New York middleweight champ.
44. Close friend.
46. The "Joplin Ghost".
48. Andrew Peltier fought under the name of ———.
50. "Phainting Phil".
51. Order of Knights Fair (Abbr.).
53. Hard punching featherweight who was going good in 1928.
57. Free.
59. Age Peter Maher quit the fight game.
60. Always.
63. Wrestler who came from Esthonia.
64. Middleweight champ of Europe.
66. Welterweight champ of Germany.
67. Produced by birds.
70. Of age (Abbr.).
72. Twenty-four hours.
74. Father.
77. Messieurs (Abbr.)

Answers on Page 45

Brothers in Pugilism

(Continued from page 19)

top, but unfortunately he fell just short of the goal.

The other brother, Henry, confined his activities to the lightweight class and, needless to say, he never made anyone forget Gans, Nelson, or Leonard. But he did put the damper on a "comeback" attempt by Charley White, by dropping the old Chicago veteran down the chimney in the second round. Henry established some sort of a record in 1931 when he lost every battle in which he took part. Seven straight defeats.

The Perlick twins call Kalamazoo, Mich., their home.

The Dundee boys, Joe and Vince, are one pair who bid fair to win themselves a boxing title. Joe, as you know, has already won his, being an ex-welter champion. Vince is recognized in the United States as middleweight title-holder, but I think the honor rightfully belongs to Marcel Thil, the Frenchman. Though his title is more or less synthetic, Vince is one of the best middleweights in the business.

The Dundee family name is Lazzaro and they call Baltimore, Md., their home.

* * *

PANCHO VILLA came out of the Philippine Islands, a little brown man, a veritable cyclone in action that swept everything before him, including Jimmy Wilde, to win the flyweight title. Villa was one of the greatest little men ever to lace on a glove, and his tragic death at the height of his career was a serious blow to the flyweight division. A year ago, Pancho's "kid" brother came to this country to regain the laurels for the Philippines. His ring name is "Little Pancho" and he is a bantam. Fighting on the Pacific Coast, he has already compiled a remarkable record against some of the best boys in the business. He shows signs of following in the footsteps of his illustrious brother.

A decade ago, the Zivic brothers, Jack and Pete, were very much in the limelight. Both were topnotchers. Jack, a lightweight, might have won a title but for his inclination to throw his shoulder out of joint every time he missed a husky swing. Pete, the older of the two, fought in the bantam class and mingled with the best the division had to offer. After Jack and Pete reached the end of the rope, their two "kid" brothers, Eddie and Fritzie, took over the fistic fortunes of the Zivic family. They got started just a short time ago, so it is too early to see if they will be able to fill their big brothers' shoes successfully.

The Petrolle brothers, Billy and Frankie, are a pretty hard pair to crack—Billy in particular. Old Billy's greatest mistake was that he was born thirty years too late. What a whiz he'd have been in the old "finish" fight days. Too bad the game hasn't more Billy Petrolles within its ranks.

Brother Frankie is a fair-to-middling warrior but he'll never be the battler that stout-hearted old Billy was.

THERE were two of the Stribling clan who took up the gentle art of fisticuffs. W. L. "Young" Stribling of course needs no introduction as everyone is familiar with the once smiling son of the Sunny South, whose ring activities carried him to practically every country on the globe. "Baby" Stribling was the other half of the brother "act." "Baby" was a welterweight and never developed into anything better than a main-eventer in the "tank towns" along the Stribling route. "Baby" has given up the job as one too hard for him to master, and poor W. L. has passed to his last reward.

Max Baer has a kid brother ready to follow in his footsteps, a big overgrown kid tipping the beam at about 250 pounds. At the present time, it looks as though if Buddy Baer wants to emulate his famous brother, he'll have to throw away his gloves and punching bag and get a bunch of lip stick and grease paint and go to hobnobbing with Mae West and Irene Dunne instead of paling around with a bunch of "gym" birds.

There have been other brothers in boxing, of course, but the ones mentioned are perhaps the best known of brother battlers, though the Latzos, Bezenahs, Virgets, and others made quite a mark in the art of hit, stop, and get away. As yet, no brothers have each won a title unless you recognize Vince Dundee as a champion. Yet, when all is said and done, these brother combinations have developed some tiptop battlers, and plenty of them fairly reeked with "color." Oh, for more Mitchells and Gibbonses!

Peter Jackson

(Continued from page 42)

tirely on the defensive. Neither cared to take a last desperate chance. Both were angling for the world's crown, and they well knew that a defeat would put the loser out of the running. Consequently, the milling gradually assumed the character of a mere walk-around and in the sixty-first frame Referee Hiram Cook called a halt and declared it "no contest."

Under the conditions the club did not feel justified in paying the full purse, and each man received $2,500. Considering the thrills they gave the onlookers during the first twenty-five rounds, the rewards seem painfully meager, judged by latter-day standards, but fortunately for the cause of real sport, if not for the scrappers, the high finance stage of the ring was then a long way off.

* * *

IT was nearly two years after the Corbett battle before Jackson again appeared in the ring. In January, 1892, he stopped Captain Jack Dalton and Al Fish on the same night, while meeting all comers, but he took no part in a major engagement, until his epic battle with Frank Slavin in England, the following May. Two years is a serious slice out of the athletic life of a man verging on thirty, as Peter was then.

It was the old color-line story all over again! Had Jackson been a white man, there is little doubt that he would have ascended the world's championship throne. That he would have beaten Sullivan with still greater ease than did Corbett is more than likely, for Jackson, considered Corbett's equal as a boxer, also carried a kayo punch in either hand.

A general impression exists that Sullivan always drew the color line, but this is a mistake. As high a fistic authority as the late Captain Cook, former editor of the *Boston Police News,* once assured the writer that he was present when Sullivan and the first George Godfrey were stripped and ready to box at Professor Bailey's rooms, 3 Tremont Row, Boston, on September 21, 1883, when the police interfered and refused to allow the fight to proceed.

Again, in 1888, after returning to Boston from his fight with Mitchell in Chantilly, France, Sullivan publicly challenged Godfrey from the platform in the Boston Music Hall, but the match was not made. Later John L. announced that he would not fight with colored men, a determination he adhered to rigidly, with the result that Jackson was shunted aside and Corbett got the title-shot.

At this time Frank Slavin was bare-knuckle champion of England and Australia, recognized as such by the sports of the former country because of the terrific beating he administered to Jem Smith, although interference by roughs who broke the ring to save the Briton from a knock-out robbed Slavin of a fair verdict. Even Sullivan refused to meet Slavin under either the old or new rules. Jackson was universally voted to be the glove champion of both the antipodes and England. When Slavin and Peter met in London under Queensberry rules on May 30, 1892, and Jackson won by a knockout in the tenth, the latter became the undisputed champion of both "way down under" and the tight little Island.

* * *

THE Slavin battle was the greatest ring combat of Peter Jackson's career. Old members of the National Sporting Club of London, where it took place, are unanimous in declaring it to be the grandest and most thrilling fistic encounter ever staged within those historic precincts. It was Slavin, the grizzly bear, against Jackson, the lean, supple human panther. Less skilled than Peter in the finer points of boxing, Slavin excelled as a terrific slugger of splendid endurance with a heart as game as that of a pit-terrier.

Round after round the white man hurled himself at the Negro, jarred, battered and ripped by the colored man's long, darting left, but never for an instant letting up in a whirlwind assault that seemed as though it must sweep all obstacles aside. How near Jackson came to defeat in the sixth frame of that fateful fray was not known until after the battle, when it was discovered that a right drive to the colored boxer's body actually fractured one of Peter's ribs. But it did worse than that, for a splinter from the fracture was hammered in so fiercely that it was grazing the lung.

Jackson never really recovered physically from the results of that battle. For that matter, neither did Slavin. When the big white man was counted out in the tenth round he had taken a beating which would certainly have killed the average person. He was never the same man again, and although his indomitable pluck and pugnacious disposition kept him battling in the ring for many years after he had passed the usual retirement age for boxers, Frank Slavin's day as a star performer was over from the hour when he lay senseless at Jackson's feet.

The Slavin battle took place on May 30, 1892. From then until March 22, 1898, when he fought and went down to defeat in the third round before Jim Jeffries at San Francisco, Jackson did not figure in a ring encounter. Jeffries, a giant in strength, young and ambitious, was striding toward the championship goal he was afterward to attain by kayoing Fitzsimmons. With the exception of a short period during which he toured Americ a in the leading rôle of an Uncle Tom's Cabin show, Peter had spent the intervening years in England. Idolized by the London sports, wined, dined and fêted on all sides, the great colored boxer's stamina was sapped and slowly destroyed by the inroads of dissipation.

* * *

DOUBTLESS a contributing influence to Peter's progress adown the primrose path was the fact, vouched for by his biographer, Mr. A. G. Hales, the celebrated Australian novelist and sports authority, that a prominent English surgeon, after giving him a close examination, had warned the famous battler to stay out of the ring. Internal injuries sustained during the Slavin combat were responsible for the physician's decree that Jackson would not be likely to survive another grueling ring contest.

Jackson's last stand against Jeffries demonstrated that the once mighty colored fighter had nothing left except his bulldog gameness. Only in quick expiring flashes did the crowd present see the shadow of his former greatness. In the third and final round, the young and vigorous Jeffries forebore to administer the final blow that would have toppled the physical wreck before him into oblivion. With Jeff hesitating in the onslaught, and looking appealingly around him, the chief of police leaped into the ring and stopped the one-sided affair. And so the curtain dropped on the ring career of Peter Jackson.

It was not long after, that he passed over to the great majority in Australia, the land of his adoption, surrounded by a few faithful friends, who had not forgotten the days when his star shone so brightly on the pugilistic horizon.

Jackson died practically a pauper for, like most of his race, he had scant thought for the future when the sun of prosperity was shining. But as an example of pugilistic greatness he scaled the heights of fame to an altitude not attained by any colored heavyweight until Johnson flashed his golden smile upon the ring devotees. Our present champion, Max Baer, the light-hearted and debonair, is well on his way toward acquiring a millionaire status such as Jackson never dreamed of. Whether Max will present the white race with as glamorous a fistic tradition as Peter handed down to his dusky descendants, is a problem only Time can solve.

McLarnin Out to Regain the Welter Title

(Continued from page 4)

right hook, following a left jab or feint, somewhat vanished in the Ross bout.

Ross, as will be remembered, stood toe to toe and exchanged punches with his rival when occasion demanded it, and it was not he, but Jimmy, who was finally forced to give ground. However, I still think that Jimmy's rustiness was the cause of his downfall and that on September 6 he will prove himself Ross's master.

With one good fight under his belt and the sting of previous defeat to urge him on, Jimmy, in my opinion, will make good his boast to come back. He is a good fighter, always has been regarded as one of the greatest hitters, weight for weight, in recent years and I look for him to give a better account of himself in the return tilt than he did after his long period of idleness. I predict that McLarnin will regain the world's welterweight title.

Ross is a cautious, clever boxer. He is not the type who attempts to knock out his man. I do not think he possesses the punch to do that to Jimmy, whereas McLarnin, with more training under his belt, has it within his system to turn the trick on Barney. If Jimmy fails to land the punch soporific, I look for him to win the decision.

It will be a great scrap, mates. One worth going a long way to see. And your money will go a long way towards bringing Christmas cheer to the hearts of thousands of kiddies in New York City.

Son of a Champion

(Continued from page 33)

fifteen years ago and is now the ever popular life guard in Long Beach, L. I.

Back in 1922 a big overgrown South American who answered to the name of Luis Angel Firpo ambled into town. At first he was regarded in the same manner the Americans took to Primo Carnera when that mammoth Italian made his first entry in this country some years ago.

Firpo never had a pair of gloves on until he came to Nutley but Andrew MacCorkindale, the man who found Luis, foresaw in him a future champion. So Young Bob Fitzsimmons and Eddie Nugent were tendered the job of developing the Wild Bull of the Pampas, as he was later called.

Bob and Eddie studied Firpo's case carefully. Then they went to work. In a year Firpo was a sensation and before two years elapsed he was booked to fight Jack Dempsey for the heavyweight championship of the world. Back in Nutley, Young Bob Fitzsimmons and Eddie Nugent, two altruists if there ever were two, watched his climb to fame and fortune. They found solace in the fact that they gave him his start, and laid the foundations for a most sensational career.

* * *

TODAY, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jr., is living in a little world of his own. Sequestered in the hills on the outskirts of Greenwood Lake, a famous summer resort, Fitzsimmons, his lovely wife, and children live in happy contentment. Far away from the noise and turmoil of the city, the son of a great man can look back reflectively.

He can see behind him many years of earnest endeavor, during which he strove to attain the heights his father realized years before. He saw himself fail as a heavyweight champion; he saw fandom turn on him like it does on all beaten men; he saw himself slipping; he saw his championship aspirations blasted and he saw them evaporate and fade in thin air.

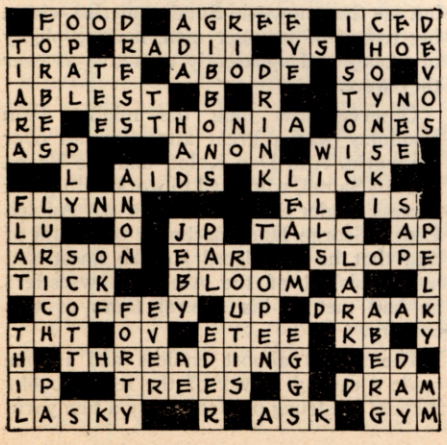
In the quiet and solitude of his home, Bob is free to reminisce. But he seldom does. Unobtrusive and never given to ostentation, the man has always shunned the spotlight, advancing the frank statement that he didn't deserve it. He knew he was the son of a great champion; one of the most popular in history; but Bob also knew that it wasn't right to sail along on someone else's reputation.

Today, if he wanted to, the man could still occupy a most prominent position in the boxing game. But, knowing that he has failed in his quest for heavyweight glory, he has quietly stepped aside for a better man. Bob Fitzsimmons would rather tramp the woods, and hills around Greenwood Lake, or spend two hours or more chopping wood, than to enjoy the acclaim and adulation of the crowds. For Bob Fitzsimmons, Jr., knows that even a most successful athlete is easily forgotten.

But Bob is still a fighter at heart. Occasionally he sneaks back to the woodshed, dons the gloves, and punches the bag for an hour or so. Or when some friend, like Eddie Nugent turns up to visit him, Bob generally lures him out to the shed for the purpose of going through a short boxing drill.

Bob loves seclusion. His nearest neighbor lives more than two miles away. Perhaps Bob enjoys it more that way. He might find more happiness in that "wilderness" home of his than his father did when that great army of fight fans were cheering him in the ring. Young Bob Fitzsimmons never won the heavyweight championship of the world. But he made a valiant attempt. And you can't hate a man for trying, can you?

Answers to Puzzle on Page 43



Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 17)

THEY called him the "Aberdeen Assassin." His slashing style of fighting made him the terror of the light-heavyweight division. His name is Leo Lomski and he is rated by experts as one of the best boxers ever developed in the West. Today this colorful scrapper of a decade ago is living in retirement in Aberdeen, Washington, earning his living as a fisherman. Leo is fat and pudgy now. He bears no resemblance to that fighter that the fans once called "Terror of the Light-heavyweight Division."

When Leo was at his best, he depended on a slashing offensive style of battle and the fine points of boxing never meant a thing to him. He made his début into the spotlight with a win over "Tiger" Flowers in Los Angeles. The great colored boy was then at the top and a victory over him paved the way for Lomski to New York and the big money, and eventually a title fight with Tommy Loughran.

Tommy Loughran, the Philadelphia boxing master and champion of all the light-heavyweights, risked his title against Lomski in New York. After fifteen sensational rounds in which Leo had Tommy on the canvas two times in the first round, Loughran was declared the winner, and still champion. Failure to win the title was a tough blow for the Coast boy and never again did he show those flashes of fighting fury that likened him to that other western terror of another era of boxing, Stanley Ketchel.

Lomski could have gone on as a top-flight fighter and might later have won the championship, but his handlers tried to change his style of slam-bang fighting, overnight, into that of a fancy boxer, patterned after the Loughran style. They sent him into the ring in Chicago to box King Levinsky and he was stopped for the first time in his career. He never rated as a contender after this fight and soon afterwards was doing all his boxing in the small clubs. Lomski's career was brief but while it lasted, he was a brilliant star on the fistic horizon.

Great Little Fighter

(Continued from page 37)

While Rice had now reached the veteran stage as far as service in the ring was concerned, he was just as active and sturdy as when for the first time he jumped through the ropes to establish himself as a professional.

Three Battles in Month

ON May 1, 1901, he met Billy Barrett in a twenty-round bout which ended in a draw. In the fall of the same year Rice again took on Barrett, but in this second encounter Barrett was knocked out in the eighth round. Some idea of how sturdy a little battler Austin Rice was may be gathered from the fact that in the month of June, 1901, he engaged in three twenty-round battles, all of which went the limit.

Nowadays, if a fighter engaged in two twenty-round battles in a year, he would think he was overworked. In the old days even the ring stars had to battle hard and frequently in order to eat.

In those three battles fought in the same month of the same year, Rice encountered Tommy Feltz twice. Feltz won the decision in their first meeting, while the second encounter resulted in a draw. The third bout was with Tommy Sullivan, which also was called a draw. In the third meeting with Tommy Feltz, which took place at Savannah, Ga., September 27, 1901, Rice lost the decision after twenty rounds of the hardest kind of milling.

Right up to the end of his career, Rice continued to hold his own with the best of them, except in the case of Terry McGovern. When McGovern was at the height of his form, he spread terror in the ranks of the bantams and featherweights and ended the championship aspirations of many great little battlers.

Austin Rice was one of these, for while in his first meeting with McGovern Rice lasted fourteen rounds, in a second encounter he was knocked out in two rounds. But Rice was a great fighter and were he in his youth and strength today he would be a whirlwind among the present crop of little fellows.

WANTED

Old boxing relics—particularly silken woven portraits of famous fighters and the colors of fighters (silk handkerchiefs), other than those of Sullivan and Kilrain.

NAT FLEISCHER, THE RING
Madison Square Garden Arcade, New York City

Joe Hotler Begins to Clean Up the Movies

(Continued from page 39)

which her name in the picture is Mary Anne —imparts to this lug the idea of romance and all that, in a nice, clean way. In fact, we will have the diapers wrapped in cellophane, to keep the picture all the cleaner."

Six of the Brain Trust go into a huddle, and when they come out, the spokesman says, "We are against five- and ten-cent store pictures. What we want is a very super clean picture. We will go to Atlantic City overnight and when we come back we will have a perfect idea."

The other six Brain Trusters clean their cheaters and announce, "So let it be. We will go to Long Beach overnight and think also, and I am sure that out of this will come a grand idea," they say, and I take another of them plat blondes with dreamy eyes to dinner, on account of by this time I am very sympathetic toward all dames with dreamy eyes, as these conferences make me think I am in a nightmare.

FRIDAY

WELL, the gang from Atlantic City and the mob from Long Beach all get together and I am in the middle.

"Well, we are in Atlantic City, by the sad sea waves, thinking, and we decide that Hotler,—or, as he is in the picture, Charles Skimmerhorn, Jr.—starts out as a boy in a mine. His parents are poor but honest folks in Scranton, Pa."

"I object to Scranton," says Flinker. "Once I am trouping in Scranton, and they let us have all the old tomatoes they can find within forty miles of the town. No, not Scranton."

"So let it be Wilkes-Barre," says Zinzel, "but let us get on with this picture, which I am nuts over yet."

"We who went to Long Beach have a different idea," says one of the Brain Trust. "We decide that Hotler, which in the picture his name is Frank Steinhister, 2nd.—is a poor lad on a farm. Gypsies steal him when he is a mere baby and they leave him in a haystack on this farm, and he grows up, little knowing that he is not old man Steinhister's boy, but the son of De Witt Smicklewort, the president of the Pickle Trust, which is grinding down all the farmers which raise pickles."

Here Zinzel lets out a whoop. "Farmers do not raise pickles. Pickles is made outta cucumbers, and I am made outta iron I should be able to sit here and listen to this all. A boy in a mine, a lad on a farm—good clean stuff, all right, but where do I come in featuring Joe Hotler, the box fight champeen, and where is the comedy? A guy like this Hotler, with his schnozz and his ear, is funny to look at. Where is the fun coming in if he is a boy on a farm?"

"It is easy you never was a boy on a farm," says Flincker, and he begins to tell a lotta jokes about the salesman and the farmer's daughter, and again we break up without having reached a decision.

SATURDAY

WELL, this being Saturday, all the Brain Trusters go back to Atlantic City and Long Beach. Zinzel flies to Hollywood, and I am around loose—me, the star of the Mastodon Pictures, which is about to be: 1, a salesman in a five- and ten-cent store; 2, a boy in a mine; 3, a lad on a farm; 4, a sucker, sure as hell, on account I am thinking it all over and maybe this Pilger gal has the right slant.

While I am sitting around thinking very hard, Louie the Lug, which is my fight manager, dashes in.

"I gotta fight in Boston on the 14th for two grand. You do a ten-round kazotzky with Frenchy Delarget, the Bangor Buster, which helps to wile away the summer and keeps me in cakes until the fall," Louie says.

This pains me very much. Here I am practically in the laps of luxury—either a boy in a mine, or a salesman in a five- and ten-cent store, or a kid on a farm, the leader of the Clean Movies for Clean Minds movement, and Louie the Lug speaks of fighting a guy in Boston, who comes from Bangor, Maine.

So I leave the Lug sitting there, and I take my skimmer and my cane and go out for a walk on the Avenue, where by the merest accident I run into a blonde which comes from Zanesville, Ohio, and like me also is interested in the clean movies campaign.

(*To Be Continued*)

Foreign Wrestlers Who Possessed Color

(Continued from page 23)

South American countries with one of the first teams ever taken to that section of the globe and made plenty of money, such as it amounted to in those days.

Remember, please, that coin was not as plentiful then as it was later. The record house hung up during the Gotch days, or at a time the foreign invasion was at its height, was a trifle less than $90,000, which was registered by Jack Curley and his partners of the Empire Athletic Club of Chicago for the second Gotch-Hackenschmidt match at the White Sox ball park.

The World War took heavy toll of the athletes and among its victims were both Cazeau and La Marin who died gloriously for their countries—if that is a good way to put it in these days of anti-war sentiment. Both were great performers and did much to amuse and entertain American crowds.

* * *

WHICH brings to mind the fact that of recent years a lot of the great men of the mat have passed on. Included in this list may be mentioned Freddy Beell, the little Wisconsin chap who defeated Gotch once and held the title for a matter of only some thirty days; Dr. Benjamin Franklin Roller, a real college graduate and one of the first university products to take up the sport in a big way; Stanley Stasiak, who died of an infection after he received a cracked shoulder one night in a match with Don George, and George Kotsonaros, a rather little chap but one of those highly schooled showmen who gave a crowd everything he had at his every appearance.

Kotsonaros was killed in a most unfortunate auto accident, not so long back, in the South, while making a hurried jump from one town to another to fulfill an engagement.

* * *

IT is inactivity that hurts the veteran wrestler more than anything else. Every one of them *must* keep going or he dies on the vine, just naturally pines away.

That is about the best explanation that can be given for the long athletic life of a lot of the stars who keep on going, and going well, after their allotted time for such strenuous work appears to have been long since past.

That grandest of them all, the late Bill Muldoon, for he will always be just Bill to those who knew him well, always claimed that there was nothing like wrestling as a developer of the human body and as an absolute sure aid to longevity.

And no better examples of this could be shown than in some of the men who are performing still, apparently as good as ever, yet far beyond the age when a man is supposed to be worth anything at all in an athletic way. Ed Lewis is one of the higher types, still good, still able to train when occasion requires and still thoroughly "wrestling minded." The noted "Strangler" has had more than his share of setbacks outside of the arena but has surmounted them admirably.

Jim Londos is another supposed to be well over his natural peak in every way, yet he is one of the gamest, strangest and best going concerns, a marvelous showman, and always a standard attraction wherever he goes. Ray Steele, born Peter Sauer, is another whose lease on athletic activity seems to be limitless.

Think too how long the inimitable Renato Gardini, also one of my great favorites, has been going! What a man he was when he hooked up with a wrestler who could show him off at his best. And Joe Stecher, always ranking right up there with the top flight, shows right now that age, or previous condition of servitude, you might say, has taken but slight toll.

And what have the years done for the Zbyszko brothers, Stanislaus and Wladek? Absolutely nothing at all! They are older by many years than when they were at their best and could defeat almost any contenders, but see them now—in South America with a big troupe of younger men, making plenty of money and apparently as active as ever they were.

Observe how long the mighty Ivan Poddulny was a great attraction all over the world. And Dan Koloff and Joe Varga and Ad Santel, who used to work with great success under his own name of Adolph Ernst. George Hackenschmidt once said of him that he considered Ad the finest and most finished of the American wrestlers he had met in his several tours of this country.

The list is almost endless and if one made a careful survey of the record books it could be strung out into many a fine yarn.

The Bug That Bites Referees

(Continued from page 7)

of picking up the time keeper's count, as had been done in New York from the moment the rule was passed.

For years after that incident Barry's appearance in a ring as referee was the signal for the fans to start chanting a count from one to fourteen.

* * *

JOHNNY GALLAGHER, third man in the ring when Dempsey flattened Firpo in the most exciting heavyweight championship battle in the history of glove fighting, allowed the Manassa Mauler to violate the rules almost at will. Jack once hit the Wild Bull before Firpo was fairly off the floor and several times stood over him or just behind him after knocking Firpo down.

Gallagher also was charged with allowing Dempsey more than the allotted ten seconds in which to climb back inside the ropes when Firpo knocked Jack out of the ring in that terrific first round. Gallagher's was a very sorry exhibition and he was in bad with the Commission thereafter.

Dempsey figured in another squabble involving the referee, some years later, when he knocked out Jack Sharkey. Jack O'Sullivan, ordinarily a highly capable official, was the referee. Unquestionably Dempsey hit Sharkey low several times without the referee issuing any warning. The knockout, resulting from a right to the jaw, was delivered while Sharkey was protesting to the referee about a low punch delivered a moment earlier. Sharkey made the fatal mistake of dropping his hands as he made his squawk to the third man. All Dempsey needed in those days was one such lapse by his opponent.

* * *

WHEN Sharkey met Schmeling the first time, the Black Uhlan was awarded the championship on a low left that floored the German. However, Referee Jim Crowley required several minutes to make up his mind, disqualifying Sharkey only when Harold Barnes, one of the judges, insisted that action be taken. Crowley claimed he did not see the punch in question and the other judge, Charles Mathison, also said he did not see it.

Even George Blake of California, considered the best referee of modern times, came in for some adverse criticism when he awarded the Schmeling-Stribling fight to the Black Uhlan on a technical knockout fourteen seconds before the end of the fifteenth round. Those who found fault with his action argued that, with only such a short time to go, Blake should not have stopped the bout. To that Blake replied that he was a referee and not a timekeeper.

Gunboat Smith received a terrific lambasting from boxing critics and fans for his decision in favor of Sharkey when the Bostonian met the German for the second time. Smith awarded only two rounds out of fifteen to Schmeling, though most qualified judges believed the German had earned the right to be declared the winner.

One commentator came forward with a suggestion that Gunboat Smith's name, and not Sharkey's, should be engraved on the Tunney-Muldoon trophy as the man who won the heavyweight title from Schmeling.

* * *

THESE are only a few outstanding instances of referees going haywire in important heavyweight combats. Until science finds a way to conquer that little bug that makes a habit of biting referees, there probably will continue to be such controversial aftermaths as that which followed the Baer-Carnera fight.

Milo to Londos

(Continued from page 25)

the affair and Paul Sickner refereed.

From the start, Lewis was the favorite. The western fans, who knew Lewis' ability, were keenly for him. The betting was high and Lewis entered the ring a 6 to 5 favorite, with plenty of money being wagered on both sides. There were times during the match when the spectators hooted Lewis for what they termed unfair tactics, but the same methods, used today, would have brought applause instead. The Strangler, early in the bout, employed pushing methods and even used the palm of his hands to slap his opponent until he was warned by the referee to drop that method of attack.

* * *

THE first fall was gained by Zbyszko in 41.32 with a body scissors, but before he scored it the big Pole knew that he was in a gruelling match. Lewis' head lock was used with telling effect, and twice he got a painful toe hold that made Stanislaus squirm.

They started off at a snail's pace, but it didn't take long for the pair to get warmed up, and from that point to the finish there was action aplenty. Zbyszko's body scissors almost pinned Lewis twice before the first fall, but on each occasion the Strangler released himself after considerable effort.

After an intermission, the men came out for the second fall, and Lewis was the aggressor from the start. He was out to regain the title and he fully realized that he couldn't afford to waste any time with his powerful opponent keyed to high pitch. Lewis got Zbyszko to the mat after four minutes of maneuvering, and then slapped a head lock on him. He held it for almost two minutes, and soon after Zbyszko pulled out of it, he was caught in a toe hold and later, in another head lock.

In fact, Zbyszko seemed to have lost much of his cunning after the first fall and it was an easy matter for his rival to gain the second fall with pushing tactics in 18.13. Lewis used the palm of his hands against Zbyszko's face and then against the body, and, as Zbyszko tripped over himself in trying to get out of range of the annoying tactics, Lewis leaped upon him and gained the fall.

The third and deciding fall took only five minutes and was executed with a neat head lock that stunned the Pole and made him helpless. The applause that followed the Lewis victory was tremendous. The crowd rose almost *en masse* and shouted itself hoarse for Lewis. His triumph proved most popular.

News of the Mat World

(Continued from page 29)

not confuse the present-day Alex Aberg with the great Græco-Roman champion of that name who died in the typhus epidemic during the World War . . . .

Neither should they mistake the present-day Podubbny with the Russian Giant, Ivan Podubbny, who proved so formidable a number of years back . . . . Both Jim Browning and Dick Shikat, when training for their bouts with Jim Londos, employed as sparring partners the wrestling brothers from Afghanistan, Ghafoor Khan and Mohomed Ayub Khan . . . . Six of Browning's spar-mates limped away from the camp after a few days, but the two Afghan brothers were still going strong at the end of an eight-day grind . . . . In their native land, the Afghans wrestle a half-dozen bouts a day, which accounts for their great endurance . . . . Oriental wrestlers cannot show to their best ability in America and unless they agree to go easy, they cannot get any bouts . . . .

Matmen who visit Johannesburg, South Africa, find it extremely difficult to become acclimated, for the altitude there is over six thousand feet . . . . Karl Davis, the strapping blond giant, is a very rough individual inside the ropes where he is hissed and booed, but out of the ring the fans crowd around him like bees to honey . . . . He seems to possess the same enthusiasm that drives Max Baer on . . . . Jagat Singh, the turbaned grappler from India, has been in America nearly two years but cannot speak English . . . . He does all his autographing in Hindu . . . . Tom Lurich, the giant Russian grappler who has been campaigning in Australia, includes boxing in his training . . . . Lurich's favorite hold is a punishing body scissors . . . . Gus Sonnenberg, Jack Sherry, Frank Judson, Tom Alley and Emil Dusek were among the matmen who journeyed from the United States to wrestle in South Africa, but did not quite fulfill expectations . . . . About the same time, Harry Mamos invaded Australia with the following matmen from America—Charley Santen, Oke Shikina, Dr. Freddy Myers and Rene Mischot . . . . Meyers brought his wife and daughter along with him . . . . Ray Steele suffered a scalp wound while swimming in Waterloo, Iowa . . . . John Pesek is back hurling challenges at Londos, George and Browning . . . . He disposed of Pat O'Shocker in his latest encounter . . . . Bronko Nagurski, the plunging football sensation, is coming along at a fast clip in his wrestling activities . . . . Allan Eustace, the clever veteran, was among his most recent victims . . . . Jim Londos employs no bodyguards or secretaries . . . . He requires twelve hours' sleep to rebuild tissues destroyed in wrestling . . . . Jim Browning's wife acts as his secretary . . . . Charley Hanson, the veteran Swedish grappler who at one time rated close to the top, was drowned while swimming after a drifting boat in Washington . . . . Hanson was the most popular matman ever to appear in Maine, even though Londos, Browning, George, Shikat, Steinke and Lewis, among others, exhibited their wares in the Pine Tree State . . . .

Trimming Worth Its Weight In Gold

(Continued from page 10)

ACTING upon his new-found idea, Max told McAllister he was through with him because he had decided to fight thereafter and forget all about the boxing end of it. At the same time he called a meeting of his board of strategy, chairman of which was the faithful, phlegmatic Ancil Hoffman.

"Start in and arrange another tour and get me all of those chaps that beat me," Max demanded. "I'll clean up every one of them. Just you watch!"

Ancil dug himself up another bankroll and away they went Eastward again. True to his word, Max licked every man that had trimmed him before and did the tasks up in no uncertain manner. In fact he hasn't been beaten since or anywhere near it—starting with the day that he began to digest and figure out that Risko trimming.

That trip was little less than a march of progress and triumph. He beat King Levinsky twice in ten and then twenty rounds, and then in somewhat rapid succession took on the ancient Tom Heeney, the tough Paul Swiderski, the able Ernie Schaaf, who later died after a bout with Carnera, flattened the hardy Tuffy Griffith and wound up by stiffening that star German and former champion, Max Schmeling.

You see, Baer knew enough of the boxing fundamentals natively. He didn't need that McAllister coaching excepting to brush up and polish some of the rough edges. His handlers had the wrong idea altogether. Baer was at heart a fighter of the Dempsey type. He never was cut out for a boxer along the lines of a Jim Corbett.

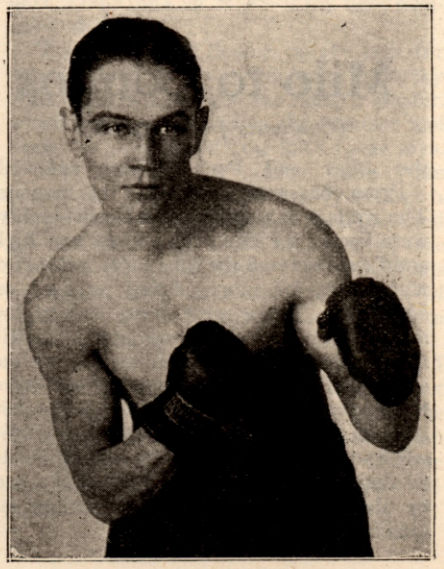
* * *

MC ALLISTER was a great coast star along from 1907 to 1914. He won four National amateur boxing championships. Standing a trifle over six feet but never at his biggest over 160 pounds, he was one of those exceptionally clever chaps of that San Francisco school that produced some great men like Jim Corbett, Jimmy Britt, the original Young Corbett, Willie Ritchie—all great boxing men of the super-skilled type. Bob won the welterweight, the middleweight twice, and then the heavyweight titles among the Simonpures.

He ran out of suitable competition and then flopped over among the pros. He was going along beautifully until his path chanced to cross that of the St. Paul phantom, Mike Gibbons, then not only a great boxer but a walloper as well. Mike attended to the McAllister case in rather convincing style, knocking Bob out in seven rounds. Thereupon the sensible Bob decided that a long-time job as peace officer around the Bay District fitted him much better than the fag and foggy end of a boxing career.

They were all wrong about the Max Baer that they found four years ago in his pristine innocence. They had a great fighter, already made and needing little but good nourishment and a few lessons in the way of ordinary ring deportment. Instead of seeing that, they tried to make a great boxer of him. It couldn't be done, and wasn't. But it took the keen young man himself, topped off by a murderous beating at the hands of the Cleveland baker boy, to reach a final and correct analysis of the whole thing.

This writer gave readers of THE RING a good exposition of the Max Baer and the Primo Carnera personalities and general characteristics as he veiwed them while working with them in a Hollywood motion



Jimmy Slavin, rugged New York lightweight.

picture. *It was printed in the January issue and foretold exactly what would happen* if *and* when.

Max Baer had the giant Italian whipped the first time they laid eyes on each other!

Fights, Films and Critics

(Continued from page 35)

rounds" description in each. If you can find any two papers that agree in detail as to the blows struck, you'll have accomplished something no other son of Adam ever succeeded in doing. The "fight by rounds" racket is persisted in by the morning papers of every large American city, because in the dim past, when glove contests first became legal entertainment, some brilliant editor conceived the idea of making a "type-splash" that would please the reader's eye. Moreover, it would be a testimonial to his paper's accuracy of detail. So in it went, other papers followed suit as the idea caught on, and the fine old bunk custom endures up to the present day.

Now it goes without saying that the best fight reporter that ever lived could not give an accurate detailed account of the blows struck in any round. Such a feat is simply beyond the power of human optics. So the chap assigned to do the impossible just does the best he can by listing some of the punches and faking the rest.

* * *

MANY years ago, when the writer was a cub reporter on a Chicago paper, he was loaned by his city editor to the sports department for a night. The sports editor assigned the new acquisition to accompany the regular fight men to Tattersalls' and cover the main contest "by rounds." It was tough on the cub. He had often read the round reports and marveled at the accuracy with which the various blows were listed. Fights, as spectacles, were no novelty to him, but he felt in his bones that he would make a wretched fizzle out of his assignment.

When the main event came on, he worked feverishly with pencil and paper, trying to jot down each movement of the flying gloves. The fight wasn't two minutes old, when he realized he was licked. Here and there, he had seen a mitt land with a resounding swat, but, so far as registering punches in detail went, his chances were no better than if he had been sitting in the gallery's topmost row, instead of the sacred press stand.

When it was all over, he turned to his companion and admitted sullenly that he was no good on that particular job, and might as well resign by phone. The older man snickered harshly.

"We'll drop in the joint next door and figure the thing out," he said cheerily. "Why, you young chump, don't you know that 'fight by rounds' is only a gag for the hick public?"

A great light burst upon the relieved cub. Five minutes later, sitting at a table with his colleague, he jotted down a description of right- and left-hand leads and expert blocking that ran along as smoothly as buttermilk gurgling out of a jug, and was destined to be eagerly perused by many an interested fight fan on the morning following.

Times change and men grow wiser with the passing of the years, but, nevertheless, the good old bunk that pleased one generation often continues to exercise a soothing glamour over the next, and in the category of "things that are, but ought not to be" and "fight by rounds" chisel still holds an honored place.

No Baer Fight This Year—and 'Tis Well

(Continued from page 3)

crack on the jaw? Jack hit Bill so hard that the strain and stress traveled all the way down to his ankle and broke it.

This impression for a time was regarded as fantastic, but it was founded on fact, nevertheless.

Brennan went from the ring with the confession that Dempsey could hit that hard.

Carnera, on the other hand, would have us believe that he got his bad ankle merely through having been the victim of a lot of mean and saucy looks from Baer.

Primo took about as fancy a shellacking as anybody had received since the night Jeffries and Sharkey fought in Coney Island for twenty-five rounds. Not even Willard got so bad a pasting. Jess wasn't in shape, and every time he got a blow on the face, the spot swelled. Maybe the plaster of Paris helped to bring about this gargoyle-like picture.

But in any event—let's have no more about that ankle. The pictures laugh at it.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Carl Hesseltine, Des Moines

Q.—I am 19 years old and 5 feet 9. How can I increase my height? 2—Does Mike Gibbons or his brother Tom have a gym in St. Paul? 3—How much will I have to pay to attend a gym in Chicago for a month and take boxing lessons? 4—Will Nat Fleischer's Universal Boxing Course help me? 5—Will rubber teeth protectors help me? Will they prevent the teeth from being knocked out?

A.—1. Take stretching exercises. There is a small book The Ring Book Shop sells for 35 cents, "How to Increase Your Height," which will help a little. It is not complete, but gives some details.

2.—The Gibbons brothers sell insurance in St. Paul but Mike also teaches boxing. Tom is running for Sheriff.

3.—It will cost you about $20.00.

4.—Yes, it will. It is the finest boxing course on the market. Nine booklets containing everything the boy who wants to study boxing should know. In addition, you get trunks and a shirt free, for yourself and the fellow who is to train with you.

5.—No, the protector will do only what it is intended to do—help to protect your teeth.

Earl Walker, N. Y.

Q.—How can flat feet be corrected?

A.—By corrective exercises and by the wearing of special arch preserver shoes. Professor Pilates of Pilates Studio, 939 8th Ave., N. Y. City, one of the world's foremost physical culture instructors and inventor of corrective apparatus for curvature of the spine, knock-knees, obesity and other deformities, has just invented a small iron shoe for curing flat feet, which I think is a wonderful machine. Write to him about it.

Q.—Does a tooth protector stop the teeth from being loosened and broken?

A.—No. It acts as a preventive but there is no telling when a punch will break or loosen a tooth.

Q.—Explain the nature of the book called "Boxing Through Slow Motion," by Georges Carpentier.

A.—Gives illustration of punches through slow-motion film.

Q.—Can a punching bag which is beginning to warp about the edges, be made like new again?

A.—No. Not unless you have a new cover placed on it.

Q.—Should a person use a home gym outfit when training for boxing?

A.—Would be very advisable. No harm. There are several good ones on the market.—Hercules Exercisers, Lind-Hendrickson, the Home Gym Outfit, and the American Appliance Outfits are excellent.

Q.—You said recently that the scourge of wrestlers was boils. Just what do you mean?

A.—Heavy eating and working in the dust and the dirty mat cause pimples which develop into boils.

Alex Hawkins, Baltimore, Md.

Q.—From whom had Tommy Burns won the heavyweight title? From whom did Johnson win it, from Burns or Jeffries?

A.—Burns won it from Hart, who in turn had won it in an elimination contest. He beat Root and Jeffries awarded him the title. Jeff was the referee. Then to clinch his claim, after beating Hart, Squires went around this country and abroad and beat Jack Palmer, Jem Roche, Jewey Smith, Bill Squires (twice), and Bill Lang, and then headed for Australia where he finally accepted a match with Johnson who stopped him in the fourteenth round to win the title. Then when Johnson came back to America, he was challenged by Jeffries who was intent on making a comeback. He no longer had any claim to the title which he had abdicated and that match was generally recognized as one between Johnson, the champion, and Jeff, the challenger, and Jeff was so badly whipped he practically collapsed in the fifteenth round.

Inquisitive

Q.—Are there any magazines on the market that cater to women wrestlers?

A.—No. There aren't enough female pachyderms to make it worth while. They are so, so lovely and so slim. How's that, girls? Are you with me or again' me? Answer, please.

Horace Manheim, Toledo, O.

Q.—I am a good boxer but also like my swimming. Will swimming affect me as a boxer?

A.—No, not if done moderately. You shouldn't engage in swimming while in training—say ten days before a fight. It might tighten the muscles. Max Baer and Dempsey say that swimming is not good for one who is training for a bout because it may make you muscle bound but that swimming is a good exercise at all other times.

Thomas Hurley, Tacoma, Wash.

Q.—How many times did Londos and Lewis meet and how often did Lewis beat the new champion?

A.—Fourteen times. Lewis, when in his prime, pinned Londos to the mat thirteen times.

Q.—Did any other wrestlers in recent times beat Londos?

A.—Yes, Savoldi and Shikat threw him.

May Lewis, Washington, D. C.

Q.—When you state that Jim Browning was the world's heavyweight champion, aren't you giving him more than he deserves? In short, when Londos beat Browning—and I was among those who thought that Browning could have won any time he wanted to—didn't Londos win only the title so far as New York and its allied states is concerned? How can you give a man a world title when he fails to stand up under the right of succession? Please trace the line of succession for me.

A.—You are correct, May. When Londos won that crown, he didn't win the undisputed world's title because Browning didn't hold that title. Browning was New York's champion and as such was credited with the laurels in all states allied with it. Londos, on the other hand, was the recognized champion in Illinois, California and other states, primarily those governed by the National Boxing Association.

The line of succession would make Don George the undisputed champion and if Londos wants to gain the international laurels, he must first whip Don. Here is the line of succession since Lewis' last championship reign:

Lewis lost to Sonnenberg. Sonnenberg was tossed by Don George. Lewis regained the title from George but lost it to Henri DeGlane in Canada. George then took it from DeGlane.

On the other hand, when Lewis lost to Sonnenberg, a tournament was held in Pennsylvania in which Shikat emerged the Pennsylvania champion.

New York was willing to recognize the Penn. title holder despite Sonnenberg's victory over Lewis and called Shikat the new champion. Dick then lost to Londos, who refused then to accept the defi of Lewis or Shikat and as a result, Londos's "title" was vacated, and Lewis was declared the champion when he tossed Shikat. Then along came Browning, who beat Lewis and thus became the New York title holder. That is the only title he lost to Londos.

The reason for all the turmoil and confusion was the promoter's war, which was recently adjusted when all factions formed a new combine eight months ago and it was mutually agreed to have Londos and Browning get together for the settlement of the championship.

Vernon Olden, Sioux City, Iowa

Q.—Whom did Jack Sharkey defend his title against before he lost it to Schmeling and after he won it back from Max?

A.—Sharkey never held the championship until after his second fight with Schmeling. When they met the first time, they were the finalists of an elimination series. Schmeling won on a foul and was declared champion, but up to that time, neither was title holder. After Sharkey won the title from Schmeling in their second match, he was unsuccessful in defending his crown against Carnera.

Q.—Could you tell me the date of the Carnera-Paulino championship bout in Rome, Italy?

A.—October 22, 1933.

Q.—Have Dick Shikat and Ed Don George ever met on the mat? If so who won?

A.—No record of them ever having faced each other.

Q.—When Schmeling held the title did he fight Stribling, Walker, Risko, Corri, Sekyra and Paulino?

A.—Schmeling fought Risko, Corri, Sekyra and Paulino before he won the title. He successfully defended his crown against Stribling and kayoed Walker after losing the championship to Sharkey.

Walter Srent, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—What are the boxing weights?

A.—Flyweight, 112; bantam, 118; feather, 126; light, 135; welter, 147; middle, 160; light-heavy, 175; heavy, all above 175.

Q.—What is the official size of a boxing ring? Of what is a sand bag made?

A.—Twenty-four feet by twenty-four feet. In old days, sawdust, sand and broken stone. Now we use only cotton waste, hard pressed and sometimes a mixture of that and sawdust.

Q.—What is the routine of a boxer in training?

A.—You'll find that fully covered in the "Universal Boxing Course" and in "Training for Boxers."

Clarence Arp, Boulder City, Nevada

Q.—When did Max Schmeling come to this country. Who were the first three fighters he met here and when?

A.—He came here in 1928. He met Joe Monte, November 23, 1928, K.O. in eight rounds; Joe Sekyra, January 5, 1929, won in 10, and Pietro Corri, January 21, 1930, K.O. in one round.

Billy Nemeth, Brooklyn

Q.—I am sixteen years old, have a 27½ inches waist, 31¼ inches chest; am five feet 6 inches tall, and weigh 114 pounds. Am I too tall for a flyweight? How can I grow heavier?

A.—No you are not too tall. You should eat cereals, eggs, chops, steaks, fresh vegetables and potatoes and plenty of bread. That will turn the trick.

F. A. Mele, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—When Primo Carnera fought Paulino in Europe, was that for the European title or for the world championship?

A.—For the world's title. Any time a world heavyweight title holder goes into the ring against anyone in a regular bout, it is for the world title.

A Pittsburgh Reader

Q.—Which of the following were world champions or N.B.A. title holders:

Pete Sanstol, Baby Arizmendi, Frenchy Belanger, Earl Mastro, Davy Abad, Jimmy Slattery?

A.—Mastro was recognized by N.B.A. and so was Slattery.

Q.—Who in your opinion was the world's best lightweight champion?

A.—Matter of opinion—I think Gans was the cream of the lot.

Q.—Was Marvin Hart heavyweight king?

A.—No.

Q.—Were Ike Weir and Young Griffo champs?

A.—Weir was the featherweight champion, but Griffo was not.

Johnny Munro, Calgary, Canada

Q.—Was the recent Londos-Browning match on the level? I read many reports and the scribes certainly have their doubts. What do you think?

A.—Browning certainly had a wide margin on Londos when he was tossed. I won't go on record with a definite statement such as you want. I will simply say that I was far from being satisfied that Londos was Browning's master. The match was a mediocre affair, far below par for what was expected to be another Gotch-Hackenschmidt affair. It was pleasing to watch and apparently that is all that is necessary in these days of wrestling.

Harvey Tittlebaum, Florida

Q.—What are Jim Londos' best holds? How does he apply them?

A.—The Japanese arm lock and the Japanese leg lock. Suggest you get a copy of Curley's "Modern Wrestling." All the holds are explained and illustrated.

Mark Fleming, San Francisco

Q.—Who in your opinion is the most promising of the young heavyweights who have been developed this year?

A.—It is my opinion that Eddie Hogan of Waterbury, Conn., is by far the best. He is a pretty fighter to watch. Has plenty of color, is six feet 2 inches tall, weighs 215 pounds and carries a pretty sock in either mitt. Watch that lad. I think a year from now you will find him right up near the top.

Q.—Would you consider Marcel Thil a better fighter than Vince Dundee or Teddy Yarosz?

A.—No. Thil is a good fighter but I think that the best middleweight in the world is Yarosz. So good is Teddy that both Thil and Dundee balk at meeting him. Pittsburgh promoters have offered Dundee a $15,000 guarantee to defend his American crown against Yarosz but without success. Thil wants Yarosz to come to England to fight him even though he can make more by fighting Teddy in Pennsylvania.

Ike Swift, New Orleans, La.

Q.—I have a chicken breast. Can that be cured? How can I better my wind? Would the continuous wearing of sneakers affect my feet? Sometimes I think that I have flat feet.

A.—I know of no way to cure chicken breast. See your doctor. Perhaps he can do something for you. You can better your wind by taking some of the exercises in "Training for Boxers" pertaining to road work. Do a little running each day—say about two miles all told—and in that exercise run about 400 yards, then jog a bit, then walk, climb a hill, leap up and catch a sturdy limb of a tree and chin yourself several times. In four weeks you'll find quite a change. Try it.

Ted Scott, St. Helens, Oregon

Q.—Is Lasky in line for a shot at Baer?

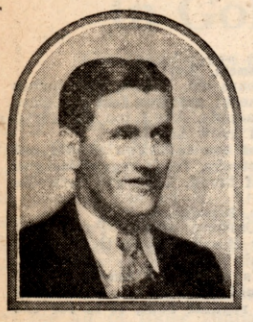
A.—I think he rates with the topnotchers and must be considered.

Q.—If a manager has a contract on a boy in another state and the boy wants to leave that state but the manager refuses that permission to him, can the manager stop him?

A.—That is a question for the courts to decide. A contract is equitable and under the circumstances both sides are equally protected. If the fighter can prove that he is being hampered in his livelihood because of the unfair attitude of the manager, he can gain redress in court.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN



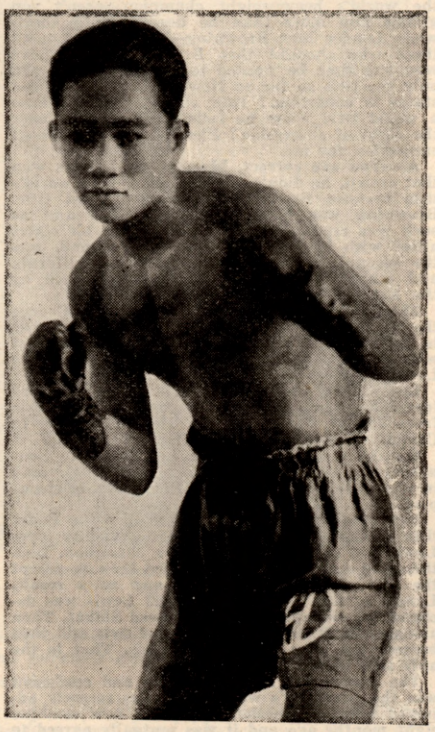
SOME stirring fistic events took place during July, and upsets, combined with smashing contests, aroused the fans' interest in all parts of the country. One of the leading bouts was that in which Tony Canzoneri earned another crack at Barney Ross' lightweight title with his nine-round technical knock-out over Frankie Klick. Maxey Rosenbloom was beaten by Lee Ramage, Pacific Coast heavyweight. Young Stuhley stepped into the elite circle with his decisive victory over Vince Dundee. Petey Hayes asserted himself in the featherweight ranks with a victory over the rapidly waning Kid Chocolate. Sixto Escobar, hard-hitting Porto Rican bantamweight, gained the role of ranking bantam contender when he kayoed Young Casanova in nine rounds. Escobar has added plenty of color to the 118-pound division with his colorful, slambang fighting style and may bring the small fellows back into popular favor.

Leading the heavyweights in activity, Patsy Perroni scored over Jack McCarthy. Buddy McArthur was beaten by Red Barry and Don Petrin. Bob Tow scored over Tony Galento. Les Kennedy was beaten by Steve Dudad and kayoed by Eddie Hogan in two rounds. Isadoro Gastanaga disposed of Sauvage in three rounds in Europe. Babe Hunt disposed of Jack Van Noy in six sessions. Obie Walker kayoed Italo Colonello in Paris. Vincent Parrile whipped Billy Jones in South America. Yustin Sirutis disposed of Ed Karolak in five heats. Frankie Edgren whipped George Neron. Salvatore Ruggirello scored over Dynamite Jackson.

Maxey Rosenbloom engaged in a draw and was beaten by Lee Ramage, but his light-heavyweight title was not affected. Joe Knight scored over Rosy Rosales and Leroy Broun. Bob Olin drew with Abie Feldman. Al Gainer showed signs of improvement by whipping Lou Brouillard and kayoing Clyde Chastain in five rounds. Adolf Heuser disposed of Lengagne in one round. Lew Scozza whipped Tait Littman.

Marcel Thil, middleweight champion, scored over Oddone Piazza. Teddy Yarosz defeated Tait Littman. Vince Dundee was unexpectedly beaten by Young Stuhley. Emilio Martinez, a newcomer from Denver, stepped into the limelight by winning from Gorilla Jones. Fred Henneberry disposed of Ally Roberts in ten rounds. Freddy Steele kayoed Bucky Lawless in two rounds. Frank Battaglia defeated Johnny Phagan. Tommy Freeman disposed of Ralph Chong in six rounds. Solly Dukelsky kayoed Kid Leonard in seven sessions. Al McCoy whipped Bud Mignault. Tommy Rios won over Bob Turner.

Harry Dublinsky heads the active welterweight contenders. During the month, he whipped Billy Hogan, Jimmy Leto and stopped Steve Haliako in ten rounds. Haliako was beaten by Cocoa Kid, who also scored over Morrie Sherman and Danny Devlin. Devlin won over Relampago Saguero. Eddie Kid Wolfe scored over Tiger Joe Randall, but was beaten by Willard Brown. Brown also whipped Battling Shaw. Kid Azteca scored over Baby Joe Gans while Gans won from Joe Glick. Tony Herrera whipped Manuel Villa. Tony Falco defeated Bobby Pacho and drew with Buster Brown.



Speedy Dado who is expected to return shortly from Australia. Dado clashed with the best there and found the opposition very tough.

Andy Callahan won from Tom Jones. Jackie Davis drew with Joe Vignalli and whipped Frankie Cinque. Tracey Cox kayoed Al Kearney in two rounds and Carlos Garcia in three. Lew Raymond scored over Toots Bashara. Gustave Eder won from Bassin in Europe. Petey Gulotta whipped Patsy Pasculli and Pete Mascia. Mascia stopped Pasculli in seven rounds. Frank Sagilio kayoed Pete Nebo in eight rounds. Kenny La Salle whipped Izzy Jannasso and Young Firpo. Firpo was also beaten by Bucky Jones. Davey Day disposed of Stanislaus Loayza in eight rounds. Phil Furr whipped Frankie Petrolle. Eddie Flynn won over Wilbur Stokes. Fritzie Zivic scored over Eddie Ran. Six Second Powell defeated Peter Mike. Joe Rossi whipped Sid Silas.

Tony Canzoneri showed his mastery in the lightweight division by stopping Frankie Klick in nine rounds. Young Peter Jackson defeated Ritchie Mack. Lou Ambers stopped Phil Rafferty in eight rounds and whipped Roger Bernard, while Roger scored over Joe Zodda. Billy McMahon whipped Jack Portney and drew with Teddy Loder. Loder scored over Harry Carlton. Eddie Zivic stepped to the front by scoring a nine- and ten-round kayo victory over Joey Costa. Joey Ferrando won over Calvin Reed. Charley Bedami whipped Johnny Bellus. Johnny Bonito won from Frankie Williams. Jackie Berg kayoed Joe Kerr in six rounds. Wildcat O'Connor won from Eddie Dempsey and went five rounds with Jack Portney in a bout which was declared "no contest."

Freddy Miller, ranking featherweight, scored over Georgie Hansford, Clever Sison and kayoed Gene Espinoza in eight rounds. Espinoza disposed of Baby Palmore in six rounds. Seaman Watson defeated Dick Corbett and Francois Machtens. Petey Hayes defeated Kid Chocolate, but was beaten by Leo Rodak. Rodak is too heavy for the featherweight ranks. Chocolate won over Frankie Marchese and Johnny Erickson. Erickson won over Lew Feldman, who was also beaten by Mike Belloise. Jackie Wilson scored over Mose Butch. Herb Bishop defeated Varias Milling in Australia. Vittorio Tamagnini scored over Abe Wasserman. Petey Sarron whipped Al Foreman. Bucky Burton won over Al Gillette, who defeated Charley Von Reeden on a foul. Pete De Grasse drew with Jerry Mazza and Joe Doherty. Jackie Sharkey defeated Sammy Mosco, while Julie Katz scored over Joe Ganci.

Sixto Escobar takes first place among the bantam contenders through his nine-round knock-out over Young Casanova. Darky Blandon and Star Frisco split two decisions in Australia. Young Tommy disposed of Babe Triscaro in three rounds. Mickey Miller finished Speedy Dado in Australia in seven rounds. Ross Fields kayoed Dario Mareno in three rounds and won from George Pace. Young Perez scored over Biesman, Emile Pladner but was whipped by Songchili. Decico outpointed Eugene Huat in Paris. Nipper Hampston defeated Jim Mahorg in England.

Mickey McGuire heads the active flyweights. He scored over Minty Rose. Ellis Ashurst defeated Young Owens. Tommy Steele disposed of Hugh Griffo in four rounds. Benny Lynch whipped Jim Campbell. Bert Kirby drew with George Marsden while Jimmy Knowles outpointed Jackie Quinn.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Hubert Ausbock, Bavaria.
Bantamweight—Juan Zurita, Mexico.
Featherweight — Frankie Fiore, Montreal, Canada.
Lightweight—Tony Bent, Cambridge, Mass.
Welterweight—Phil Furr, Washington, D. C.
Middleweight—Solly Dukelsky, Chicago, Ill.
Light-Heavyweight — George Simpson, Los Angeles, Calif.
Heavyweight—Arno Kolblin, Germany.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF JULY

These are my ratings for the month ending July 21:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Max Baer	World's Champion Maxey Rosenbloom	World's Champion Marcel Thil	World's Champion Barney Ross
1—Primo Carnera	Tony Shucco	Teddy Yarosz	Jimmy McLarnin
2—Steve Hamas	Joe Knight	Young Corbett	Bep Van Klaveren
3—Art Lasky	Bob Olin	Young Stuhley	Harry Dublinsky
4—Walter Neusel	Al Gainer	Vince Dundee	Willard Brown
5—Tommy Loughran	Mickey Walker	Emilio Martinez	Eddie Kid Wolfe
6—King Levinsky	John Henry Lewis	Gorilla Jones	Tony Herrera
7—Patsy Perroni	Ambrose Palmer	Fred Henneberry	Kid Azteca
8—Natie Brown	Len Harvey	Jimmy Smith	Cerefino Garcia
9—Lee Ramage	Lou Brouillard	Jock McAvoy	Cocoa Kid
10—Red Barry	Bob Godwin.	Freddy Steele	Tony Falco

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Barney Ross	Title Vacant	World's Champion Al Brown	Title Vacant
1—Tony Canzoneri	Freddy Miller	Sixto Escobar	Midget Wolgast
2—Young Peter Jackson	Seaman Watson	Darky Blandon	Jackie Brown
3—Cleto Locatelli	Mike Belloise	Young Casanova	Valentin Anglemann
4—Frankie Klick	Baby Arizmendi	Young Tommy	Tommy Pardoe
5—Benny Bass	Petey Hayes	Star Frisco	Maurice Huguenin
6—Lou Ambers	Jackie Wilson	Little Pancho	Mickey McGuire
7—Eddie Cool	Tommy Paul	Joe Tei Ken	Praxille Gyde
8—Wesley Ramey	Claude Varner	Pablo Dano	Percy Dexter
9—Billy McMahon	Herb Bishop	Lew Farber	Ellis Ashurst
10—Eddie Zivic	Vittorio Tamagnini	Mickey Miller	Herbie Hill

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BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

LOOKS like a quiet summer for boxing here. The only open air show staged to date was the one when Big Boy Brackey rocked Tommy Baxter to sleep in jig time. Baxter proved the softest kind of a mark for Brackey, who has been fighting regularly, whereas Baxter has been out of the game for a couple of years. Baxter, at his best, was of little account as a ringman.

Even in the short bout, Brackey looked better than in any of his other local showings. He tore in and fought hard and his devastating right soon had Baxter on the floor, punch-drunk and all through. The promoters will have to seek out-of-town talent for Brackey in order to properly test him out. There are no heavyweights hereabouts who can fight a lick.

Joe Doctor ruined himself with the fans when he "ran out" of the Brackey match the day before the show was scheduled to take place. Doctor, if he had gotten in shape, might have given Brackey plenty of trouble. But it would take a month, at least, for Joe to condition himself. He has been on the pugilistic shelf for a year.

Wrestling is skidding here but boxing is in no better shape than it has been for the past three years. Two or three shows a month will quicken interest and bring back the fans, but apparently the promoters don't figure it's worth the gamble.

Nelson Crawford, quiet and unassuming fight manager, brings to my attention the fact that he is the real manager of Dick Hartnett, First Ward middleweight, who recently turned pro. Red Carr, who managed Jim Slattery, has been mentioned in the local gazettes as Hartnett's mentor and generally seconds Dick. But Crawford is the manager and brought Hartnett along all through his amateur career.

There is a dearth of fighting talent here, as elsewhere. As I pointed out above, only weekly shows will develop fighters. And what does a promoter generally get for developing them? Heartaches later on when they are cards and ask for all the money. But perhaps the boys have learned a lesson. And maybe the new crop won't be so hard-boiled as the old one, which is now passe.

Tiger Jack Payne, celebrated Negro light-heavyweight, writes that he would like to make Buffalo his headquarters. The Omaha boy fought some great battles in Australia and can certainly handle his dukes.

NOTICE—Good boxers and wrestlers of all weights who are not under contract will do well to write Hugh Shannon, 95 Saranac Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

SOME SHORT STUFF—Bob Clary, clever little bantam, will be busy in the ring again in the fall . . . . Bob has fought all the best and can still make 118 pounds . . . . Steve Halaiko lost to Cocoa Kid at West Springfield, Mass. . . . . Steve is not going good . . . . He looked like a million dollars when he left the amateurs after winning the National lightweight title twice . . . . Steve was unlucky . . . . He started fighting at the beginning of the depression or he would have made plenty of money . . . . Sammy Mandell, former lightweight champion, writes that he has quit the ring . . . . A wise decision on Sammy's part . . . . Playfair Brown, astute Toronto promoter, will get going again this summer, probably in August, and will continue indoors running bi-monthly . . . . Jim Slattery will probably retire from the ring for good soon . . . . his showing with Eddie Kaminski, wrestler, was pathetic . . . . Jack Singer is having tough pickings trying to make his big gym a success . . . . Jack has a fine place but with boxing at a low level here, his overhead is tough to meet . . . . Lou Scozza defeated Tait Littman again at Milwaukee and is considering an Australian trip . . . . Lou would go good in the antipodes . . . . Ed Delivuk, wrestling promoter, who died a few weeks ago has been succeeded by his wife as president of the Buffalo Sporting club . . . . Rumor has it that a new club will be launched here soon . . . . The new organization is reported to be backed with plenty of sugar and will stick to boxing entirely . . . . See you next month . . . .

ROCHESTER, N.Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

ROCHESTER will celebrate its Centennial August 11th to September 9th. During that time the Committee in charge is planning on two outdoor boxing shows, a pro. show and an amateur show. There will be over 50,000 people visiting the city during the Centennial month.

Solly Schwartz will be in charge of the pro. show, and Solly is working on an all-star card. If Solly can book a good card, I am sure that the house will sell out. The Committee has arranged to seat 10,000 people for the event.

After a four months' rest, Al Traino, Rochester's best lightweight, K. O.'d Billy Thomas of Pittsburgh in five rounds at Bradford, and John Burba stopped Jackie Coogan of Olean in the third.

The Amateur boxing show during the Centennial will be in charge of Roy Stadel, A. A. U. Commission. Stadel will show the best amateur boxers in western New York. The following amateur champs will show on the Centennial card: Jake Haggerman, Irish Jim Flood, Al Fields, Joe Di Carlo, Norm Roth, Eddie Thomas, Angie Atta and Bobby Smith.

Jack McCann of Syracuse has a fine stable of boxers and he is a reliable man to deal with. Jack's star is Johnny Nelson.

Attention: Tommy Paul get in touch with Dewey Frazetta at 378 Pennsylvania Avenue, Brooklyn. Bill McShiver of London, Canada, get in touch with Rocky Conti, 1452 Green Avenue, Brooklyn, New York, they have good news for you.

THE RING Magazine and all of Nat Fleischer's boxing magazines are on sale on the fifteenth of the month at Levine and Richles' news stand at Clinton and Main Street—open day and night.

YESTERDAY'S PUGS—Mike Conroy runs a hotel on the Ridge, doing great; Mike Donovan is on the Fire Department; Chubby Brown runs a cigar store on State Stret; Mike Dempsey is a barber; Phil Verdi is a painter, doing good; Tony Vincent has a billiard room at Clinton Avenue North; Rockey Scott is working at Kodak Park and has four children; Joe Goldberg is taking life easy and loves it.

The writer can be reached at 121 North Union Street. Will answer all letters.

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

AT Thompsonville, Conn.—Many fans turned out to see a bang-up amateur card. Eddie Banning, Easthampton, Mass., and Al Freda of Otis, Mass., put on a torrid scrap, Banning winning when Referee Louis Kid Kaplin stopped the bout in the third round after Freda was down three times. Tommy Bouillard and Eddie McGraw fought a draw, Tommy O'Brien stopped George Wolfe in three rounds. Ray Landry drew with Martin Furman in three rounds, Mike Murphy won over Young Hovey, three rounds. Naylor Taliaferro, star schoolboy athlete, won over Al Cote. George Burns won over Ralph Pasano, Kid McGuire stopped Young Dehene, Joe Rosia K. O.'ed Buster Nadeau and Kid Richie won from Brownie Huff.

At West Springfield, Cocoa Kid, New Haven, Conn., won over Danny Devlin in eight rounds. Clyde Chastian kayoed Eddie Mader in five rounds, Frankie Minerva drew with Johnny Bangs in eight rounds, Jimmy Martin Kayoed Tommy Cross in one round, Dave Duval and Armand Rainault fought a four-round draw.

At Thompsonville, Jackie Slade won over Young Griffo, Kingfish Bellasano drew with Billy Collins, Jackie Williams won over Herman Dixon, Frankie Sarno drew with Jackie Clark, Johnny Pal won over Jerry Maloni, Richie Gibbons defeated Angelo Lamagna, Tommy O'Brien K.O.'ed Pete Mack, Martin Furman won from Johnny Crowley, Kid McGuire drew with Lou Dell, and Tommy Dunn won from Naylor Taliaferro.

Roy "Ace" Clark, colored heavyweight, K.O.'d Italian Jack Herman in two rounds at Bennington, Vt., in his first bout under my direction. "Ace" can be reached at 411 Broadway, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

At West Springfield, Mass., Jackie Aldare, New York, fought a draw with Tony Celli, Leominster, Mass., in eight rounds. Vermon Cormier of Worcester, Mass., beat Frankie Minerva so badly that Referee Goggins stopped the bout in the sixth.

At Thompsonville, at the Veterans of Foreign Wars show, Pete Koloff stopped Johnny Jordan in the first round. Martin Furman beat Larry Kid Black; Tommy Dunn lost to Jackie Williams, Joe Birch lost to Joe Piasta; Kid Williams stopped Stan Pasguale; Lou Dell stopped Bobby Williams in three rounds; Brownie Hull stopped Henry Ellis in two rounds. Al Tredeau stopped Johnny Carrol; Young Richie and Ralph Pisano drew, and Al Pinkham won over Joe Rosia.

At West Springfield, Mass.—Vernon Cormier won from Felippo Yambo in eight rounds, Tom Jones won from K. O. Castillo. Dave Castilloux drew with Johnny Bangs. Romeo Ducharme stopped Johnny McCarty in the fifth. Ray Trueheart won over Eddie Micheals.

Cocoa Kid, New Haven, Conn., won over Steve Halaiko, Buffalo, N. Y., in eight rounds. Felippo Yambo won over Joey Archibald, eight rounds. Tony Celli won over Jackie Aldare; Billy Delany was K. O.'d in two rounds by Ray Trueheart; Henry Sweeney lost on a technical K. O. to Sal Canata.

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BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

WHEN Bill Brown was appointed on the New York State Athletic Commission, he promised many reforms. He instituted many worthwhile rulings that eliminated certain difficulties and it seemed that boxing was headed for an unprecedented rise. He was a member of the old school and, for a time, he avoided many pitfalls successfully. He made very few mistakes and used sound, snap judgment in the tasks that confronted him. But it appears that the overwhelming amount of power he wields, as a member of the Commission, has caused him to lose sight of his biggest job—putting boxing back on its feet. He became antagonistic to the Madison Square Garden Corporation and its matchmaker, Jimmy Johnston, and placed many obstacles in their way. Instead of giving a helping hand to the biggest boxing outfit in the universe, Mr. Brown has tried his utmost to hinder their interests. Instead of aiding an institution that pays thousands in taxes, he goes out of his way to aid individuals who pay no building taxes at all.

The Garden is the wealthiest corporation in the country and their arena was built primarily for the purpose of staging boxing bouts. The organization stages, on an average, forty shows yearly—some successful, others financially unsuccessful—nevertheless, the Garden confines its efforts to that sport and does not stop with one losing show. The Garden continues with its boxing shows and furnishes most of the revenue to the state derived from boxing sources, yet it is hampered on all sides by the Boxing Commission. This is a most unfair attitude and it is about time that Madison Square Garden, the biggest organization of its kind in the world, gets a square deal from Messrs. General Phelan, Colonel Wear and Bill Brown.

Let us take, for example, the Carnera-Baer fight. Before that match was clinched by the Garden, for the Garden Bowl, many difficulties had to be hurdled, difficulties that certainly could have been overcome by the boxing board. The attitude of the Commissioners towards the Garden arouses ill-feeling and discontent, which does nothing towards aiding the cause of boxing. There must be more harmony between those governing the sport. The Garden, Jimmy Johnston or no Jimmy Johnston, should not receive the shabby treatment it gets from the Boxing Commission.

Politics makes strange bedfellows out of us all. Ross's managers have declared on several occasions that they will not allow Ross to fight for the Garden. Canzoneri and his manager, Sammy Goldman, have always played ball with the Garden and for that judicious move on their part, Commissioners Wear and Brown apparently have punished them for their loyalty to the organization that helped Tony attain greatness. Instead of forcing Ross to live up to Commission rules, the board ignores its own edicts to punish Johnston and the Garden.

Petey Hayes, after three years of industrious endeavor, finally received his golden opportunity when he crossed gloves with the once flashy, colorful, Kid Chocolate. They clashed in a ten-round bout at Ebbets Field and Chocolate showed the fans how a truly great fighter can fall by the wayside. Chocolate was floored three times and took a terrific body licking from his sturdy, aggressive opponent. Even those who were rooting for Hayes felt a wave of sympathy for Chocolate as he tried to stem the attack. The Keed's legs were not equal to the task and he showed courage in surviving the full distance. Harry Dublinsky was extended to the limit to get the verdict over Jimmy Leto. It was a very close bout and Leto gave Harry plenty of fight. Lew Ambers showed further improvement in winning from Roger Bernard. Paul Dazzo scored over Danny London in the sixer, while Louis Camps, a former amateur champion, was knocked out by Jimmy Mankin in the second round. Camps ran into a lucky punch and is still the better of the two. The house drew below expectations and barely reached eight thousand dollars.

Chocolate was matched in Chicago a week after the Hayes bout but could not go through and Hayes substituted for him against Leo Rodak, a former Golden Glover from Chicago. Hayes is an aggressive, two-fisted fighter and tried that style against his opponent, but Referee Tommy Thomas had his own ideas on the subject and marred Hayes' style with his meddling. He favored Rodak all the way.

Teddy Yarosz, Pittsburgh product, scored over Tait Littman at the same show, but collapsed after the fight and was given restoratives to bring back his health. Harry Dublinsky showed championship possibilities in scoring a technical kayo over Steve Haliako in the last round of their ten-round go.

Another member of the Johnston family, Willie, has branched out as an independent promoter and is running shows at the Dyckman Oval. His first show, featuring local youngsters, resulted in a tremendous turnout. His lowest price of admission is forty cents—a swell inducement these days.

Jimmy Fantini whipped Joe Zodda, while Louis Camps humbled Joe Barra in the two feature events—Bill Powers sends a complaint in that Simon Neblosky never was beaten by Ray Kiser, as was stated in the Georgia news a few issues back—Neblosky never clashed with Kiser, but would like the opportunity.

Tony Canzoneri, while waiting for things to happen, has opened his health farm at Marlboro, N. Y. He has installed a boxing ring, handball and tennis courts and a swimming pool. The farm has an area of 140 acres and there are plenty of inducements provided for the tired business man.

Sixto Escobar appears to be the young man who will bring life back to the bantamweight division. He scored two sensational knock-out victories in Montreal and they acclaim him the uncrowned bantam king. He has a style reminiscent of the late Pancho Villa's, which is saying plenty.

Tony Canzoneri had to return to Brooklyn to bring out one of his greatest performances and Ebbets Field was the scene of his brilliance, opposed to Frankie Klick. Frankie made it very uncomfortable for Tony in the first two rounds because of his peculiarly clever, clownish style, but as soon as Tony got the range with his short drives to the body, the fight was his. He raised a bump on Klick's right eye, which grew with each round, and the thing was a hideous sight when Patsy Haley stopped the fight in the ninth round.

It was a swell comeback for Canzoneri and proved more than ever that he is the only lightweight who will give Ross a real fight for the lightweight title. Mike Belloise was extended to the limit to earn the verdict over Lew Feldman in the semi-final. Feldman made a rally in the closing rounds that almost evened matters. Harry Dublinsky made his New York debut a good one by soundly whipping Billy Hogan. Lew Ambers stopped Phil Rafferty in the eighth round but Philip managed to score a knockdown in the first round. The show grossed around twenty-four thousand dollars.

The Coney Island Velodrome opened the summer season under the auspices of Tony Martello. Tony Falco whipped Bobby Pacho in the feature bout. Pacho did not show the form he is capable of and is expected to do better in the future. Kenny La Salle looked good in winning from Young Firpo. He is a cool boxer and one who will whip most of the local welterweights. Vittorio Tamagnini, Italian featherweight, outslugged Abe Wasserman, while Izzy Jannasso scored over Mickey Paul in the opening bout. Cocoa Kid won from Morrie Sherman in the second show of the Velodrome. Sherman subbed for Joe Rossi. Jerry Mazza and Pete De Grasse fought a slashing draw while Kenny La Salle made his second appearance against Izzy Jannasso and turned in a second victory.

Jess Cortez, who went to Australia with Speedy Dado and Star Frisco, is expected to return to America for the purpose of taking back more American talent to the antipodeans—Frisco has made more progress than any of the invaders and while Cortez is embarked on his trip, Frisco will be left in charge of Jack Dunleavy.

Plenty of life has been shown among the featherweights with Mike Belloise, Baby Arizmendi and Petey Hayes leading the parade—Georgie Hansford is in the East and thinks that he is still a legitimate featherweight and is eager to mingle with our best—The Commission issued an order to Vince Dundee that he must defend his American middleweight title within sixty days against Teddy Yarosz—Such inconsistencies are exhibited only by boxing commissions—Dundee defended his "title" against Al Diamond in Paterson about four months ago, which still gives him two months—Yet Barney Ross has gone along for eleven months and not a peep from the honorable board—It must be swell to have that little thing called power—Joe Jacobs, an American Hebrew, is permitted to enter Germany and handle Max Schmeling, while Paul Damski, a German Jew, is barred from handling his charge, Walter Neusel, in his own country. What a country under Hitlerism!

Bill Miller handled the publicity for the Young Corbett-Mickey Walker "championship" bout on the Pacific Coast—It seems that there are middleweight champions in every part of the universe, yet the one and only individual entitled to that honor is Marcel Thil, rightfully the world's champion—Al Weill, during the short space of two shows in Ebbets Field, developed several potential drawing cards for other clubs to use—Harry Dublinsky registered highly, as did Lew Ambers and Jimmy Leto—Weill is one of the most capable matchmakers in the country, but for various reasons has not advanced as rapidly as his ability merits—Joey Kaufman has a kid brother, seventeen years of age, who looks like he may develop into a future headliner—He weighs 118 pounds and the only experience he has enjoyed has been through gymnasium workouts.

Jeff Dickson arrived in New York amid a fanfare of publicity and exploitation and made plenty of copy for the local scribes. Dickson has plenty of color and magnetism that goes with a successful promoter. He has the appearance, carriage and ability to carry him to heights. Dickson and Dave Lumiansky are two Americans who have concentrated on European promotions fistically and both are extremely opposite types, yet they achieve their aims—Dempsey is embarked on an eastern campaign, refereeing bouts in smaller towns, and is the record-breaker of old. His popularity hasn't dimmed in the least and he is drawing thousands where they formerly drew hundreds. Dempsey is being booked by Max Waxman, manager of Vince Dundee, and Max is doing a capable job.

Chicago now boasts of three exceptionally good prospects. Frank Sagilio and Davey Day, both in the neighborhood of 138 pounds, will probably meet in the near future and draw a tremendous gate; while Leo Rodak, a former Golden Glover, weighs around 130 pounds and will make his mark in the fistic world. Mickey (Soldier Boy) Farr has teamed up with Joe Foley in fistic promotions at Mills Stadium, Chicago.

Murray Waxman and Ned Brown are doing the publicity work for Ebbets Field and they are turning in a nice job—Tony Martello, besides handling the post of matchmaker at the Coney Island Velodrome, owns the "Sportland," a rendezvous for thirsty sportsmen—If Commissioner George Keenan of the New Jersey Athletic Commission is anxious to clean up incompetents among his staff of referees, he should check up the work of George Waitt of Long Branch—Recently, Lew Feldman won eight out of ten rounds with Johnny Erickson at Long Branch and Waitt astonished the gathering by handing the palm to Erickson—Matchmaker Tom McArdle received many complaints from the fans, who threatened boycott on the club, and he wishes that Waitt would attend the bouts as a spectator only in the future.

AUSTRALIAN BOXING NEWS
By HERB McHUGH

AUSTRALIA'S welter champion, Jack Carroll, handed Wesley Ramey a scientific lacing, scoring a technical knockout in the tenth round. The result, after the first three rounds, was never in doubt. Ramey, however, gave an amazing exhibition of pluck, and, considering that he was conceding Carroll nearly ten pounds in weight, he must be given a pat on the back for his efforts.

Ramey brought to light every trick in his make-up to bluff his way through against the speed and sagaciousness of Carroll, but he was in such a hopeless position in the tenth that Referee Wallis wisely stopped the "slaughter." It is not so much that Carroll is a heavy puncher, but he has the speed of a bantam and possesses a fighting brain that usually allows him to be always a little ahead of the other fellow. The takings amounted to a shade over £1500.

Joe Ghnouly was distinctly disappointing in his return scrap with Jimmy Kelso at Sydney Stadium and at the end of fifteen rounds had to stand aside to see a points decision go to the Australian champion. Weighing a shade under 132 pounds, Ghnouly was giving away seven pounds to his opponent, but considering the way in which he had licked Kelso at the previous glove-up, the lads made him a five to two on bets.

It is doubtful if Ghnouly won a round up to the seventh. Naturally the crowd was somewhat nonplussed and they did not hesitate to yell out their disapproval of proceedings. From then on, Joe did much better, but appeared to lack his usual dash and pep. He was on top over the concluding stages, but he did not have sufficient quota of points to overtake Kelso's early lead.

Speedy Dado has been resting with a strained shoulder. His next fight is expected to take place in Melbourne.

The two managers out here with the boys—Harry Gordon and Jess Cortez—are delighted with things in Australia . . . . Harry is either smoking big cigars or talking . . . . and at times doing both . . . . and *trying* to play golf.

Fans were not given much to enthuse over at Sydney Stadium when Claude Varner and Varias Milling crossed gloves. The decision went to Varner, but one could sympathize with Milling, who did his best against an opponent with unorthodox ways. Although Varner never stopped throwing gloves, his ways are most unattractive and monotonous.

Milling did all the clean punching there was, but he could not battle it out with an opponent who possessed staying abilities well out of the ordinary. Australians delight in watching a willing walloper, but it becomes very tiresome watching a fighter just letting his arms go like some windmill, with no possible hope of clinching a knock-out punch.

Roy Williams was licked again. He was beaten by Son Tealy.

The fans at Sydney Stadium saw Merv Blandon, Australia's bantam champion, favored with a points decision over Star Frisco, but he was mighty, mighty fortunate to get away with the winning end. Last week Frisco collected at the expense of Blandon and as his form was just as good with perhaps Blandon a little more sluggish, it is hard to sum up how the home boxer managed to get his nose in front.

It was a great little scrap and had the crowd in a happy frame of mind, but I am of the opinion that Frisco was decidedly unlucky in not leaving the scene of hostilities a winner.

Blandon lacked the venom and snap that he displayed against Speedy Dado and he let it be known after the fight that he intended to take a three months' rest from the ring.

Herb Bishop and Varias Milling met for the third time in Melbourne, Bishop winning on points . . . . This makes the scorecard read two victories to Bishop and a draw . . . . The young Australian is a regular slugger without being crude . . . . With the likelihood of Cortez returning to the States on a short visit to secure a further bunch of fighters for Australia, it is certain that Bishop will not leave Australia next month as originally intended.

Star Frisco upset the calculations of the locals at Sydney Stadium by taking a points decision away from Merv Blandon at the end of fifteen rounds. Some of the critics thought Blandon was entitled to a draw, while a few went further and claimed that he should have got the nod. However, in my opinion, Referee Joe Wallis summed up correctly.

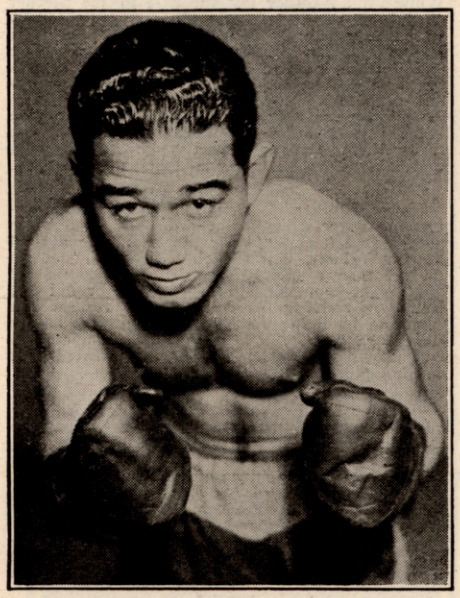
The fight was such a willing affair that match maker Charlie Lucas has rematched them. The weights were: Frisco, 117 pounds; Blandon, 116¾ pounds. The "gate" receipts were approximately £600. The weather was bitterly cold.

Wesley Ramey and manager, Harry Gordon, left for South Africa last week. The decision of the American to depart came rather as a bombshell, but he was offered a substantial guarantee to fight Laurie Stevens, star lightweight of the Veldt, and decided to accept. His three contests in Australia saw Ramey defeat Kelso and Delaney and lose to Jack Carroll. His fights netted him around £1,200, not a bad return.

There is every reason to think that Jess Cortez, who accompanied Speedy Dado and Star Frisco to Australia in a managerial capacity, will shortly return to America with instructions from the promoters at this end to secure a bunch of fighters. Nothing official is yet at hand, but scribes on this side are featuring the news in their columns, and the National Boxing Club has issued no denial. Frisco may remain here.

Herb Bishop, young Australian lightweight, whom Cortez has now under his wing, held Milling to a draw the other week in Melbourne. This gives him a win and a draw over the Filipino.

Wrestling continues to go big at Leichhardt, a suburb of Sydney . . . . The club is a palatial structure and has a seating accommodation of around 5,000 . . . . Tom Lurich, 212 lbs., is the big attraction. He is the bad man of the piece, but he can certainly pack 'em in . . . . Bill Beth and Jack Clarke are two wrestlers well known to your wrestling fans, who are getting by to good effect . . . . Harbin Singh (Indian grappler), Walter Browning, George Penchiff and Tommy Nylan, are other wrestlers getting among the money.



Sixto Escobar, colorful Porto Rican bantamweight. He has helped to bring bantamweights back into popular favor with his hitting ability.

AUSTRALIA'S STARS
By JAMES J. MANNION

DARKIE BLANDON has definitely proved his complete superiority over the American bantams now in this country, and critics and fans are shouting his praises from the housetops. In return contests with Speedy Dado and Star Frisco, Blandon, showing amazing improvement, repeated his previous victories without turning a hair. The cry of the hour is for Charley Lucas to import Al Brown to defend his world title against Blandon in Australia . . . . Speaking of importations, reminds me that the industry is not overflourishing at the moment. Ambrose Palmer has not been out of a canter for two years, and Jack Carroll is forgetting what a worthy opponent looks like.

It is a mystery why Roy Williams was ever nicknamed "Tiger." In his three Australian starts, he has been as hopelessly untigerish as a cardboard lover. Against Palmer, his performance was little better than that of a novice. His latest misfortune was to meet Son Tealey. Now Tealey has plenty of potential ability, but has had less than a dozen fights in respectable company. Ninety-five per cent of his boxing has been done in a traveling tent, with Jimmy Sharman's troupe. Yet he wiped the floor with the "ferocious" Tigah!

Joe Ghnouly was having a good run till he met Jimmy Kelso in a return match. Joseph belted his way to a splendid win in their first meeting; and continued his winning ways against Tod Morgan. But Kelso had too many guns for the Roumanian when he returned to the wars after a spell.

Claude Varner has had two fights and two wins down here. He proved too big a hurdle for Young Llew Edwards in his debut, and won a good scrap in good style. He has since defeated Varias Milling.

In between his contests with Blandon, Star Frisco took Billy Murphy into camp. They clashed in Melbourne, and William saw too many Stars for comfort. He was outed in the ninth frame.

Speedy Dado struck a snag in the person of Mickey Miller (8.8) a young Sydneysider. Miller more than held his own against the great little Filipino while the fight lasted, though his victory in the seventh round was a tough break for Dado.

Speedy overbalanced while attempting to dodge a heavy right, fell to the floor, and tore a ligament in his right leg. Naturally, he had to call it a night, there and then.

Judging from his Australian performances, Billy Townsend's claim to a place in the pugilistic sun rests solely on gameness. But even so he was blessed with a tremendous amount of luck to share the verdict with Billy Martin. The critics plumped for Martin, but Referee Joe Wallis called it a draw.

Reg Hickey (10.4) is taking everything before him in a sensational campaign up in Sunny Queensland. He has a tantalizing habit of upsetting the opposition, regardless of records and reputations. George Thompson, of Wales, is the latest to sample the Hickey K.O. He was introduced to it in the third round of their contest. Hickey recently ousted Wally Hogg, in ten rounds; and was unlucky to miss the verdict against Cyril Pluto.

After months of idleness the middleweight champion, Fred Henneberry, got home a bare whisker ahead of Ron Richards. With more work, Henneberry might even yet live up to the great expectations he once inspired in the local fancy.

JABBAGES AND SWINGS—Tiger Roy Williams is heading for home about now . . . . While Teddy and Phineas John have just arrived, from Wales . . . . Bob Thornton had a cakewalk at Jock McDonald's expense . . . . Jackie O'Brien repeated his previous win over Ron Richards in fifteen heats . . . . Prior to his defeat of Roy Williams, Son Tealey knocked out that ancient warhorse, Jack O' Malley . . . . Herb Bishop is supposed to be considering an American campaign . . . . He stopped Ray O'Brien in the tenth . . . . The No-Foul Rule has been adopted by the National Boxing Association and will apply to Sydney and Melbourne stadiums.

IN AND NEAR CHICAGO
By FRANK MAESTRO

PETEY HAYES, who extended Leo Rodak to the limit in a ten-round battle at Wrigley Field, says the farm near Saugerties, N. Y., where he and his folks live, soon will be paid for in full . . . The total payment is $12,000 . . . Johnny Ferranda, one of Petey's three brothers, plans to enter the New York Golden Gloves tornament next year . . . Petey, whose right name is Anthony Ferranda, also has six sisters.

Steve Halaiko, 1928 National A.A.U. champion, was stopped for the second time in his professional career by Harry Dublinsky in July . . . Halaiko, who is twenty-five years old, lost on a technical knockout to Jimmy Leto at Holyoke, Mass., October 4, 1933, in a previous battle . . . Dublinsky is twenty-three years of age and so is Sherald Kennard, Fargo, N. D., welterweight . . . Kennard is 5 feet 11 inches tall, only three-quarters of an inch shorter than Tait Littman, Cudahy, Wis., middleweight, who was born in 1906.

Teddy Yarosz, Pittsburgh middleweight, who won a ten-round decision from Littman on the Wrigley Field card, stands 5 feet 8 inches . . . He is twenty-four . . . Phil Goldstein, who with Joseph Miller, George Sparberg and Harold Getz, conceived the idea of presenting the Rodak-Hayes charity show, became ill and was abed throughout the ballyhoo period.

Sam Pian, co-manager with Art Winch of Champion Barney Ross, and Packey McFarland, member of the Illinois Athletic Commission, are not on speaking terms . . . McFarland's middle initial stands for Francis . . . Commissioner George Getz' middle name is Fulmer, after an old family physician . . . Louis (Chip) London, Commission secretary, uses greenish yellow glasses as an eye shade against the glare of the ring lights.

Billy Celebron, Rockford, Ill., welterweight, former international Golden Gloves and National A.A.U. welterweight champion, was born in Carre, Italy in 1911 . . . Celebron knocked out Kenny Austin of Lincoln, Neb., in 41 seconds to score his fourteenth straight pro triumph at Western Stadium . . . Earl Mastro, former Chicago featherweight, was due back in the "Loop" from Los Angeles, Cal., after an absence of several years . . . Dick Mastro, promising 126-pounder two years back, has opened a radio store at 3517 Fullerton Avenue.

Charley Harvey, manager of Steve Hamas, at one time was secretary of the New York Boxing Commission . . . Lou Gross, busy fight manager, fought under the name of Mickey Lavan . . . He is a good contact man for out-of-town managers and fighters . . . Jimmy Salvatore, Valentine, Neb., boxer, scored an upset when he held Everett (Young) Rightmeier to a ten-round draw . . . He spoiled it a few days later by appearing in a four-round preliminary match against Floyd Embrey at White City and lost on a technical knockout.

Sammy Mosco, Omaha, Neb., featherweight, made a hit with Chicago fans against Jackie Sharkey and Everett (Young) Rightmeier with his clowning . . . Oscar Reichman, referee, is co-owner with Bill Tracey of a South Side tavern . . . Matchmaker Nate Lewis of the Stadium says he has an option on Champion Freddy Miller's services in Chicago . . . Mique Malloy, rotund South Side boxing and wrestling promoter, wears spectacles when reading.

The West Side Boxing Club lost $200 on a boxing show July 11, according to Harry Weiss, matchmaker . . . George Trafton, owner of the gymnasium which bears his name at 180 Randolph Street, played center on the Notre Dame football team in 1919 . . . J. R. Basco, pilot of Frankie Wolfram, is laying claim to the bantamweight title following Wolfram's victories over Mose Butch, Ross Fields, Georgie Annarino, Ernie Maurer and Orville Drouillard . . . Al Brown has been generally recognized as bantamweight title holder since 1928 when Bud Taylor forfeited his claim to the crown by entering the featherweight class.

Chicago—Do you think Davey Day can whip Frank Sigilio?—JIMMY COLITZ.

Answer—Day has the ability to defeat Sigilio. Whether or not he can do it is to be seen.

Charlie Cutler was given recognition as heavyweight wrestling champion after he threw Gustav Fristensky, European crown holder, at the Coliseum in 1913, in a bout which was promoted by Ed White . . . Cutler lost the title to Joe Stecher on July 5, 1915, at Omaha, Neb. . . . Fristensky was managed by White and Cutler by Billy Rochelle, who now is owner of a Chicago dyeing and cleaning concern . . . Charlie says he was the first to see the boxing championship possibilities in Jess Willard, who stopped Jack Johnson in 1915 for the heavyweight crown . . . He gave Willard railroad fare to Chicago from St. Louis twenty-three years ago and after nursing Jess until 1913 Tom Jones acquired managerial rights.

Henry Rothier, Golden Gloves graduate, performing successfully as a professional, felt the need of smelling salts for the first time against Puggy Weinert, whom he beat at Mills stadium . . . George (Kid) Lavigne, who claimed the lightweight championship in 1893, never did any boxing in training for fights . . . He got into condition by doing roadwork and shadow boxing on the sand . . . Davey White, junior lightweight managed by Felix Kolk, is undefeated since turning pro.

Joe Gans maintained that sparring with five-ounce gloves while preparing for his 135-pound title clash with Frank Erne at Fort Erie, Ont., in 1901, caused Erne's knockout in the first round . . . Most boxers use 16-ounce gloves for training purposes . . . Tom McArdle, former matchmaker for Madison Square Garden, and Lou Brix were presenting weekly programs at Long Branch, N. J. . . . Maurice Rivkin, who staged the encounter in which Frank Battaglia beat Johnny Phagan at Marigold Gardens, made a financial profit of $500.

Reddy Mason, manager of the late Harry Greb, middleweight kingpin, has two front names, James and Michael . . . Charlie Rose, veteran representative of boxers, was a sparmate for Johnny Coulon, when the latter held the bantam crown . . . Frank Battaglia favors brown suede oxfords when not shod in boxing shoes . . . Chairman Joe Triner of the State Athletic Commission golfs in the 80's . . . Art Winch was born in Naples, Italy, thirty-six years ago . . . He was brought to this country by his parents when three years of age.

FIVE YEARS AGO IN THE RING—Paddy Harmon and Nate Lewis were arranging cards for the Chicago Stadium . . . Jack Dempsey established offices in a Loop building for his Coliseum Athletic Club . . . Ray Alvis was his matchmaker and Leonard Sacks his business manager and secretary . . . Don Curley, former lightweight, was managing Jimmy Byrne, Frankie Frisco, Jimmy Borde and Alex (Sandy) Moir . . . Spug Myers, Pocatello, Ida., was a leading challenger for Mushy Callahan's junior welterweight title.

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CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

SIXTO ESCOBAR, bantamweight champion of the world, is the status of the Porto Rican bantam bombshell in so far as Montreal is concerned, as a result of his sensational performances in the Forum ring, in features of cards presented by Montreal's enterprising matchmaking maestro, Armand Vincent. Escobar stamped himself as a fighter of top-flight calibre by being the only ringman to stop Bobby Leitham, fiery Canuck champ, on two occasions. He stepped into the spot reserved for Leitham—a battle with Baby Casanova, Mexican buzz-saw—for what the Montreal Commission, taking a step that other commissions could well follow, designated as the world's bantamweight championship. Samuel Bronfman, former local sportsman now located in New York, put up for the winner the diamond-studded Seagram Belt on behalf of the Distillers' Corporation.

Casanova ranked a 9 to 5 favorite when they crawled through the ropes but Referee Joe Glickman, handling his first main bout assignment in efficient style, tolled the "doleful decimal" over the prostrate, writhing form of the highly touted Pacific Coast star in the ninth round, after Escobar's bombing fists had exploded with numbing effect.

Vincent has Escobar signed up for four fights under his exclusive promotion in Canada until October.

The prelims on the Casanava-Escobar card were entertaining. Roger Bernard, still colorful though slipping rapidly, battered Joe Zodda, New York lightweight, unmercifully in the last few rounds to gain the decision after a bad start in their eight-round semi-final. Harold Stewart, Montreal's classy lightweight, outbattled Eddie Carroll, Ottawa's rising youngster, in a hectic eight-rounder. It was a battle of cripples as both were handicapped by bunged-up maulies. Harry Gerson, classy local Jewish bantam favorite, scored impressively when he stopped Billy Landers, New York's experienced ring tourist, in the last heat of their scheduled eight-rounder, and Jean Pusie, giant French-Canadian heavyweight and all-round athlete of note, scored his second straight one-round K.O. when he toppled Al Collins in the opener.

Raoul Godbout inaugurated his promotorial career with a snappy card of bouts at the Exchange Stadium, a miniature punch palace. The seating capacity of 2,200 was not needed, as threatening weather gave him a bad break after it had been twice postponed, but Raoul is optimistic of better luck in future.

Roger Bernard chased Matty White, Philadelphia veteran, around the ring most of the time to win an easy award in the ten-round main attraction. Harry Gerson gave an impressive display to outscore his heavier opponent from Detroit, Carl Christenson, in a hard-fought eight-round semi-final, while his stablemate, Jean Pusie, unfurled the Slitkin-Slotkin colors to the breezes of victory with his one-minute, two-punch knockout of Larry Williams, Philadelphia, in his ring debut. Henri Auger finished strong to erase Joe Dunn's early lead in an all-local welterweight six-rounder and Larry Wagner, Philly light-heavy, outclassed Leo Paul, Montreal, to win via the technical knockout route in five stanzas.

Al Foreman is on the comeback trail. The dynamic British Empire lightweight champ made his first ring appearance of the year when he opposed Petey Sarron at Griffith Stadium, Washington, in the ten-round headliner and his showing was a pleasant surprise to his brother-managers and himself. Foreman lost a split verdict. One of the judges, Henry DiSibour, gave him seven of the ten rounds.

As the sport is newly legalized in the District of Columbia, eight-ounce gloves were in use and this proved a severe handicap to Foreman, who is not accustomed to fighting with pillows.

Canada's team of boxers for the British Empire Games in London, England, was decided in a three-night meet held in the Forum. The Maple Leaf band of battlers, worthy survivors of a tourney reeking with thrills, slugfests and close decisions, was revealed as follows: Flyweight, Maxie Berger, Montreal; bantam, Eddie Heathfield, Montreal; feather, Sammy Tomlinson, Toronto; lightweight, Joe Marsh, Montreal; welter, Irving Pease, Toronto; middle, Len Wadsworth, Hamilton; light-heavy, Tommy Osborne, Montreal; heavy, Bill Maich, Brantford, Ontario. Dennis White, Olympic coach, will be in charge of the squad and they will be under capable supervision. White was tendered a banquet by friends at the Villa Maurice cabaret in honor of his sterling efforts in building up the game here.

STRAY SHOTS — Bobby Leitham recovering from sprained ankle sustained in bout with Escobar and will be training by the time this is read . . . . the fiery Verdunite will be ready for action in September . . . . Casanova's defeat at Escobar's hands did plenty in the way of redeeming Bobby . . . . proved that he wasn't through just because the Escobar wallops stopped him . . . . Alec Moore mooted for return to matchmaking role for Forum in fall . . . . it seems a certainty . . . . we'll give you the lowdown next month!

Terrence "Tiger" Warrington, colored Maritime light-heavy hope, is living up to the high claims of his Maritime supporters. Garneau' Seaman's protege breezed into Morrisville, Vermont, to take the measure of Armand "Kid" Cioffi, their state champ, via the technical knockout route, in seven heats, scoring several knockdowns in the process. To prove this wasn't a flash in the pan the ebony package of dynamite met Cioffi again, in a return bout a few weeks later, and floored him for lengthy counts six times, taking an easy eight-round decision.

Other Maritime news is scarce. Johnny Nemis, Maritime middleweight king, is ready for a comeback; promoters are always assured of colorful action from him. Bobby Allen, welter champ, scored twice over Ronnie Headley, Ottawa favorite.

NEWS FROM HUDSON COUNTY, N. J.
By BABE ORLANDO

IT took Young Zazzarino to inject new blood into the boxing game and bring it back to the heights it was a few years ago during the reign of Young Zazz, Bobby Brady, Petey Mack, Allie Ridgeway and Ralph Lenny. Young Zazzarino, one of the most colorful gladiators that ever stepped inside of a ring, returned to the wars after a lay-off of eighteen months, to flatten Young Terry McGovern in the sixth round of a savage bout at the Teterboro Airdrome. Zazz put McGovern on the floor for counts of nine six times, before putting him out for keeps.

Eddie Anchor of Garfield knocked out Bucky McTigh in three rounds at Rockaway, N. Y.

Results of bouts held during the past month are as follows:

Oakland A. A. Jersey City—Billy McMahon and Teddy Loder draw ten rounds; Joey La Grey beat Battling Joe Nelson ten rounds; Johnny Daniels polished off Tommy Dunn in one round; Richie Thurer knocked out Jimmy Wilson (2); Joe Sabilla beat Joe Tampanaro (4).

Englewood Arena, Englewood—Tiger Henderson outpointed Mickey Taylor (8); Frankie Cinque stopped Joe Barra (1); Pete Hackett finished George Marshall (4); Eddie Zeigler bested Georgie Thomas (4); Al Lane lost by a T.K.O. to Frankie Neal (2); Charles Simpson won over Nick Hyland (4).

Oakland A. A.—Teddy Loder beat Harry Carlton (10); Allie Tedisco won by a T.K.O. over Johnny Brennan (7); Seabon Ashley beat Billy Kerns (4); Johnny Loicanno kayoed Phil Lombardi (3); Joe Furrone beat Sammy Matthews (4); Sid Barry beat Angello Fracasso (4).

At Paterson—Joe Harrison beat Carl Duva (8); Mickey Buttone beat Tiger Sullivan (8); Duke Alexander stopped Frank Zamoris (3); Young Dixon stopped Mickey Schaff (4); Andy Doyle beat Archie Feffer (4).

At Teterboro Airdrome—Billy Mosca drew with Billy Burkhardt (6); Mickey Salem beat Mike Easter (6); Mickey Snell drew with Howard Rogers (6); Joe Rodriques drew with Joe Moresco (5); Johnny Buff beat Sammy Russo (4); Young Johnny O'Keefe stopped Matty Koch (1).

At Hackensack Arena—Six Second Powell outpointed Petey Mike (8); Joe Constantino knocked out Johnny Howard (3); Mooch Murphy beat Phil Barry (5); Jack Connors beat Red Rossi (4); Ernie Stone drew with Paulie Simenko (4); Dom Colu knocked out Bud McWun (1).

At Jersey City, Oakland A. A.—Joey Ferrando beat Calvin Reed (10); Harry Carlton beat Young Terry McGovern (10); Marvin Hart stopped Phil Scihetta (1); Angello Fracasso beat Frankie Van (4); Andy Savoy drew with Butch Loicano (4).

At Hackensack Arena—Jack Ennis kayoed Tony Fisher (2); Allie Rowan knocked out Tommy Diaz (2); Mickey Juliano beat Johnny Toomey (6); Meyer Goss won from Frank Terranova (5); Tony Fernandes beat Johnny Buff (4); George Carlo beat Young Morofsky (4); Frank Slavin beat Sid Berkowitz (4).

Paterson Armory—Charlie Rubin knocked out Frank Zamoris (2); Tiger Sullivan kayoed Mickey Snell (3); Joe Moresco finished Puggy Cuspito (3); Mickey Shad put the crusher on Young Dixon (3); Frank Rocco stopped Bill McCrae (1); Sam Ammato polished off Joe Leonard (2); Lope Berman beat Bobby Holden (4).

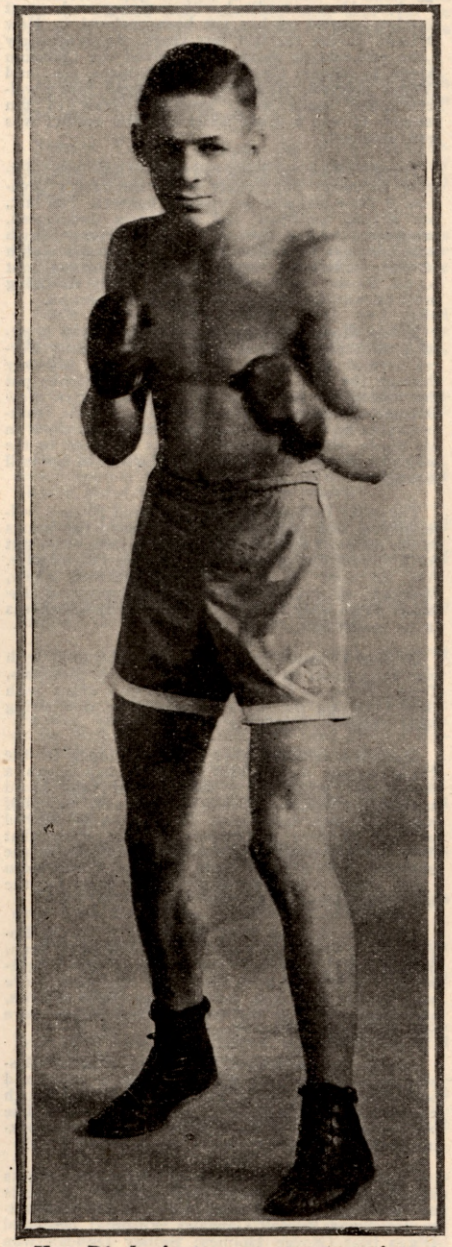
Hackensack Arena—Jay Macadon lost to Johnny O'Keefe (8); Allie Rowan held Ernie Ratner to a draw (8); Moose Murphy beat Nick Sacco (5); Joe Cazar lost to Butch Lynch (4); Shorty Ahearn drew Bob Norton (4); Stanley Zanicke stopped Clem White (4).

Teterboro Airdrome—Al Diamond knocked out Eddie Shapiro (3); Al Brundy and Mickey Salem, draw (6); Angelo Fracasso lost to Eddie Ziegler (4); Mike DeLong won by a T.K.O. over Young Buck (2); Dave Atler lost by a T.K.O. to Frank Zamoris (3); Georgie Carlo and Ernie Tackett, draw (4).

Al Evans of Jersey City writes from Vilas, Florida, where he is stationed with the C.C.C., to say that he has won eight bouts, five by the K.O. route, in the Sunny South and that he is coming back soon to try his luck before the home folks. Al is a welterweight and is coming at a fast pace.

Englewood Arena—Skippy Allen scored a T.K.O. over Eddie Ziegler (1); Dave Fay lost by a T.K.O. to Steve Korovich (1); Young Johnny Buff beat Jimmy Doyle (6); Joe Simonetti beat Young Jack Dempsey (6); Hard Rock Delcero lost to Frank Fitzsimmons (6).

Oakland A. A.—Steve Dudas outpointed Les Kennedy (8); Mickey Makar beat Harold Turk (6); Andy Savoy and Willie Perry, draw (4); Richie Thurer beat Willie Scott (4); Gene Mickens won from Battling Joe Nelson (6); Joe Scibelli outpointed Baby Jack Dempsey (4).



Ken Disch, former amateur star from Cleveland.

Teterboro Airdrome—Young Zazzarino stopped Young Terry McGovern (6); Matty Mario and George Taylor, no contest (1); Joey Fasano lost on a foul to Jimmy Doyle (4); Angello Fracasso beat Baby Jack Dempsey (4); Ernie Sackett outpointed Jimmy Gallo (4); Ernie Tedisco beat Harry Scott (4); Joe Moresco beat Carmen Presti (4).

When addressing the writer, please forward a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want a reply.

For information in regard to fights and fighters around these parts, address your mail to: Babe Orlando, 514 26th Street, Union City, N. J.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

IN the semi, Ted Ivins beat Larry Crabtree in a six. Meyer Goss beat Michey Sardello in six rounds. Young Peanuts of Riverside beat Michey Ballerino of Trenton in a six. Stanley Pyontek won by a technical knockout over Mike Gugliardi in the third round. Pete Kelly of Riverside won over Joe Murphy of Trenton in the four-round opener.

Johnny Brennan, Trenton bantam, lost to Allie Todisco of Jersey City by a technical knockout in the seventh round. In the semi, Billy Kearns of Trenton beat Syve Havley, colored, of Patterson, in six rounds. These bouts were held in Jersey City.

Mooch Murphy, Trenton feather, went over big with Hackensack fans by the manner in which he beat Young Sacco and Johnny Panico.

Blondy Cebulski, of Trenton, and Young Collie, of Patterson, put on a furious six-round bout, both scoring three knockdowns. Collie was lying flat on his back when the bell ended the bout.

Meyer Goss of Trenton outpointed Jack Terranova in a five-round bout at Hackensack.

Carman Presti of Trenton and the veteran, Joe Moresco of Orange, put on a great six-round bout at Teterboro, with honors even at the finish.

Stanley Pyontek, Trenton, stopped Crum White, of Patterson, in four rounds. Billy Brown, Trenton, was stopped in the first round by Joe Esposito of Newark.

Al Cohen, veteran fight manager of Trenton, and his partner, Mike Shiller, have quite a number of boys training daily at the Pioneer gym.

Joey Ferrando settled the rivalry question that existed between Lou Lombardi and himself satisfactorily at the Oakland A.A. of Jersey City in a slashing ten-round tussle. Ferrando fought a rip-tearing, aggressive, never-stop style and proved too strong and rugged for his more clever opponent. Lombardi tried to keep off the rushes of his opponent but Ferrando was too strong to be denied.

Referee George Waitt gave a decision at Long Branch recently to Johnny Erickson over Lew Feldman which found his opinion alone against the entire assemblage of fans who gathered at the Ocean View A. A. Feldman clearly outboxed his man all the way and Erickson had a hard job even landing on his opponent and the decision was a mystery to all concerned.

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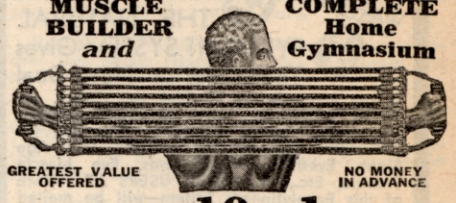

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FIGHT FLASHES FROM THE SOUTH

By PINKIE LOU MASTERS

"AND in this corner we have Jack Denning": thus have 32 referees so far introduced Denning since last July when he made his comeback to the squared circle.

Jack Denning, who is the possessor of the Carolinas light-heavyweight crowns, started his boxing in the Navy where he won four titles including the all-service championship which includes all of Uncle Sam's fighting boys. Denning cut a swath through the best service pugilists to hold the championship until retirement. So much was heard of him in outdoor life that the late Leo P. Flynn tried to get Denning under his wing but as Damon Runyon made first bid for the champion, he was given first preference. Under the world-famous writer, Denning skyrocketed to the top by confronting opposition that dogged at the footsteps of the world's champion. Denning demanded attention with his style of fighting, as his ability to box or slug, or whatever the occasion demanded, made him a dangerous foe for the best of them.

In 163 ring engagements, Denning has only 12 black marks dotting his record, which is second to none. His losses were to such topnotchers as Joe Knight, Bob Godwin, Corn Griffin, Arthur Huttick and eight others. In glancing in his win column we see where he has either knocked out or won from Big Jeff Carroll, Lou Carpenter, Max Maxwell, Eric Lawson, Carl Knowles, Buster Newberry, Joe Lipps, Biff Bennett, Russ Rowsey, Jack Leonard and a host of others.

Denning's bookings at present are being made by your scribe, and any promoters that would like his services would do well to get in touch with me at 1911 Waters Avenue, Savannah, Ga.

THEY TOOK PLACE LAST MONTH—Jack Denning outpointed Ed Hardrock Harden at Burlington . . . . At Savannah, Loree Wilson K.O.'d Jack Leonard . . . . Joe Knight bested Rosy Rosales at Atlanta . . . . At St. Petersburg, Earl Storch bested Buddy Rogers in three rounds . . . . At Burlington, Jack Denning trounced Joe Lipps. . . . . At Boston, Harry Allen of Savannah outpointed Jack McCarthy and Josie Miller . . . . Jack Denning knocked out Russ Rowsey at St. Petersburg . . . . At Savannah, Ray Kiser won the Southern welterweight championship from Cliff Greenwood . . . . while at Americus, Pat Flaherty held Kiser to a draw. Pat is under your writer's wing . . . . as is Loree Wilson . . . . Carl Knowles scored over Walter Kirkwood at Asheville . . . . while on the same card Firpo Hipps K.O'd Chuck Conners. . . .

In conclusion your scribe would like to state that he is still in the market for talent to book down this way. All Eastern fighters who would like to come down this way would do well to get in touch with me. Send photos and clippings in first letters . . . . and until next month . . . . *Adios* . . . .

LOUISIANA AND VICINITY

By H. J. "MATTY" MATHEWS

THE place of honor at the beginning of the column this month goes to two ebony boys who have been accredited with reviving such great popular interest as has not been realized in New Orleans during the last five years. Approximately 7,000 enthusiastic spectators jammed the Coliseum Arena to witness Gene Thomas, Atlanta, Ga., and Wesley Farrell, New Orleans, Negro junior-welterweights, battle to a smashing draw in ten rounds. It was a great scrap and the verdict was well received.

There remain no home-town favorites with idolizing followers any longer since the recent invasion of New Orleans by visiting fighters. The last, Joe Fryou, southpaw and previously undefeated, succumbed to the fists of Gordon Green, Jewish bantamweight from Memphis, Tenn., in the eighth of their scheduled tenner. After a furious first round Fryou took an unmerciful body drubbing until he was dropped by a right to the button.

Henry Hooks, Hoosier bantamweight who created a mild sensation when he stopped Jimmy Perrin several weeks ago, goes merrily on his way through the local crop of little fellows. Hooks put the kibosh on Joe Saille in two rounds in New Orleans. However, when he stepped into the featherweights he could only obtain a ten-round draw in his tussle with Al Jerome. It was apparent to the majority of fans that Hooks had the best of the mill throughout.

The other Indiana scrapper, Willard Brown, welterweight, who with Hooks has warmed the hearts of the die-hard fight fans in New Orleans, also put forth creditable performances. Over in Mobile, Ala., he used his ring-worn foil, Battling Shaw, Mexican, to gain a win over the ten-round distance. Previously he had registered two knockouts in as many fights with Shaw.

In New Orleans, Brown stepped ten rounds with big-time opposition in Eddie Kid Wolfe, Memphis, Tenn., Hebrew. It was a nip-and-tuck affair with Brown getting the decision only after weathering some rough handling by Wolfe.

Decisions handed down by the judges in the Hooks-Jerome and Brown-Wolfe set-to's began a controversy with sports writers and fans allied against the officials. The questions are, why and wherefore such deductions. The results as debated in New Orleans newspapers to date show that there lacks co-ordination among the officials in the interpretation of the State Boxing Commission rules, which reason no doubt is the basis for the smelly decisions of late.

To prove that his first victory over Jumbo Rovira, New Orleans, was as it should have been, Midget Mexico, Aztec from El Paso, Tex., lightweight, again trounced his rival, this time more soundly. He then took Johnny Cook, local veteran, over the hurdles in ten rounds. Both scraps were held at the Coliseum Arena.

Jimmy Beeson became undisputed king of Mississippi middleweights when he hung a right-hand sock on the chin of Sergis Prevost in the fourth round of their scheduled ten-round affair. The contest was held at Gulfport, being the first boxing card put on in that resort city in years.

Results of contests among the lesser lights hereabouts showed some of the better prospects maintaining their winning ways. Nick Camaratta decisioned Russell Gonzales, Filipino; Desmond Diggs beat George Holmes; Sidney Duncan won over Joe Engie and Little Kayo Baer beat Vincent Serio, featherweights. Irving Schaffer beat Gene Tillman and Boomer Brooker, but Brooker beat Joe Sauro; Jimmy McNamara and George Clausen drew; Matt Brown trounced Ira Bassett, and Adam Cook stopped Al Morales, lightweights. Henry Deubler again beat Joe Berroys, Filipino, and Wilford Hultz shaded Grady Lewis, middleweights. George Murla technically kayoed Sal Scalfani, but Scalfani beat Mike Martinez, bantamweights.

In the first twenty-round boxing contest to be staged in New Orleans in several years, Levi Young, Houston, Tex., decisioned Mexican Pete, Arizona. The Negro welterweights were welcomed by a large attendance.

Among other colored scrappers: Al Jackson, Savannah, Ga., middleweight, was beaten twice, first by Carlos Phillips in ten and Roy Finn in six stanzas. Charley the Kid decisively trounced Kid Phillips; Jimmy Johnson won over Kid Spibbens, and Newsboy Brown kayoed Kid Albert, lightweights. Young Danno stopped California Joe Gans; and John Young kayoed Battling Shrimp, featherweights. Josh Willis knocked out Wildcat Carter but lost to Kid Holiman, light-heavyweights. George Godfrey twice beat Kid Herman; Bull Adams decisioned George Lawson; Leo Tankerson and Baby Wills drew, and K. O. Coleman beat Wildcat O'Connor, welterweights.

OUTCROPPINGS—Only one boxing show, a charity affair, was held in Mobile during the month . . . . However, the American Legion plans to resume activities . . . . Joe Mandot, old-time lightweight star, is being sought after as a boxing referee . . . . Charley Harvey, who directs Steve Hamas, is looking after the affairs of Eddie Flynn, New Orleans middleweight . . . . A new type clock to time knockdowns is being tried out at the Coliseum Arena . . . . Lou Jallos, Greek lightweight, is in the flickers much to the ire of Maxie Baer . . . . Willard Brown wears spectacles . . . . Pete Herman, former bantie champ, still operates a night spot in New Orleans . . . . Broadway Johnny Cox is reported as promoting fights in a very small town in Texas . . . . Scotty McLaughlin is the most popular handler of fighters in the Crescent City . . . . For a list of boxing promoters in Louisiana, Texas, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia send the writer twenty cents . . . . My address is 627 Ursuline, New Orleans, La.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

By PATSY DONOVAN

DONALD RED BARRY and Patsy Perroni fought a ten-round draw at the Griffith Stadium in Washington. Referee Howard Livingston gave the duke to Barry but the judges disagreed and made matters even. Phil Furr took the nod over Lew Raymond in eight rounds after the windup in a downpour of rain.

Natie Brown of Washington and Dewey Kimrey of Charlotte, N. C., fought a ten-round draw at Virginia Beach, Va. Kimrey surprised the Norfolk fans with his fine showing against the highly touted Brown.

Harry Serody of Philadelphia had an easy time in belting Harry Alexanian of Boston, Mass., at the Riding Hunt Club in Washington. Serody put the finishing touches on the game New Englander in round seven. Charlie Gomer of Baltimore had the better of Eddie Marks, New York, in another ten-rounder.

Jimmy Tramberia and Pete Gullato, local feathers, fought a savage eight-rounder at Carlin's Park in Baltimore. The best house in a long time was on hand to see a very good show.

Charlie Von Reedon lost to Al Gillette on foul punches at the Riding Hunt Club in Washington. Von was an easy winner but you must keep your punches up in Washington if you want to win. Henry Irving beat K. O. Renault in a lively six-round semi-final.

In the opening show of the American Legion in Washington Joe Knight won a technical knockout over Henry Firpo of Louisville, Ky., in seven rounds. Knight was too good for the aged Firpo and the fans did not like the bout so well.

Lew Raymond of Baltimore beat Tootsie Bashara in ten rounds at Norfolk, Va. Raymond had Tootsie down for a couple of counts in the early rounds.

Jackie Portney lost a close one to Billy McMahon at the Riding Hunt Club. Portney substituted for Harry Serody who was taken ill at the last minute. Portney tired in the latter rounds to blow the duke. Bob Wilson, a newcomer from Florida, flattened Otto Kushner in five rounds in a sensational bout. Kushner was down four times before taking the final ten, but gave Wilson a tough evening at that. Deacon Owens had the better of Johnny Burke in a six-rounder.

Frankie Remus, middleweight champion of the Navy punched out a ten-round victory over Henry LaBianca at the American Legion show in Washington. Tommy Walsh, another seaman, won over Toney Dominguez in the six-round semi-final. Toney looked like an easy winner but was penalized for rough tactics.

Eddie Ross is promoting at Carlin's Park in Baltimore and thus far has had more than ordinary success. Ross features local boys, giving forty rounds of boxing for as cheap as forty cents. Ross knows the fight game and if anyone can make it go in Baltimore, it should be Eddie.

The Mohawk Gym in Washington is packed daily with out-of-town boxers doing their daily dozen. Rumors are about that Frankie Mann will promote for himself this coming winter in Washington; at present Mann is acting as matchmaker for Joe Turner at the Griffith Stadium there. There is also talk of C. E. "Fats" Cornell opening an indoor club a few miles outside of Washington, where the fans can get their action with five-ounce gloves and they let the boys go to it.

Ray Bowen, Washington's best welter, is the last of the "Fighting Bowens." Ray is the youngest brother following Bill, George, Andy, Johnny and Eddie, all of whom made names in the boxing game. Bob Wilson, the pink-haired boy from Florida, has taken Washington by storm with his hard punching. Phil Furr is the most improved boy in Washington these days.

Red Barry continued his winning ways at Fairmont, W. Va., in licking Buddy McArthur there. It was Buddy's first loss in over a year and the second time Red has turned the trick.

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

HARRY MASON, ex-lightweight champion of Great Britain, is now the official welterweight champion, because he was fouled by Len "Tiger" Smith with a left swing to the body that went low, at Birmingham. The bout went into the fourteenth round, and it certainly did seem as though Smith would be the winner on points.

Mason was on the canvas for two counts.

Tom Pardoe (Birmingham) continued his unbeaten record by a clever points win over Joe Mendiola (Philippines) in twelve rounds of clean boxing.

Norman Snow (Northampton) strengthened his claim for a return contest with Harry Mizler by his clear points win over Billy Quinlan (Wales). In the eighth round Quinlan was put down for a count of nine.

Billy Barr (Woolwich) defeated Seaman "Knocker" White on points over twelve rounds at the Stadium Club, London, after a good bout.

At the Alcazar, Edmonton, Wal Dinsey (Willesden) defeated Charlie Hone (Penge) on points in twelve rounds. On the same card, Chris Dawson (St. Johns Wood) beat Tug Wilson (Poplar).

Eddie Phillips, the Bow Coach Driver, qualified to meet Len Harvey for the cruiserweight title by winning over Tommy Farr, the Welsh cruiser champion. The bout took place at Wandsworth Stadium, and there were fully 10,000 fans present.

Tommy Hyams (Kings X) won a hard bout from Billy "Kid" Brooks (Stratford) in ten.

Harry Fenn (Poplar) was given the decision over Leo Phillips (Birmingham) in ten.

Dick Morgan (Australia) and Wal Dinsey (Willesden) went eight rounds, the Aussie winning.

Johnny Peters (Battersea) won on points from Bert Taylor (Birmingham).

Paddy Ryan (Dublin) was no match for George Willis (Newcastle) when they met over ten rounds at the latter's home town.

Benny Sharkey (Newcastle) received a points decision over the Welshman, Evan Morris, in twelve hard rounds at West Hartlepool.

Some good boxers from Holland were seen at the Ring, London. Harry Staal, a heavyweight, scored a quick K.O. over Kid Scott (Sheffield) in the second round.

Beb Donnars, a middleweight, was narrowly defeated by Frank Hough, and Robert Disch, the lightweight champion of Holland, outpointed Peter Clarke (Liverpool) over ten interesting rounds. These lads will always be welcomed in any British ring.

Charlie Belanger, Canadian cruiserweight champion, is getting to be quite a favorite around these shores. After disposing of Jack London in eight rounds at Newcastle, he substituted for Obie Walker, the American Negro, against Frank Borrington (Derby) at Edmondton Greyhound Track.

Jackie Rocks (West Hartlepool) scored a clean-cut victory over Pat Sherry (Glasgow) in the second at West Hartlepool.

Eric Jones (Coalville) scored a convincing victory over Bob Smart (Sheffield) at Walsall.

A clever flyweight in Ike Pratt (Thornaby) was seen in the ring at Norton-On-Tees when he was engaged to meet Chris Green (Bradford) over twelve rounds. He gave a masterful exhibition of boxing to run out an easy winner on points.

Tommy Hyams (Kings X) seems to have recovered from his bad spell and at Brighton he scored a T.K.O. over Tommy Fox (Bermondsey) in five rounds.

George Daly (Blackfriars) followed up his "White City" victory by defeating Albert Heaseman (Brighton) in eight.

At the Victoria Hall, Hanley, the local Pat Haley won a close decision over Carl Peterson (Ireland) over fifteen hard rounds.

Johnny McGrory (Glasgow) scored a clever win over Stan Jehu, the Welsh featherweight champion, at the Adelphi Club, Glasgow.

Jackie Brown was considered mighty lucky to retain his title of flyweight champion, when he met Valentin Angelmann of France at Manchester.

"Gameness personified" won for Jock McAvoy, the British middleweight champion, a K.O. victory over Teddy Phillips (Canada), a cruiserweight of no mean ability.

In the third round it was seen that a blow on the nose had caused swelling on McAvoy's right cheek that went round to his temple and closed his right eye completely, and when the other eye began to swell McAvoy gripped his jaws and went after the heavier Canadian and finished him with a hard right to the jaw in the eighth round.

McAvoy was rushed to hospital by ambulance and the doctors who examined him, said that he has a rare case of "Emphsyna." McAvoy is a fighter with GUTS.

Johnny King won his right to another title match when he outpointed Len Beynon, Welsh bantam champion, in twelve rounds.

Seaman Tommy Watson, the British featherweight champion, again showed his fighting ability when he outpunched Francois Machtens (Belgium) in ten.

A new lightweight champion of Ireland was claimed when the referee raised the arm of George Kelly (Dublin) as the winner over Billy Gilmore (Belfast), the holder of the title.

Little George Lowe (East Ham) was called upon to give too much weight away to Jack Turvey (Birmingham) when they met at the Stadium Club, London.

Jim Hurst (Blaydon) gained a points win over Billy Hazell (Wales) after twelve closely contested rounds at Newcastle.

Dick Morgan (Canning Town) late of Australia, scored another victory, this time at the expense of Charlie Hone (Penge) after ten rounds.

George Odwell (Camden Town) had matters all his own way and scored a T.K.O. over Harry Brooks (St. Georges) when the referee intervened at the end of the tenth.

Dave Finn (Stepney) showed good form to stop Battling Croft (Sheffield) in the seventh.

Johnny Quill (Stepney) scored a K.O. over Pat Haley (Hanley) in the fourth.

Arthur Garwood (Canning Town) and Albert Danahar (Bethnal Green) met over twelve rounds at the Bethnal Green Drill Hall, and after a hectic battle, the referee called the bout a draw.

Jackie Bishop (Hexton) scored a clean-cut K.O. over Fred Siki (Stepney) in the eighth at Becontree.

Chuck Parker (Barnsley) defeated Johnny Mack (Carlisle) in twelve at Middlesborough.

Bobby McGhee (Glasgow) won well on points over Fred Babbington (Salford) at Newcastle.

Jack Lyden (Liverpool) caused a mild surprise at Rotherham when he hung his pet left-hook K.O. on the jaw of Tommy Rogers (Willenhall) in the second round.

Sonny Lee (Leeds), who has become a firm favorite at Liverpool Stadium, outpointed the local Frankie Brown in twelve rounds.

Joe Kerr (Glasgow) made a welcome return to the ring at Parkhead Arena, Glasgow, and outpointed Tommy Dexter (Sheffield) over eight fast rounds.

Before a crowd of 15,000 at Wandsworth, Greyhound Stadium, Featherweight Champion Tom Watson outpointed Bantamweight Champion, Dick Corbett, in twelve rounds. Watson proved himself a Non-Stop battler and proved himself a good champion.

Dave Carstens (South Africa), who in 1932 won the cruiserweight Olympic Games championship, made an auspicious start in England when he put out Ted Mason (Maidstone) in the first.

Tom Curran (Walton) again showed improvement and gameness when he beat the hard-hitting Paul Schaeffer (Canada) in eight.

Jim Holloway (South Africa) in his debut in the English Ring, lost to Jack Strongbow (West Hartlepool) over ten rounds.

Pat Butler (Leicester) beat Harry Fenn (Poplar) in the sixth by a K.O.

Len Wickwar (Leicester) was rather fortunate to share the verdict with Jack Flynn (Ireland) in fifteen rounds.

Frank Hough, ex-cruiserweight champion of the British Army, bit off more than he could chew when he was matched to meet Archie Sexton (Bethnal Green) in twelve rounds at the Ilford Skating Rink. In the second round Hough was put down four times for nine counts. He was again sent down in the sixth and seventh, and K.O.'ed in the eighth.

Billy Ross, the young Stepney cruiserweight, did well to defeat Dai Beynon (Wales) in twelve rounds at the Bethnal Green Drill Hall.

Tommy Moore (Royston) won the Northern Area middleweight championship when he outpointed Bob Simpkins (Bridlington) in fifteen at Barnsley.

Jim Winters (Glasgow) defeated Fred Shaw (Shipley) at the Adelphi Sports Club, Glasgow, over twelve rounds.

Sandie McKenzie (Glasgow) scored a surprise when he K.O.'d the Scottish middleweight champion, George Gordon, in the third.

Bob Lamb (Sunderland) repeated his victory over Jack Skelly (Barnsley) when they again met at Sunderland, over ten rounds.

Jimmy Knowles, the Scottish bantamweight champion, although winning over Jackie Quinn (Ireland) failed to impress the fans with his showing. The bout was over twelve rounds at the Advocate Park, Aberdeen.

Len Wickwar (Leicester) proved too clever and versatile for Carl Peterson (Ireland) at Hanley.

Eddie Pierce (South Africa) caused Battling Parkin (Mansfield) to retire at the end of nine rounds at Ilford Skating Rink.

Dave Crowley, the Clerkenwell featherweight, gave an impressive performance at Northampton, when he outclassed the tough Frenchman, Aine Gyde. Crowley scored a T.K.O. in the eleventh round.

"Panther" Purchase (South Africa) was in good form when he met Stoker Reynolds (Portsmouth) at Mile End Arena.

After both had taken considerable punishment during the eleven rounds fought, the referee stopped the contest when Reynolds had both eyes badly cut.

Three twelve-rounders were fought at Alcazar Edmonton between welterweights and all were decided on points. Dixie Cullen (Chelsea) defeated Ernie Mason (Lambeth). Charlie Hone (Penge) outpointed Red Pullen (Wales) and Al Bowden (Plymouth) outpointed Herbie Fraser (Westbourne Park).

Joe Horridge (Rochdale) met a tartar in Charlie Jordan (Kingston) and was outpointed after twelve hard rounds.

Stanly Croft (Sheffield) and Tommy Fox (Bermondsey) provided the thrills of the show at the Ring, London, when, after twelve hectic rounds, the referee called it a draw.

Harry Jennings (Bethnal Green) and Seaman "Knocker" White (Chatham) met over twelve rounds and the Seaman won narrowly on points.

Teddy Higgins (Newcastle) gained a narrow points victory over Billy Napier (Glasgow) at Newcastle. On the same card, Johnny Regan (Rotherham) defeated Pat Gorman (Wheatley Hill) after ten interesting rounds.

Benny Lynch, Scottish flyweight champion, successfully defended his title against Jim Campbell (Glasgow) over fifteen rounds, at Cathkin Park, Glasgow.

Johnny McGrory (Glasgow) made short work of Albert Roothooft (Belgium), who was counted out in the third round from a right to the jaw.

Jimmy Knowles, Aberdeen, bantam champion of Scotland, defeated Bert Nicol (Glasgow) over ten rounds.

Joe Kerr (Glasgow) scored a quick win by K.O. over Jackie Simpson (Edinburgh) in the second round in Glasgow.

George Gordon (Dunblane), the Scottish middleweight champion, defeated Bushman Dempster (Lanark) on points in twelve rounds at Edinburgh.

"Cyclone" Joe Warriner (Newark) is certainly a "tough hombre." Out of 72 contests this year, to date he has scored sixty K.O.'s. His latest victim, Dan Tokell (Sunderland), went out in the seventh.

Jimmy Walsh (Liverpool), who recently defeated Harry Mizler, British lightweight champ, had as an opponent another local in Frankie Brown, in a bout over twelve rounds at Liverpool Stadium. Walsh was in good form and won well on points.

The clash between Mog Mason (Gilfach Loch) and Terrence Morgan (Newport) at Trelaw was a corker, with Mason winning.

George Kelly (Dublin) beat Pat Burns (Chrysston) at the Show Grounds, Dundalk.

Frank Davey (St. Helens) proved too clever for the local Billy McHarg at Grosvenor Park, Belfast. In another bout, Tommy Doylan (Dublin) beat Les McArthy (Manchester).

Max Hodgets, the giant heavyweight from Kidderminster, scored another K.O., this time at the expense of Guardsman Brown (London) in the fifth, at Kidderminster.

Billy Gannon (Liverpool) defeated Motee "Kid" Singh (British Guiana) in the third.

Boy McIntosh (Glasgow) reversed a previous decision by K.O.'ing Young Owens (Liverpool) in the sixth.

NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON
By DOC ALMY

THE fight game in Boston, long hanging by a thread, made a real feint at a comeback the 9th, when the Goodwin A. C. launched a tournament at the Braves Field Baseball Park, with Patsy Perroni of Cleveland (now holding forth here) meeting Jack McCarthy of Roxbury, (both heavyweights) in a ten-rounder at the top of its card. To help put the show over, the club had Jack Dempsey, operating under a special license granted by the State Boxing Commission, in the ring as referee. The magnetism of the former Mauler, along with the fact that the tourney was the first for weeks in Boston, attracted about 5,000 customers—a big gathering about ring ropes as affairs now are.

The bout was rather one-sided, Perroni winning all the way. To the credit of McCarthy, he carried the battle, absorbed plenty of punishment but kept going. As third man, Dempsey proved a decided hit and made an excellent impression. The spectators liked his work. His presence in the ring marked the first time an outsider has been third man in a Hub fistic melee since Commission rule went into effect in 1920.

In one of the preliminaries, Paddy Mack, a wrestler, booked as from Philadelphia, made his debut as a boxer, and stopped Frank Carney of New Haven in one round. It was a double-header evening for Mack for, following the boxing bout, he was whisked to Revere, Mass., where a wrestling tourney was in progress, went onto the mat there when his turn was called, and flattened his opponent in eleven minutes.

Dempsey also refereed a wrestling match up at Manchester, N. H.

It is extremely doubtful if the Boston Garden will carry on much longer. It is now up to its eyes in debt and its future status very much in the air. Boxing, as a big league institution, is practically dead in this city. It will take oodles of money to revive it—a long campaign of missionary work. For Dempsey, or any other matchmaker, as the Garden's boss, if he accepted it, the prospect at this time is not alluring. As directly concerns the financial affairs of the Boston Garden, Col. Hammond and the directors of the Boston Garden, Boston Arena and Boston & Maine railroad have had several huddles since our last notes to THE RING. Official statements are to the effect that the situation is being cleared up, but that much negotiating between financiers remains.

Champion Max Baer, accompanied by Manager Hoffman and "Buddy" Baer were in Boston on Friday for a week's engagement at a local theater; the former, assisted on the stage by Benny Rubin, the comedian, played to a full house on each appearance. The act comprised about forty-five minutes of pony ballet and vaudeville, a bit of monologue between Baer and Rubin, and three two-minute rounds of exhibition glove work between Max and "Buddy." Being a fossil and having seen champions since Sullivan and Corbett, we were not greatly impressed.

Of course Max came in for plenty of interviewing and took it all very good-naturedly. The general tenure was to the effect that he would not fight again until somebody who was a real card was dug up for him to fight—that he was none too hot for the game and liked acting and the making of moving pictures better—was out to make a million or so and then retire to a ranch and settle down for the rest of his life. He saw no reason to give Carnera another bout, having whipped him once, but would fight him again, perhaps next June, if the public demanded it—did not note that the Italian had a lame ankle during the recent mill—opined that the sprain or fracture claimed by Primo might have been an alibi. Should they meet again, Baer figures that he will stop Primo in two rounds. In his interviews Max was very strong for Dempsey.

The sisters of the press tried to induce Baer to unburden as to his affairs *de* romance, but got very little information. Max kept his heart affairs to himself, Manager Hoffman assisting. A hard guy, hired for the purpose, kept light-headed females from annoying the champion at the theater, while plenty of mash notes from the sillies never reached him.

Tony Shucco of Boston, now sporting two New England titles—light-heavy and heavyweight, encountered Al Gainor, the formidable colored boy "cruiser," for the fourth time at New Haven late in June, and came through with another ten-round win over his dusky foe. Shucco's margin, however, was not great and twice during the melee he was on the floor. Gainor is of the "in and out" type, fighting for one minute of a round like the devil, and doing damage, but then failing to follow through.

However, the colored boy, a big card in his home city, scored one big surprise the night of July 12, when in a return with Lou Brouillard, who had previously defeated him, he took the former champion into camp in ten heats. Gainor went after Brouillard, a southpaw, with right hands from the first bell, throwing him onto the defensive. Al kept Lou there for the greater part of the mill, taking six rounds with two even.

Another Boston futurity, likely to be disposed of within a few weeks, is a melee between Tony Shucco and Dick Madden of Roxbury: a twelve-rounder for the former's N. E. heavyweight title. The match will be an affair between boys of Italian and Irish blood, a good combination for this city. Both are good boxers and hard hitters, and the Goodwin A. C., now in the field to stage the contest, should get a payday out of it.

Al McCoy, referred to in another paragraph, encountered a rough, game boy in Bud Mignault of Brockton (their second fight) at Bangor, Me., July 9; the pair traveling ten red-hot rounds. The newspaper award went to McCoy, his second no-decision newspaper victory over the Brockton chap. Sports writers declared the fight the best staged in Maine in recent years.

Jess Willard, the former heavyweight champion, is summering up at Union, Me., the unofficial guest of Raymond E. Thurston, the warden of the Maine State Prison, a friend of years. Jess is somewhat of a lion—has seen Gov. Louis J. Brann of Maine in the latter's castle in Augusta.

And the wrestling business here in the Bay State? Answer—going strong. The other night, for instance—the night of July 18. Ed Don George, who is the world's champion in this section of the county, and Jimmy Londos, the champion in other sections of the U. S. A., that is, some other sections, got together under the promotion of Paul Bowser at Fenway Park, the home of the Boston Red Sox. The battle was for the title, and it drew close to 28,000 fans, the majority cash customers. The receipts were about $50,000, all real money. The show started at 8:15 on Wednesday night and ended at 2:40 Thursday morning, the 28,000 fans sticking it out. It was good all the way.

The feature event, which finally ended in a draw after each principal had registered a fall, went along for more than three hours. George took the first fall in 27 minutes 57 seconds, with a flying tackle and wristlock follow-up. Londos gained the second in 34 minutes 7 seconds, with a lift and slam.

Then they squared away for the final and deciding fall, and kept squaring, also battling like the very devil for 2 hours 12 minutes 9 seconds, until both were so weary and exhausted that they tumbled and reeled about like a pair of drunks. In the windup, a butt sent Londos out through the ropes to the ground, and George fell with him. Referee Ted Tonneman refused to count either while they were outside. Slowly and painfully, both smirched with dirt, they crawled back under the ropes, and finally staggered to their feet. George attempted another lunge with his head, but fairly tumbled into the Greek. Londos tried to duck, but fell forward and their heads clicked. That settled it. Both went down and out. As there was not a chance for either to resume, the referee declared the bout a "draw."

It was one of the most dramatic and sensational wind-ups of a really fine mat contest we have ever witnessed. And the 28,000 sat it out from 8:15 p. m. until 2:40 a. m. with never a whimper. Such the hold on the public of wrestling in this state—a record attendance and gate for an outdoor mat carnival.

So, the world's heavyweight mat controversy, an argument of years, is just where it started as regards George and Londos. Each claims the championship, and probably will continue to do so until that time when the St. Louis Greek becomes too shopworn or weary to longer stand up against George, or other ambitious youngsters who are coming along—all anxious to get to the top of the ladder—the undisputed throne.

The foregoing contest marked the second big appearance here of Londos this summer. The night of June 29, battling in a steam bath atmosphere at the Boston Garden—the most torrid evening of the season thus far—the Greek encountered Nick Lutze and finally threw him with a lift and slam in one hour 13 minutes 25 seconds. But one fall was required under the rules, the fray having lasted for more than an hour. The show attracted about 7,000 paying members of the sporting fraternity.

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SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

BOXING in these parts is going full blast with Herman Katz and Frank Rappold splitting Cincinnati's offerings with a show each week. Katz has been featuring a round of lightweight battles, with the remaining challenger, Frankie Sanzone, Italian, and Johnny Alba, a Filipino, scheduled to tie up in the concluding round to settle their Greater Cincinnati leadership in the 135-pound ranks. Sanzone had already scored one win over the Far Westerner on the Dempsey card sometime back.

Louisville is back in the running. Recently, with a home-town headliner between Wishy Jones and Joe Paglina, the receipts rolled over the six hundred mark. Not bad, considering the fact that the previous houses were only around two and three hundred. Jones is a big favorite down there and he might be the big cause of the return of the fist game in Louisville.

Joey Palmo, the younger brother of Frankie, former leading Cincinnati middleweight, remains undefeated at this writing. Young Palmo, only seventeen years old, has been boxing since he was ten or twelve and during this time he has never had a loss checked against him. He recently made his official bow in Cincinnati, meeting Harry Wolgast. Manager Bonner believes he has the next champion in the young Italian.

News around this section can be had by addressing the writer (enclose stamped envelope for return answer) to 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, O. This also goes for the Wrestling news and info. Fighters wanting work around here should get in touch with Bob Bonner at 1326 Vine St., Cincinnati, O.

IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

BOXING was deader than the proverbial doornail in Syracuse the past month. Several attempts were made to stage shows, but all fell through before actual negotiations were completed in booking a main event.

The writer staged an indoor show for the Aristo A. C. at Binghamton, featuring Wildcat O'Connor and Eddie Dempsey. O'Connor won after eight furious rounds of nip-and-tuck slugging. Dempsey cracked his right in the final heat but made a flash finish with the aid of his capable left-hook.

Babe Risko, Syracuse's newest sensation, is pointing for a match with an outstanding middleweight. Risko is climbing the ladder by leaps and bounds. He has color, punch and personality. Last, but not least, the Babe has the fighting heart of a lion.

SHORTS—Joe Netro is planning a trip to the coast with a stable of leather-pushers . . . . Johnny Nelson hits too hard for the majority of light-heavyweights, for he finds matches few and far between . . . . The mail bag brings forth some curious requests . . . . A lad signing himself: "Kid Naples" writes me from Alabama for a ticket to Syracuse claiming he can sock like Dempsey, box like Tunney, and knock out any man he hits. He weighs 105 pounds . . . . Utica is quiet, also Rochester . . . . Outdoor shows are very popular at Binghamton . . . . Joe Morrison, who used to referee all over the state a few years ago, is keeping busy in Bingo with the Aristo A. C. . . . . His partner, Charlie Leounis, is a hot wrestling bug . . . . Stanley Calahan has taken over the management of Mickey Barron . . . . Flash—Boxing returns to the Syracuse Arena this month.

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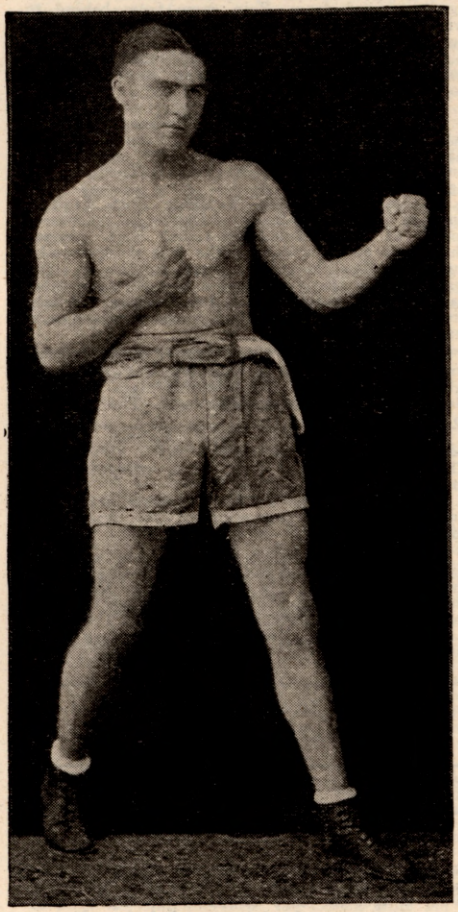

Tommy Loughran

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ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS

By T. W. McNIEL

THE historic old mining camp of Cripple Creek came back to the pugilistic fold by staging a heavyweight battle between Carl Walker, state champion, and former state title-holder, "Chief" Stanley Fell. Walker kayoed the Indian in the sixth heat for his fifth straight kayo victory. It is pleasant to see the old camp back in the picture after all these many years. During the bustling boom days of thirty-five years ago, Cripple Creek played host to such warriors as Tom Sharkey, Abe Attell, "Kid" Broad, "Young" Corbett, Pete Everett and dozens of lesser lights. More power to the Teller County metropolis.

Emilio Martinez, rough, tough, up-and-coming Denver middleweight, pounded out a well-deserved decision over "Gorilla" Jones, Akron, Ohio, Negro star. Martinez won simply because he was stronger and more rugged than the veteran Negro. It wasn't a "hometown" decision either. Jones admitted that the Mexican carried too many guns for him. It was a ten-rounder and the final session found Jones in a bad way. Looks as if Martinez ought to be getting a little recognition, what with victories over Henry Firpo, George Manley and now the famed "Gorilla."

Ernie Lara, promising Pueblo 126-pounder, won a disputed decision over Mickey Martinez in a spirited six-round go.

Chuck Worth pounded out a decision over Tommy Dixon in a four-round affair that had the crowd in an uproar. They are middleweights.

At Trinidad — Henry Jackson, Fort Garland, kayoed Al Capone, Denver, in the seventh round of a scheduled ten-round bout. The pair fought at 126 pounds. Jackson is state champion at this weight.

Frank Vigil, Jensen, outpointed "Young" Firpo of Fort Garland in a fast six-round go. They also fought at 126 pounds.

At Rifle—Billy Neiheisel, Colorado welterweight champion, received the surprise of his life when he tangled with young Guy Nelson, an Idaho kid barely out of the short-pants age. Nelson punched the Boulder "iron man" full of holes to win a unanimous decision. Neiheisel is still the state titleholder thanks to a ruling of the State Boxing Commission that no one but a native son can hold a state title.

Incidentally, the battle was Nelson's fifteenth professional affair, which at least goes to prove that the Idaho kid must have something on the ball. The pair met over the ten-round route.

At Colorado Springs—A pair of one-time "big timers" came together in a July 4th contest. "Baby Joe" Gans and Joe Glick were the contestants. Gans easily outscored the Brooklyn veteran over the ten-round route, scoring four knockdowns in doing so. Gans weighed 147. Glick, 146.

Leonard Viditich, Denver 135-pounder, and Murray Brandt of Brooklyn, stablemate of Glick's, fought a sizzling six-round draw. Most of the fans thought the Denver boy was entitled to the decision.

At Greeley—Carl Walker, Hillrose, state heavyweight champion, kayoed big Ernie Musick of Denver in the first round of their scheduled ten-round go. Incidentally, the kayo was the sixth consecutive one that Walker has scored.

At San Luis—Pug Sutherland of Manassa kayoed Tommy Dixon, Denver Negro, in the seventh round of a scheduled ten-round go. Dixon was away ahead on points until he forgot to duck one of Pug's roundhouse wallops. They are welters.

Phil McQuillan, Denver Negro, made short work of Alex Ciseneros, Taos, N. M., middleweight, putting the Mexican to sleep in the second heat.

At Trinidad—Mike Montoya, La Veta middleweight, and Henry Rein of Denver, former welterweight champion of Colorado, fought a savage ten-round draw. Rein came from behind to win the draw decision after the judges had disagreed.

On the same card, "Cyclone" Smith, Aguilar, kayoed Ted Toner of Antonito in the second round of a lightweight go.

At Cody, Wyo.—"Wild Man" Couzzens of Byron, Wyo., won the decision over Fred Schultz of Sheridan in ten rounds. Couzzens scored four knockdowns in winning the verdict. The pair are light-heavyweights.

At Lamar — Eddie Trujillo, Fort Lupton, knocked out Tommy Lopez of Denver in the fourth round of a scheduled ten-round bout. Lopez showed to an advantage in the first three rounds, but when Trujillo really opened up, he was far outclassed by the Fort Lupton boy. In Lopez' behalf, however, it might be added that this was only his fifth "pro" fight, while Trujillo is a seasoned warrior.

At Las Vegas, N. Mex.—Henry Rein, Denver welterweight, outpointed "The Black Panther" of Albuquerque in ten fast rounds. Rein was too clever for the terrific-hitting Negro. The pair are to be rematched.

On the same card, "Babe" Colima, on the "comeback" trail, knocked out "Red" Graham of Chicago in the third heat of a scheduled six-rounder. They are feathers.

The fight game in the New Mexico metropolis, under the capable promotion of Joe Roybal, is booming.

Remember, the writer would like to have the fight results from this section but be sure to have them in before the 15th of each month. Also anyone wanting any "dope" on the fight game out here can get it by addressing the writer at P.O. Box 126, Blanca, Colo. But be sure to inclose reply postage.

CLEVELAND CHATTER

By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

CLEVELAND is going to come back in the fight game just as I predicted several times to my readers of the RING, the greatest magazine on boxing, as well as wrestling, ever published.

Walter Taylor dug up two old rivals in Italian Patsy Severo, and Jimmy Vaughn, and steamed up the old grudge affair to the extent of a "natural." What a fight the boys staged at the Equestrium! Severo again won the duke over Babyface Jimmy, but by a small margin.

A fine crowd turned out for this fight. It looks like my other prediction also came true when Eddie (Arbuckle) Meade went out on the limb, and stole a match that Boston wanted very badly. A return meeting between Patsy Perroni and Sock'em Risko, the rubber guy whom nobody can hurt. In their former fight here Risko was badly off form, so his dapper Danny Dunn claims.

Cleveland has been drawing very well with the ball club and the races. The old kale is showing up and is ready to be spent—hence boxing should get a little of it. Cleveland like New York and other large cities, wants the best and will pay for it, but won't go to see phoney matches.

It was a sad night here for Root and Sotax, with Chuck's pride, Vaughn, losing to Severo Porter. Root also took it to heart to see his big smoke manhandled by Harry English, a college boxer from Toledo.

Babe Triscaro is back in Cleveland and looking great. He has a large trunk and plenty of clothes. He cops the duke over Joe Feldman—the Mike Leonard of the dressers in the fight game. Babe is anxious to fight any bantamweight in the world. Local promoters are after him to box Frankie Wolfram.

Frankie Van is still refereeing out on the coast and working as an extra in pictures.

Suey Welch gave his friends a banquet at the Hollenden the other night before his return West. He is going back to do another picture for Mae West and to stay there.

Mickey Shea is also back from the Coast and working at the Argonne gym.

Al Corbett and Charley O'Connell are putting on good amateur shows weekly. Jimmy Lee, of the Cleveland Athletic Club, has an open air arena for the boys on the roof of the C. A. C. on Euclid Avenue, and also runs weekly shows.

A LITTLE OF THIS AND A LITTLE OF 'DAT—Al Zeimer, former Cleveland featherweight and boxing partner of Johnny Kilbane, is in the movies on the Coast. Billy McCann, who fought Chaney and all the good boys several years ago, is working for Jimmy Cagney at Hollywood. Jimmy Curley has a night club in Los Angeles. Howard Quinn is spending his time out in the country, keeping tab on his laborers putting up his dog track. Walter Davis still has a headache after being gypped so badly by an Eastern promoter. It wasn't a boxing match this time, but a pageant. Phil Bova is working out with several other patrolmen, training for bouts with the firemen at their Field Day at the Stadium. Last year they had a great show and some good fights. Handsome Bob Eddy blew in town and will do the usual honors at Bainbridge. They have a fine field of horses and plenty of them. Bryan Downey is teaching boxing again.

MINNESOTA FLASHES

By CLYDE SMITH

CHARLEY RETZLAFF, who has been out of the ring for several months, is all set to for a big fall and winter campaign. It is almost certain that the North Dakotan who holds the only knockout over Art Lasky, Jewish heavyweight, will be matched with the latter on a big indoor show. Retzlaff is now being handled by Murray McLean and associates.

Winona, Minn.—Joe Goeders won a close decision over Earl Sather, Minneapolis heavy in six; Ralph Leslie and Caddy Casey drew in six; In the fours Marcel Wicks beat Ray Smaglik; Babe Herman beat Lou Gans; Everett Grosser scored a T.K.O. over Ollie Andrews; Tim Hauser beat Ray Isaacs.

Frankie Battaglia, Ernie Fliegel's middleweight, after a layoff of several weeks, is back in harness.

My Sullivan is now convinced that he hasn't any business trying to make a comeback in the ring.

Jackie Conway, former lightweight and welterweight boxer of Minneapolis, has taken over the management of a large stable of boxers. His latest acquisition is Larry Udell, light-heavyweight of Aberdeen, So. Dak.

Lee Savoldi, St. Paul heavyweight, in a statement to the press, wants it known that he did not fight in Fort Dodge, Ia., as per dispatches which stated he was knocked out by George Fritz. He says: "I was not even out of St. Paul on the date this fight was staged."

Glasgow, Mont.—Jack Gibbons, of St. Paul, Minn., outpointed Laurie Peppin of Winnipeg in ten rounds.

Fort Snelling, Minn.—Kid Knaack scored a two-round K.O. over Bat Imburgia; Kid Erinecke won from "K.O." Sauseville by a T.K.O. Kid Guccioni beat Kid Gauger; Young Nuckols beat Kid Gregg; Young McEssy beat Kid Bonde; Battling Ginsberg beat Young Toman.

DID YOU KNOW THAT—Murray McLean has several offers for Charley Retzlaff . . . . Mel Coleman, after a long lay off, will return to the ring this fall as a light-heavyweight . . . . Bobby Ward, a good lightweight in his day, is still around . . . . Carl Augustine is working at the *Daily News* . . . . Jackie Neitz has hung up the gloves for good . . . . Tom Gibbons will be in the run-off for sheriff this fall . . . . When writing to me, don't forget to enclose a stamp for your reply, and my address is 746 South Smith Ave., St. Paul, Minn. . . . . Billy Vaughn who scored over Jackie Liebgott of Minneapolis at Sioux City wants to show his stuff in this section . . . . Vaughn has a good record and would make a good fight for any lightweight around here . . . . Jackie Sharkey, Minneapolis feather, is making a tour around the country . . . . Sharkey is a good card any place . . . . I'll be seeing you next month.

PHILIPPINE TYPHOONS!
By CONRADO MATA

THE Philippines regained the Far Eastern Olympic boxing championship from Japan when she whipped the latter in four out of the five matches held in the finals of the invitation tournament of the Xth Far Eastern Olympic Games, with Manila being the scene of the bouts.

The Japanese contingent was composed of Chuyihito Nakano, flyweight; Shoka Kin, bantamweight; Ryutatsu Boku, featherweight; and Sigami Saito, welterweight. The winning Filipino brigade counted on such names as: Felipe Nunag, 112 pounds; Soly Adornado, 118 pounds; Avelino Cunanan, 124 pounds; Jose Padilla, Jr., 133 pounds; and Carlos Padilla, 145 pounds. Ex-Governor Jose Padilla, Sr., himself a no mean fisticuffer, and father of two of the fighters in the team, coached the Philippine squad.

Presenting the new Far Eastern Olympic Champions:

Felipe Nunag, Philippines, flyweight; Shoka Kin, Japan, bantamweight; Avelino Cunanan, Philippines, featherweight; Jose Padilla, Jr., Philippines, lightweight; Carlos Padilla, Philippines, lightweight.

The Philippines accepted the Japanese invitation to a boxing tournament to be held at Tokyo next October.

Now for some news about the pros . . . . Tony Darcy, Spanish-Filipino fast stepper, stopped Billy Reilly, U.S.A., in the second of a twelve. Reilly was no match against the local flash.

Johnny Samson, tired of waiting for a suitable opponent for his Young Tommy, left for America with his protege and two Manila boys.

Bebeng Gutierrez, the only local promoter doing business, is anxious to try his luck in Australia with a galaxy of Filipino punchers. The last time Bebeng hopped to the Aussieland was in 1923, when he successfully managed Macario Villon and Terry Pondong, then Oriental champions.

Jose Paraiso was taken along by Young Tommy as a sparring partner. Joe is one of the most colorful boys in the Islands.

The correspondent wishes to acknowledge the receipt of the following letters; Mr. George Sheppard, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. Robert Capocy, Chicago, Illinois; Mr. Richard S. Bellenger, of Dulwich Hill, N. S. Wales, Australia; Mr. Young O'Neill, Kent, England; Monsieur Jacques Ledefevre, Paris, France; and Mr. T. Himomoto, Tokyo, Japan.

The above letters prove, once and for all, the fact that THE RING is a magazine of world-wide coverage. Need more be said?

OTHER FIGHT RESULTS—Cunning Nene drew with Jose Villanueva, and kayoed Rush Perfecto in two; Vidal Liongsion decisioned Rush Barcelin, eight; Young Tarley held Baby Johnson to an even go; while Little Moro scored over O. K. Cruz in ten.

FISTIC TIDBITS ALONG THE BOXING FRONT—Bebeng Gutierrez and Paquito Villa are the only Filipinos to have ever played prominent roles in local Fistiana . . . . Ed. W. Gallagher, of Olangapo, and former mentor of Frisco Concepcion, is considered by Bebeng Gutierrez as the best fight pilot he has ever seen in the Islands . . . . Froggie Fructuoso is busy with his Dreamland Stadium . . . . Young Santos, Fructuoso's champion, is aching to meet Speed Cabanela, Apeng Cuyugan's speedy flyweight . . . . Miss A. Trompeta is the only Filipino female boxing manager . . . . Chuyihito Nakano, Japanese flyweight, wept like a baby when Felipe Nunag beat him in the finals of the Olympic tournament. . . .

Mariano "Naning" Sangle will tow his bantamweight, Jose Villanueva, to the mainland. Villanueva and Cunning Nene are the best in their weight today, excepting Young Tommy, Speedy Dado, and Little Pancho.

For those who desire to correspond with the writer, he can be reached at this address: 39 Lozada, Sn. Juan Heights, Rizal, Philippines.

Fighters contemplating a trip to the Islands may as well send in their records and pictures to the writer, who in turn will forward them to the different promoters in the country.

BOXING IN ARGENTINA
By ROBERT J. BELLAMY

WITH the end of the summer season the number of programs has decreased, but the lack of quantity has been amply compensated for by the really fine scraps to which the fans have been treated.

Simon Guerra, Chilean lightweight champion, likely to follow in the footsteps of Loayza and Vicentin, has scored two victories against local topnotchers. After defeating Suarez Franco by a technical knockout in the tenth session, he outpointed Eduardo Vargas over twelve rounds.

Another fine scrap was witnessed when Antonio Fernandez, the Chilean welterweight title holder, scored over Jacinto Invierno, Argentine welter. The latter took the fight to his skillful opponent throughout and his aggressiveness was by no means confined to wild hitting. A large portion of the gallery protested loudly, when he was declared the loser on points, but the decision was fair enough as the Chilean piled up the points by clever work in the clinches and by accurate counter punching.

Raul Landini was in great form against Charol II (Cuba) and won on points. Giving his customary brilliant display of boxing he was more aggressive than usual and in the last round had his adversary in a bad way.

Billy Jones (U. S. A.) colored light-heavyweight, who has two overweight victories over Max Rosenbloom to his credit, is down here on a visit. His debut was successful, for he won on technical knockout from Tulio Fusari in the fourth round. His next bout was against Vincent Parrille, who was recently in the States, and Jones lost the decision.

Juan Carlos Alaniz (135 lbs.) continues to make short work of his opponents. Three more K. O. victories now make a total of eleven in thirteen professional fights, the odd two having been won on points.

OTHER BUENOS AIRES RESULTS—Pedro Mancieri (175 lbs.) gained the decision over Humberto Curi. Pancho Magnelli and Jean Joup (Senegal) fought a draw over eight rounds. M. Pujol flattened J. Maturana in the fourth round of his first professional scrap. J. Lowell stopped Juan Habarta in the fourth.

With the slackening off of the local programs, several of our fighters are trying their fortunes in Chile, Brazil and Uruguay. In Rio de Janerio, Antonio Cerdan (146 lbs.) put up a good show in losing on points against Bat Battalino, erstwhile featherweight champion of the world. N. Tomasulo was stopped in the sixth session by Jose Santa, the Portuguese Carnera. In Montevideo, Victor Peralta, ex-lightweight titleholder, lost a close decision to the Uruguayan Cartello. In Santiago (Chile), Arturo Godoy, recent opponent of Campolo, beat Edwin Klaussner (Esthonia) on points.

Among the fights which are certain to draw huge houses are the return match between Landini and Fernandez and the bout between Guerra and the Argentine champion (135 lbs.) Bilanzone.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

YOUNG HERRERA, Cuban heavyweight champion, is now in Panama where he is booked for several good bouts. Herrera should make a go there as he is a pleasing performer.

Lope Tenorio, scrapping Filipino welterweight, is here for some bouts, and will probably be pitted against Relampago Saguero. Lope lost a ten-round decision to Kid Calixto, but a week later earned the verdict over Rene Sanchez. Lope made a good showing in both contests.

Jimmy Reed, Erie, Pa., welterweight, won over Alberto Leon in ten rounds at the Cristal Stadium. A week later Reed and Chino Alvarez met, and the bout resulted in a "no contest" affair, due mostly to the inability of Reed to cope with Chino's class of milling. Chino is an excellent performer, and in good condition should give any lightweight a tough argument.

Joe Roman won a four-round decision over Armando Ariosa, both bantamweights. Juanito Alvarez defeated M. de la Vega in another four, and Kid Aldama was beaten by Chino Remediano in a hot six-rounder.

Kid Gibara, middleweight, from Oriente Province, Cuba, is in Havana now, and prepared to meet all contenders for the Cuban title. He is heralded as a future great.

Gilbert Castillo, Cuban featherweight, is back here again, and will meet Prudencio Arce in a ten-round bout at the Cristal Stadium.

IN HAWAII
By FRANK S. FUJIMOTO

WALLY GRAY, welterweight champion of the Navy, took a six-round decision over Sidney Brent, Seattle colored boy, before a small crowd at the Civic Auditorium.

Mickey Donohue, of Hilo, stopped Kohola Lion in the fifth. Referee Lovell halted the bout—Kid Felipe and Delphin Augustos went to a draw—Young Tony, hung up another kayo, this time, Mike Kornack in the second—Frank Torres T.K.O.'d John Cortez in two—Kid Domingo beat Baby Manila—and Matt Oide won from Kid Luzon.

VOLCANO ARENA RESULTS — Young Thomas, promising lightweight, with a weight advantage of eight pounds, won handily from Joe Ledesma in eight rounds. The Filipino lad had the upper hand, outclassing his lighter foe all the way.

Sidney Brent, a 142-pounder from Seattle, knocked out Manuel Ruez.

Red Watae won easily from Marino Sadaba in a four-rounder—Lightning Feliciano defeated Kid Perreira—August Rodrigues finished Juan Atanacio in third—and Baldy Santiago stopped Kid Masa in first.

VOLCANO ARENA'S HOLIDAY SMOKER —Sidney Brent disposed of Bull Seda, of Kohala, via a technical kayo route in the third round.

Semi-windup—Delfin Agusto, 126-pounder won a well-earned six-round decision from Paul Seronio. Agusto handled his left jab like a veteran—Saturnino Cablay kayoed Harry Katsumote in the second.

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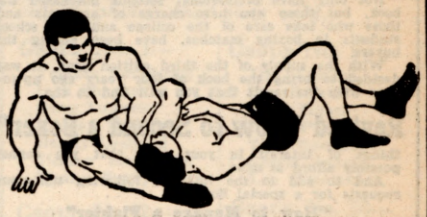

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Revised "How to Second"

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

YOUNG KID MILLER, local light-heavyweight, takes the lead off this month, all because of a pile of knockouts rung up since the outdoor season opened at Riverview Park. At this writing Miller looks like a comer, he is only a youngster, but his record shows wins over some of the best around here. Included in his list of victims you will find the names of Leonard Johnson, Buddy Short, and Jimmy Priest.

In one of the best fights of the month, Henry Schaft, a junior welter from Minneapolis, edged out a win over Battling Nelson in eight; Larry Udell and Joe Goeders fought a six-round brawl that ended on even terms; Bill Forkey licked Jimmy Thompson in four; Wingie Mathews shaded Lloyd Weaver; Bud Neal beat Frank Courey; Tommy Sacco outboxed Billy Clancey: all fours.

Sammy Sacco, former featherweight but now knocking the scales at 160 lbs., informs us he has taken over the management of a large stable of boxers, and would like to hear from promoters. Young Tommy Sacco, a bantamweight, is his ace in the deck, and Bud Neal, a welter, also looks good. Promoters can reach Sacco c/o *Sioux City Journal.*

Another good fight staged here, saw Billy Vaughn, of Torrington, Wyo., take an eight-round decision over Jackie Liebgott, Minneapolis lightweight; Dick Demeray won over Goldie O'Hare in six; Lloyd Weaver knocked out Phil Montgomery in four; Merle Cherry knocked out Les Kennedy in three; Don Rhymer knocked out Joe Bush in one; Arlo Van Buskirk beat Cecil Long in four.

Ralph Leslie, junior welter of Eau Claire, Wis., fell before the hard socking of Dick Demeray in the third round of a billed eight-rounder. Leslie was no match for the North Dakota boy, and the referee stopped the slaughter. Goldie O'Hare scored a T.K.O. over Irish McKenna in four; Kid Miller won by a T.K.O. over Leonard Johnson in three; Mickey Slater received a badly cut eye in his bout with Freddy Penn, and lost by a T.K.O. in three; Lloyd Weaver beat Jimmy Sesto and Art Johnson beat Willie Johnson.

THE LAST BELL—Jimmy McVey, former lightweight contender and a close friend of the late Young Griffo, passed away in a Des Moines, Ia., hospital a victim of the heat. McVey was seventy-seven years old, and had lived in Des Moines for twenty-seven years. An old newspaper clipping in his collection, according to Tony Cordaro, boxing writer of the *Des Moines Register,* states that at one time McVey was regarded as the lightweight champion of the New England States.

Willie Kittrell, Yonkers, N. Y., negro feather, won over Sammy Musco of Omaha in eight rounds; Buss Breese and Johnny Datto staged a mix that ended with Breese scoring a T.K.O. Speedy Ricco shaded Swede Anderson in six; Kid Miller put Jimmy Priest out in two; Mickey McGuire beat Eddie Randall; Kid Walsh beat Baby Chocolate by a T.K.O.

Mail will reach this writer at 2206 North La-Fayette Place, Sioux City, Ia. If you wish information on the game out here, I will be glad to give you same, but enclose a stamp. News must be in my hands by the 16th of each month.

Harry Jones is at present the only boxing promoter here, and mail will reach him at the Riverview Park Arena, Sioux City, Ia.

New Hampton, Ia.—Jackie Spratt scored a T.K.O. over Max Ripley in five; Kid Ripley kayoed Wally Wallace in the first round; Snub Pollard was stopped by a T.K.O. at the hands of King Court; Wodie Saltzman beat Art Gripe.

Fort Dodge, Ia.—Bud Rule shaded Lewis Wildin; Bus Buscher beat Ken Haviland; Kid Habager drew wtih Vince Stoner; Runt Sharder and Chad Bucher went to a draw; Bolt Sternsrud lost to Lefty Grove.

Dunlap, Ia.—Lester Burton knocked out Cyclone Miller in three; Pat Kilbane lost to Bert Woods in four; Coon Balmers beat Charley Van Doran in five; Jakey Myers won over Tim Shaff in two.

Fort Dodge, Ia.—Larry Udell won over Tony Fuente in eight; Goldie O'Hare beat Al Christie in four; Joe Lucas drew with Walter Nolan in four; Jimmy Salvator beat Billy Forkey in four; Did Habgar beat Benny Salvator in a fast four.

Des Moines, Ia.—Goldie O'Hare beat Carroll Heath; Joey Slater beat Dave Parker; Mickey O'Neil drew with Bobby Lee. In the amateur bouts: Pedo Smith beat Jim Eells in three; and Nick Fazio drew with Lou Amodeo also three.

Omaha, Nebr.—George Lopez of Denver, Colo., jabbed his way to a decision over Hymie Spiegal, Omaha bantam.

Des Moines, Ia.—Billy Love beat Jess Ackerman; Pep O'Brien shaded Sammy Musco. The results of the amateur fights were as follows: Nick Fazlo drew with Stanley Beverly; Al Winfree drew with LeRoy Eubanks; Frankie Mitchell shaded George Grimes.

Keokuk, Ia.—Bud Zerkle lost to George Dovin by a shade; Leonard Jones and Herb Green went to a draw; Cowboy Amos knocked out Louis Upp; Carl Schaffer beat Pee Wee Terry; Sammy Jackson won by a T.K.O. over Carl Lawton.

Jack Lofthouse of Peoria, Ill., is on hand with a great deal of dope regarding his stable of fighters. He has the following boys: Mervin McLean, 142; Al Reeder, colored, 140; Clyde Silkwood, 138; Mert Shepperd, colored, 130; Roscoe Sullivan, 123; Bruce Wade, colored, 160; and Kenny Gordon at 130. Promoters can reach Jack at 1208 North Madison St., Peoria, Ill.

LAST MINUTE SPARKS—"Pop" Slater, veteran trainer and one of the best rubbers in this section of the woods, looks after ten fighters every day and sometimes more. Out-of-town fighters coming in here would do well to look "Pop" up, he can be found any afternoon at the Y.M.C.A. . . . . Tommy Thompson, University of Iowa boxing coach, beat Eddie Barker in ten rounds at Claremore, Okla. . . . . Ernie Barker is making plans to promote boxing shows at Marshalltown, Ia. . . . . Wrestling matches are being held every week at Riverview Park, Sioux City . . . . Waterloo has held some dandy boxing cards this month . . . . Young Rightmire, local feather, is making a big hit in Chicago . . . . Ray Mann, welterweight, is making plans for a comeback . . . .

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

EMPORIA, KANS.—Brooks Robinson and Odie Ludlow fought ten slashing rounds to a draw. Kenny Hill defeated Pete Blanchard in eight. Fred Ott beat Frank Moulton in six. Mickey Nolan and Bobby Hull fought a six-round draw. Al Carson knocked out Ray Davis in one round. Johnny Husong refereed all bouts.

Sid Flagler is promoter and matchmaker for the V. F. W. at Emporia and is anxious to hear from fighters that will get in and fight. Write Mr. Flagler at 616 Elm Street. Monthly or bi-monthly shows will be held regularly.

Manhattan, Kans.—Bus Breese knocked out Tony Sanchez in the fourth. Mickey Noland beat Tommy Paul in six. Pete Blanchard knocked out Whitey Dale in one. Kid Freeman knocked out Artie Stokes in three. Frank Moulton beat Johnny Priest in six rounds.

Kansas City, Mo.—International Arena amateur boxing results: Bud Schildknecht beat Joe Kempenger. Harry Tressler beat Louis Love. Jimmy Garrison beat Stanley Scott. Johnny Estrada beat Jack Leslie. Floyd Hall beat Art Senzer. Johnny Grenna beat Stanley Schrezer.

Columbia, Mo.—Amateur boxing results: Dick Nevins beat Harry Groll. Bud Ballard beat Roy Convery. James Burkin beat LeRoy Alridge. Billy Barnes beat Billy Puhse. Howard Kehoe beat Tommy Starr. Willard Penrod knocked out Mickey Walsh in three rounds. El Brendel beat George Langer.

Jefferson D. Jamerson of Kansas City, Mo., 3427 Cypress Street, is managing an excellent stable of both colored and white professional fighters of all weights. Jamerson guarantees all fighters booked by him will satisfy the fans, as well as promoters and matchmakers, by delivering the goods. Boxers with good records and looking for work, that are not tied up, get in touch with the above-named man.

West Tulsa, Okla.—Louie Avery beat Popeye Huber in eight rounds. Madero (Chilli) Villareal won a close decision over Billy Blunke in eight. Johnny Pancho beat Harold Neiswinder in six. Floyd Harrington and Johnny Hull drew in six. Tommy Small beat Maurie Tucker in four rounds.

Sand Springs, Okla.—Johnny Hull beat Walsey Tapp in a ten-round feature bout. Spud Kelly knocked out Athel Tapp in three rounds.

West Tulsa, Okla.—Madero (Chilli) Villareal knocked out Reddy Daniels in one round of a ten-round main event. Frankie Smirl beat Spud Kelly in eight. Bobby Young knocked out Lefty Masters in six. Harold Potts beat Chief Firestone in six. Bud James beat Tommy Small in four rounds.

Pawhuska, Okla.—This is one fight town in Oklahoma that keeps going regularly and has a record of staging more weekly shows than any town in the state. Some time back they had staged thirty-three consecutive weekly fight cards. Pat Childers and Ross Perryman are promoters in Pawhuska and responsible for keeping the game going strong there. Fighters looking for work write these promoters.

West Tulsa, Okla.—Chick Raines and Young Babe Kiser fought ten hard rounds to a draw. Frankie Smirl beat Spud Kelly in eight rounds. Bobby Young beat Speck Friend in six. Doyle Cannon knocked out Bus Smith in two. Tommy Small and Young Dodson fought a four-round draw.

Les Showers, the leader among all amateur boxing promoters, is busy in the West with amateur tournaments. Any boxing promoters in Kansas, Mo., or Oklahoma, that think their city is ripe for a big tournament and want Showers' services to direct same, drop a line to the writer of this column, at 3½ South Santa Fe Street, Chanute, Kansas, and I will make contact for you with Showers.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

By MICKEY McINTIRE

JOE PALAZOLLA, Detroit holder of the State featherweight crown was successful in his first defense of the title, when he defeated Foster Young, Jack Rosenbaum's clever Lansing lad, in a ten-round go at Hazel Park. Palazolla won with plenty to spare and Young figured to give him a harder battle.

Archie Maynard, lightweight, and Lin Harvey, middleweight, upheld Jack Rosenbaum's colors in the preliminaries. Archie drew with Mike Kolnick, and Harvey trimmed Nelson Sisco of Ecorse. Ralph Barnett, colored Lansing lightweight, lost to Charley Bochio. Mickey Jurecki, terrific hitting Ecorse 160-pounder, technically knocked out Jack Kelly of Detroit in the third round.

Charley Moore, long identified with boxing in Michigan, died last month. Moore, who came from Brooklyn, N. Y., handled among others Clarence Rosen, Ward Sparks, Eddie Koppy, Billy Stob, Carl Mazzola, Don Burchard, and Mickey Goldberg while making Detroit his headquarters.

Joe O'Signac, Benton Harbor welterweight who made quite a name for himself as an amateur, has turned pro, and is boxing in Chicago. He has won all of his starts, his last being a four-round affair with Georgie Trapp. Ward Snider of Flint, another ex-amateur, flattened Carl Adams of Detroit to gain recognition as a formidable welter.

Wilbur Chevalier is certain to annex the state featherweight championship if he ever gets Palazolla in the ring with him. Chevy has whipped Palazolla on two occasions. Wilbur is hardening himself working at his farm near Bay City, and expects a busy winter.

Alpena Kid Stevens, one of Michigan's best welters, whipped Charley Bochio in eight rounds, and Joe Szilagyi beat Norbert Cooley at Alpena.

Orville Drouillard survived two knockdowns to take a close decision from U. S. Chocolate at Windsor. Chocolate should have knocked him out. Lew Polci beat Jimmy Crawford, and Kid Burns beat Frankie Pallo in six-rounders on the card.

Speedy Johnson, Mr. Garner's Pontiac flash, edged out U. S. Chocolate at Hazel Park. Garner manages Johnny Whiters, John Thomas, and Chet Raynor.

Joe Louis, who has been the amateur sensation in Detroit since January, 1933, has turned pro, and will fight out of Chicago. Louis won the national A. A. U. title at St. Louis, boxing as a light-heavyweight.

THEY TOOK PLACE LAST MONTH.—Frankie Misko stopped George Sutka in eight; Eddie Wells decisioned Al Abad in eight. Roscoe Tooles massacred Paul Ambers in four and lost to Johnny Vorce. Red Russell beat Cliff Chick, and lost to Freddy Kunz. Nick Torres beat Joe Misko, and Battling O'Brien drew with Ray Snell. Roger Bernard lost to Lew Ambers in New York.

Orville Drouillard, Windsor's outstanding fighter, again demonstrated his superiority over Georgie Van der Heyden in the eight-round main bout at Dearborn. Drouillard left-handed his way to a conclusive triumph, taking four of the rounds, and breaking even in two others.

Cliff McWherter, London, Ont., featherweight who has been boxing out of Detroit, shaded Harry Tyler. Nick Torres beat Joe Szilagyi, Charley Bochio stopped Eddie Plant, and Art Brown beat Jimmy Crawford to round out the card.

Joe Louis, the slugging heavyweight who fought himself out of competition in the amateurs, made his pro debut in Chicago, gaining a technical kayo over Jack Kracken, Champaign, Ill., after dropping him twice. It all happened in the first round.

Frank Erne put on a double wind-up at his Hazel Park arena and it was a nice show. Speedy Johnson, flashy Pontiac featherweight, surprised by beating Foster Young in the eight-round final. Speedy outclassed Young all the way and floored him once in the second round.

The other bout, scheduled for eight rounds, ended after the second round when the seconds of Kenny U'Ren, a stouthearted lad from Lansing, gave up the ghost after Kenny had been walloped from pillar to post by U. S. Chocolate.

Tommy Meeking, veteran Windsor welterweight, pulled a surprise in winning easily from Al Henderson. Al was on the floor in the sixth and last round. Cecil Lothery beat Pat Spurling in a middleweight four-rounder, and Lin Harvey, a member of "Bano" Rosenbaum's Lansing troupe, had an easy time with Dino Tempest, who failed to come out for the second round. Dino was making his pro debut.

Billy Cooper and Jackie Light, a pair of veteran featherweights, met at Dearborn, and Cooper won by himself, stopping Light in the ninth round. Hal Henderson technically kayoed Georgie Bond in the third round.

At this writing, the best prospect in Michigan is Speedy Johnson, the Pontiac 126-pounder. In nearly a year of boxing Speedy has lost just two bouts, both to Red Casson, and both of the flukey variety. Speedy is sure to beat the redhead if they meet again. Among his victims he numbers U. S. Chocolate, Foster Young, Tommy Potento, and Shake Lepoirs. He is being brought along by Mr. Garner of Pontiac. We wonder what Garner's first name is.

Goodbye till next month.

CONNECTICUT NEWS

By LOUIS PRESLOFSKY

THE fans hissed the decision at the New Haven Arena giving Tony Shucco, Boston light-heavyweight battler, a victory over his ring foe, Al Nelson Gainer, colored kayo artist, of New Haven, in a feature ten-round tussle. Shucco was dropped to the canvas twice in succession in the opening round and again in the fifth. This fistic encounter marked the third engagement between the rivals, and on each Shucco was declared the winner.

In an interesting eight round semi-final, Jackie Davis of Cleveland and Al Casimini of Bridgeport, battled with honors even.

Tiger Jack Renault of New Haven handed the sleeping powder to Benny Diamond of Jersey City, New Jersey, in the first frame of a scheduled six-rounder.

Big Kid Chocolate of New Haven won on a technical knockout over Willie Ward of Hartford in the second round. Nathan Mann of Hamden pounded out a victory over Billy Doyle, Bridgeport, Conn.

As a feature attraction in the first outdoor professional boxing show of the season at the White City Stadium, New Haven, sponsored by Al Weil, Al Nelson Gainer, industrious Negro light-heavyweight, hard-hitting mitt slinger of New Haven, displayed some of his old fighting form by letting Clyde Chastian of Dallas, Texas, last no more than five rounds in a billed ten-round tilt.

In the eight-round semifinal Charlie Badami, New York, whipped Johnny Bellus of New Haven. Rocco Mullo of New Haven and Jimmy Stewart of New Haven battled to a draw in a four-rounder. Johnny Bonito of New York won over Frankie Williams of New York in six innings.

Once again the fistic fires are glittering on the old battlefield at Hartford where Ed Hurley, who has been absent about two years from the sport, is now back on his old job of promoting professional bouts at the Hartford South Park.

In his star bout, Jimmy Leto, who hails from Florida, and who is now making Hartford his home town, battled to a draw with Lou Ambers, classy lightweight of Herkimer, New York, in ten rounds.

Steve Carr, Meriden, came out of the shell to capture the last two stanzas from Tony Celli of Leominster, Mass., to earn himself a draw in an eight-round semifinal. Angelo Manna, Worcester, Mass., took the nod over Baby Joe Gooseman of Tampa, Fla., in six rounds. Eddie Reed of Hartford disposed Rene Peloquin, Willimantic, in the first canto. Sam Gagliano of New Haven defeated Freddie Foran, Hartford, in four departments.

Billed as a natural, the feature bout between Joe Vignali, Waterburyan cyclone lightweight walloper held his more experienced and smarter rival, Jackie Davis of Cleveland, Ohio, to a draw in a ten-round battle at the Walnut Beach Stadium.

Al Nelson Gainer came through with flying colors to even the old score chalked against him by Lou Brouilliard of Danielson, Worcester, Mass., when he handed Lou a terrific lacing in ten rounds at Donovan Field in New Haven. The Danielson product was outclassed, outpunched and was outsmarted in every round.

Cecil Flowers, New York middleweight, beat Al Sarpolis of Worcester, Mass., in six. Arbie Coderre, 186 pounds, of Providence, outpointed Nathan Mann of Hamden in six cantos. Charlie Eagle of Waterbury drew with Tony Travers, New Haven. Tiger Jack Reanult of New Haven defeated Johnny Curio, Providence, in six chapters.

Jack Dempsey appeared in the role of referee in the Brass City ring, Waterbury, at the opening of the amateur boxing show which was arranged by George Mulligan, matchmaker of the Waterbury A. C., and held at the Lakewood arena.

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Georges Carpentier
Al Singer
Sammy Mandell
Benny Bass

GROUP No. 7—
Tommy Burns
Joe Walcott
Joe Gans
Jack Johnson
Jack Dempsey
Tuffy Griffiths
Tom Heeney

GROUP No. 8—
George Dixon
Sam Langford
Jim Jeffries
James J. Corbett
Jimmy Wilde
Jack Delaney
Bat Battalino

GROUP No. 9—
Jim Londos
Ray Steele
Rudy Dusek
John Pesek
Tiny Roebuck
Steve Znosky
Leo Pinetzki

GROUP No. 10—
Joe Savoldi
Jim Browning
Abe Coleman
Gino Garibaldi
George Calza
Strangler Lewis
Dr. Wilson

GROUP No. 11—
Jack Sherry
Don George
Herb Freeman
Sammy Stein
Henri De Glane
Joe Stecher
Toots Mondt

GROUP No. 12—
Dick Daviscourt
Dick Shikat
Floyd Marshall
Jack Reynolds
Sandor Szabo
Paul Jones
Fritz Kley

GROUP No. 13—
Hans Steinke
Gus Sonnenberg
Benny Ginsberg
Jim McMillen
Babe Caddock
Joe Malcewicz
Ernie Dusek

GROUP No. 14—
Freddy Welsh
Young Corbett
Lou Brouillard
Ad Wolgast
Kid McCoy
Teddy Yarosz
Jack Kid Berg

GROUP No. 15—
British Group:
Len Harvey
Tom Watson
Bomb. Billy Wells
Charley Mitchell
Owen Moran
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GROUP No. 16—
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Sammy Mandell
Steve Hamas
Bob Godwin
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FLORIDA AND GEORGIA
By HAL DAVIS

JOE KNIGHT again leads the parade of Southern battlers in their quests for fame and fortune. Joe stopped the Bald Eagle, Henry Firpo, in seven heats at Washington early in the month. Later Knight moved to Atlanta where he won in ten rounds from Rosy Rosales. Still later Joe took Le Roy Brown in Charleston with no trouble at all. The *Atlanta Press* announced that Knight and Rosenbloom are matched in that city for a title bout on Labor Day.

Bucky Burton was another leather lugger who continued his winning ways. Al Gillette was the last victim of the Clinton, Ind., mauler. At Miami, Burton gave the New Yorker a whale of a lacing, after receiving a severe cut in the first round. Burton formerly was content to wait and counter punch, but in his fights of late the adopted Miami youth has thrown caution to the winds and has developed into an aggressive, sensational puncher. Burton, who is managed by Bill Gore, one of the finest boxing men in Dixie, also won over Carl Guggino and Eddie Burl during the past thirty days.

Savannah fans witnessed a thrilling battle between Ray Kiser, the Oklahoma veteran, and Cliff Greenwood, Florida youngster. Kiser won the decision after a bitter fight that showed first one warrior and then the other in the lead and had the fans in a frenzy. Kiser was given the decision on the strength of a knockdown scored in the ninth stanza. It was an all-star card, Loree Wilson winning on a four-round K.O. over Jack Leonard in one ten, while Bulldog Downs decisioned Harry Kersey in ten frames.

Frank Jurjensen is giving Charleston fans bang-up shows regularly. Mr. Jurjensen stages his shows in a peach of an outdoor arena, seating about three thousand, and he runs them in big league style. Manley Sullivan promotes wrestling in the same arena.

The mystery man of Southern rings, Jake Denning, is on another winning rampage. Jake has not lost in the last twenty-six starts.

Captain Peeples, Miami promoter, is laying the ground work to start staging bouts in Atlanta. Heretofore the cracker capital city has been very indifferent to the punchers, and it will surely take a high pressure man of Captain Peeples' caliber to put over boxing there. After listening to the crowd at the Knight-Rosales bout in Atlanta recently, the good Captain was heard to remark, "In three shows we will take the play right away from the wrestlers." Wrestling has been drawing big in Georgia's first city.

Cliff Greenwood, Sarasota welter, looks to be a fine prospect from where we sit. Only a youngster with sixty-odd bouts under his belt, he shows plenty of promise with the gloves. He has won decisions over Wilbur Stokes, Sylvan Bass, Gus Campbell, Lou Avery, Manuel Quintero, and many more of that ilk and has lost to only Ray Kiser and Jimmy Leto.

The box office reports in this locality are better than usual. Any fighters who can and will fight can do well by getting in touch with the writer at 19 West Congress Street, Savannah.

SOME RANDON NOTES—Carl Knowles won over Joe Lipps at Charleston and Jack Kilbourne at Asheville . . . . Jake Denning stopped Russ Rowsey at St. Pete . . . . Red Walsh beat Sammy Tisch at Charleston . . . . Bobby Wilson's left hook is still blasting out wins . . . . Pick Gray won over Whit Webb at Hahira . . . . What Rome boxer won over his manager at Savannah? . . . . Jess Willard has been through this way refereeing . . . . Willie Norris, Savannah promoter, is our nomination as ace of square-shooters . . . . Chino Alvarez is in Havana . . . . Look for another revolution . . . . Despite multiple Columbus competition, Fort Benning still gets the big crowds . . . . Jeff Clark seems to prefer Cincinnati to Jacksonville . . . . Since Bill Gore has been Joe Knight's trainer, the Cairo Calamity, has dropped but one decision.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS
By BILL DAVEE

IT has been the privilege of the writer to see in action practically every fighter who has shown his wares in the state within the past year or so, and there have been some good ones. But the brightest star we have seen in the fistic heavens to date is Lou (Butcher) Beard. We believe Beard is the hardest punching lightweight in the world today. He boasts an unbroken string of twenty victories, twelve by the knock-out route. He has barely turned nineteen years old, is a killing puncher with either hand and, above all, he has that important thing, ambition to get to the top. His last two starts resulted in a one-round kayo of Young Sena and a lopsided victory over Santos Delgado.

George Salvadore has only Tony Herrera standing between him and the state welter title. George won the return go with Richie Mack and also beat Joe Marcus.

Tommy Freeman is just too tough for our middleweights. His six-round kayo of Ralph Chong was little short of remarkable.

Tracy Cox keeps flattening them out. This month it was Al Kearney, Carlos Garcia and Lou Avery.

Bob Davey, that socking youngster from Houston, drew with Max Maxwell, dropped one to Dutch Weimer and beat Weimer in a return go.

By giving the fans real action cards, Jimmy Guest, popular Houston promoter, is drawing better crowds than any promoter in the state. Keep it up, Jimmy!

Wildcat Monte is banging them around in no uncertain manner, beating Joe Marcus and stopping Charley Light.

Gus Campbell stopped Joe Flores, beat Wilson Dunn, but lost to Johnny Ferrell, due to a broken hand.

OTHER RESULTS OVER THE STATE:

Babe Hunt K.O.'d Jack Van Noy; Max Maxwell drew with Larkin Colley; Sid Hunter beat Foster Howell; Jodie Cason won over Al McCoy; Vernon Burdick lost to Danny Britt.

Bob Corbett went over with a bang in his initial start on the comeback trail, winning over the tough Buddy Beck; Chief Perry Knowles K.O.'d Ted Tello; Louis Hasso shaded Mike Pereira; Gallito Ramirez beat Bobby Cox; Lou Sabrac K.O.'d Cowboy Smith; Mike Pereira lost to Chief Perry Knowles; Gyp Zarro stopped Leo Smith; Phil Latonia K.O.'d Maurice Moreland and beat Nick Santos; Bobby Reed K.O.'d Tommy Carter.

"Wild" Bill McDowell beat Dell Hawkins, but lost to Joe Ruz; Red Wright flattened Louis Cantu; Joe Passante beat Mike Rovira; Bill Miller and Woodie Windham drew; Foster Howell K.O.'d Pat Kelly; Curtis Scott stopped George Rickard; Jodie Cason stopped Ray Missleton; Johnny Lindsay lost to Jimmie Wooten; Cappy Wooten beat Paul Mendoza; Al Manrique defeated Jimmy Lacoume.

Howard Scott won the state lightweight title from Cullen Williams on a technical kayo in fourteen rounds; Dick McCauley won over "Wild" Bill McDowell; Jack Griffin beat Babe Kennedy; Red Wright stopped Sandy Navarro; Duke Tramel K.O.'d Billy Parks; Parks was also stopped by Jack Dillon; Buddy Beck K.O.'d Liebe Hutto; Ace King dropped Jack Davidson and drew with Jack Kay; Dick O'Connor K.O.'d Ernie Knight; Tommy Collins beat Buddy Dyer; Ray Williams K.O.'d Ernest Barrett; Johnny Mattar and Ike Tucker drew.

Frankie Graham, the blond from Oklahoma, scored over Manuel Castro by a shade; Kid Pancho beat Chief Perry Knowles; Kid Tally K.O.'d Albert Lee; Hinkle Boyd drew with Red Weatherford; Bud Scott beat Joe Flores; Al Manriquez drew with Mike Battlino; Joe Gonzales beat Jimmy Jones; Earl Capps won from Boyd Eads.

BOXING IN JAMAICA, B. W. I.
By JACK SAUNDERS

THE much-looked-for battle between Pedro Proenza, the hard-hitting Cuban light-heavyweight, and Kid Alfonso of Panama, proved a one-sided affair. Proenza dealt out much punishment, and knocked down the game and determined Kid a number of times, finally stopping him in the fifth round.

Sid Brown, stablemate of Kid Alfonso, earned the referee's decision over Battling Ergus in six rounds.

The battle of the evening was the contest between Young Chocolate, flyweight champ, and St. Andrew Pupp, bantamweight champ. Chocolate's great skill and ring generalship were superb. He stopped his man in the fifth. Eddie Downer got the decision over Ben Lenard in six rounds. Chico Hernandez earned the decision over Boy Peynado in a lively four-rounder.

Boxing fans are getting all highly strung over the expected visit of Young Herrera, Cuba's light-heavyweight and heavyweight champion. He will engage Smiling Kid, our local heavyweight star.

WANTED . . .

Have you any old-time fight or other sports pictures which were given away years ago with cigarettes? If so, get in touch with

NAT FLEISCHER, The "Ring" Editor
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